

THE BOOK
OF
MILITARY ANECDOTES:

Peacetime—Peace—War:

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF BRITISH CHARACTER

"I am a Soldier, and unapt to weep
On to exclaim on fortune's fickleness"

"In thy funt slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars.
Speak terms of manæge to thy bounding steed,
Cry, courage!—to the field!"

And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culvern,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight."

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE BOOK OF MILITARY ANECDOTES.

ACCOMMODATING.

AN officer of very small stature, but very hasty temper, was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier for some time endured patiently, and even unconcernedly, the storm of vituperation rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finding, however, that instead of abating, the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

A SMARTING RETORT.

A BRITISH soldier, in Paris, who wore a Waterloo medal, was accosted by a French grenadier wearing on his breast the badge of the Legion of Honour, which is much superior to the former in point of intrinsic value. Looking at the Waterloo soldier, the Frenchman observed with a sneer, that the medal he wore did not cost his government more than a few sous.

"But," retorted the English hero, "it cost *your* country a Napoleon."

PAT AND THE PIG.

A ROLICKING Hibernian, of the Light Division, in the Peninsula, was once trudging along the road with a pig tied to a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by General Canford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, general?" exclaimed the culprit, turning round with the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain." "Well, then, I vow and protest, general, rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some black-guard, wanting to get me

trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box." The general smiled and rode on.

PADDY ON THE QUIVIVE.

AN Irish sergeant was once sent to keep a look-out after the enemy. Not having made his appearance at the proper time, the officer of the picquet went to see what had become of him, when, to his astonishment, he observed Paddy ramming several ball cartridges, and occasionally peeping over a bank. The moment he observed his officer, he held up his fore finger, as a signal for silence. The officer, looking over the bank, saw a body of French cavalry approaching, and added: "You stupid fellow! can't you see that immense body of cavalry!" "Yes, sure, and I was just after preparing my musket to tell them the time of the morning." They had scarcely time to reach their station unobserved, before the French charged them; and Paddy had a hard task to keep off the foe, to whom he was so anxious to tell the time of the morning.

PAT'S REBUKE.

AN Irishman, from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the

Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming, "Och, what's the matter with the ould woman, stop cryin'; you make more noise about it than the man that losht his head."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

AN officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed, "that those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

A TROUBLESOME RETINUE.

A CERTAIN captain, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road-side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting cleaning himself under a hedge: "What are you doing there, Tom?" said the officer. "Why faith, sir," answered the soldier. "I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue."

WELLINGTON'S NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WELLINGTON was once asked by a lady of rank, after dinner, to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo—a request very like that made by a French

countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table and exclaimed: "While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much." However, the Iron Duke proved himself equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Battle of Waterloo, ma'am; we pommelled the French, they pommelled us, and we pommelled the hardest; so we gained the day."—"*My Recollections*," by Lord William Pitt Lennox.

GLORIOUS OLD STONE-WALL.

DURING the American Civil War, a Federal captain who had been taken prisoner was reclining under a tree, when General Lee and staff rode by. The captain, struck with the dignified and soldierly appearance of the General, languidly inquired who he was, and expressed unfeigned admiration at his fine figure on horseback. Soon after General Jackson rode by, and the weary prisoner again proffered his inquiries. "That's glorious Old Stonewall!" exclaimed the guard, cheering lustily as his eye followed the hero. Up sprang the recumbent prisoner, and, gazing curiously until the General was out of sight, lay down again, with an expression of disappointment, muttering, "Well, he ain't much for looks anyhow!" Jackson usually rode in a loose, shambling attitude, and was very indifferent

about his dress and appearance. On one occasion he approached a squad of soldiers at dusk, his horse floundering along through the mire, and himself reeling in the saddle like a drunken man; so that one of the soldiers, not recognising him, shouted, as he passed, "I say, old fellow, you look as if you knew where to help yourself to liquor; I wish you would hand me some." Judge of the man's embarrassment, when his comrades hastily silenced him by the information that the awkward cavalier was no other than their idolised hero, Stonewall Jackson.

SAVING HIS BACON.

ONE of the 14th was singularly lucky in what appeared a chance mode of saving his life, in one of the actions in which the regiment was engaged. The drum beating to arms before he had finished his dinner, he thrust a piece of bacon, too precious a morsel in such precarious times to be wasted, into the breast pocket of his coat. After the battle was over, he discovered a bullet in the bacon; and ever afterwards, when thankfully recounting the tale of his miraculous escape, he used to say that he was doubly fortunate, for that he had "not only saved his bacon, but that his bacon had saved him."

BREVITY.

A FRENCH officer, who had served under Henry IV., not having received any pay for a considerable time, came to the

king, and confidently said to him, "Sire, three words with your Majesty—money, or discharge." "Four with you," answered his Majesty—"neither one nor t'other."

INFORMER FITLY RE- WARDED.

WHEN General Pichegru entered Maestricht, he experienced some difficulty in obtaining quarters for his troops. A merchant who considered himself very patriotic, called on him, and gave him a list of *Orangists* who had soldiers quartered on them, though not in sufficient numbers, in the opinion of this demagogue, who wished that the aristocrats should have their houses filled with troops, from the cellar to the garret. "I am obliged to you for this information," said Pichegru; "and have they sent you any soldiers, citizen?" "Yes, general." "How many?" "Four." "That will do." The merchant had no sooner returned home, than forty more soldiers arrived, and took possession of his house. He hastened back to the general, and informed him that some mistake had taken place. "Oh, no," said Pichegru, "I only removed my men from those vile *Orangists*, who I knew would ill-treat them, to place them in the house of a patriot like you, where I am sure they will be received hospitably."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

As this singular king was passing in review several regi-

ments near Potsdam, he observed a soldier who had a large scar over his face. Finding he was a Frenchman, Frederick addressed him in his native language, saying—"In what ale-house did you get wounded?" The soldier smartly replied—"Sire, that where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

TURN IN AND TURN OUT.

A NOBLE lord who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, visited the duke early on the morning of the battle of Salamanca, and, perceiving him lying on a very small camp-bedstead, observed, that his grace "had not room to turn himself." The duke immediately replied with much humour, "When you have lived as long as I have you will know, that when a man thinks of turning *in* his bed it is time he should turn *out* of it."

DESERTION.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, in surveying one evening some of the advanced posts of his camp, discovered a soldier endeavouring to pass the sentinel. His Majesty stopped him, and insisted on knowing where he was going. "To tell you the truth," answered the soldier, "your Majesty has been so worsted in all your attempts, that I was going to *desert*." "Were you?" answered the monarch. "Remain here but one week longer, and if fortune does not mend in that time, I'll desert with you too."

PLEASANT ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

MISS BUCHANAN once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to the cannon's mouth without fear?"—"Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

PEACE AND CIVILITY.

A YOUNG officer, a member of the British House of Commons, wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said: "My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list," was the prompt and happy retort.

PROBING A WOUND.

DURING one of the last battles in Mexico, a French officer was wounded severely in the thigh, and for four or five days several surgeons were engaged attempting to discover the ball. Their sounding gave him excruciating pain. On the fifth day he could bear it no longer, and cried to the surgeons, "Gentlemen, in Heaven's name, what are you about?"—"We are looking for the ball."—"Mon Dieu! why didn't you say so at first? It is in my waistcoat pocket!"

HARD ON BRIGADIER-GENERALS.

ORPHEUS C. KERR, in one of

his late letters from Washington, is not very sweet on brigadiers. He says:

"Captain, there's something missing from the rear-guard."

Villiam assumed a thoughtful demeanour, and says he:

"Is it a missfire?"

"No," said the lieutenant, agitatedly, "but we miss two —"

"Not baggage-wagons?" says Villiam, giving such a start that his war-horse nearly fell upon his knees. "Don't tell me that two wagons are missing!"

"Why, no," said the lieutenant, with emotion, "it's not two wagons that we miss, but two brigadiers!"

"Ah," says Villiam, fanning himself with his cap, "how you alarmed me! I thought at first it was two wagons. Let the procession go on, and I'll send for two more brigades the next time I have a friend going to Washington."

SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

A SOLDIER, just before the battle of Fontenoy, having forgot his prayers, repeated this grace: "For what I am going to receive the Lord make me thankful."

THE TRUE BRITISH SOLDIER.

THERE is something in the British warrior that is not found to the same degree in other soldiers. He is not stolid; he weighs danger by his own courage, having the utmost reliance in himself as an indi-

vidual, and in his commanders. He is not easily over-excited; and his notion that he is as brave as any man of any nation is so strong that he will never give in whilst a hope of victory remains. He is a splendid sentry; no man can pass him. Orders to him are orders indeed—meant to be obeyed. He is not easily alarmed. During the siege of Lucknow a very young private in H.M.'s 102nd was on sentry when an eight-inch shell burst close to him, and threw up an immense quantity of earth. The noise was considerable, as the gun was fired from only a hundred yards off. The author, who commanded at the outpost, rushed out to see what had happened. He saw the youth standing at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded, as calmly as if nothing had occurred! On asking the man what had happened, he replied unconcernedly, "I think a shell has busted, sir." Again, two Jack tars were strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park (where Lord Clive's army was then stationed) towards the residency position at Lucknow. They passed our picquets of horse and foot (by which they were directed), and considered themselves quite safe. Suddenly a twenty-four pound shot struck the road just in front of them. One said to the other, "I'm blessed, Bill, if this here channel is properly buoyed!" *i.e.*, comparing the picquets to buoys. Having said this they proceeded towards the residency as calmly as if they had

been on Portsmouth Hard.—*"Victories and Defeats," by Colonel R. P. Anderson.*

NO QUARTER ALLOWED.

A FRENCH regiment, at the battle of Spire, had orders to give no quarter: a German officer, being taken, begged hard for his life:—"Sir," replied the polite Frenchman—"you may ask me any other favour, and it is yours; but as for your life, it is impossible for me to grant it."

MEETING HIM HALF-WAY.

Young Hopeful—"Well, it's of no use, Governor: I can't stick to business. I want to be a soldier, and you must buy me a commission. *Governor*—"No, my boy, I can't afford to buy you a commission, but I'll tell you what I *will* do; if you will go down to Chatham and enlist, I will give you my word of honour I won't buy you off."—*Punch.*

EFFECTS OF WAR.

DURING the Crimean war a woman went to a grocer's shop, and in paying her bill she found she was paying nearly double for her candles; so she asked what was the reason candles were so dear.—The grocer replied, "Oh, it is the war."—"Dear me," said the woman, "have they taken to fighting by candle-light?"

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

HIS Grace of Richmond, being asked why he ordered a

captain's guard to mount in the kitchen, replied that he wished to accustom the captains to stand fire.

SINGULAR STORY OF BLUCHER.

LADY CLEMENTINA DAVIES, in her "Recollections," tells a new story about the famous Prussian general, Blucher. When the special messengers arrived to inform Blucher that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and that his services would be required immediately in the field, they were astonished to find him running round and round a large room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust, and in which he had immured himself, under the delusion that he was an elephant. For the time it was feared that he was hopelessly insane, or so far the victim of *delirium tremens* that his active co-operation in the campaign would be impossible; but, when the urgent news was brought him, he recovered himself and proceeded to give orders in a perfectly sound state of mind, the tone of which was thus as by a sudden shock restored to him.

AN IRISH SENTINEL.

DURING the war, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with, "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of

good humour, "they tell me I am here for a century."

APOLOGY FOR BEING LAST.

FELIX M'CARTHY, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on the parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Be asy, Sergeant Sullivan," was the reply; "sure some one must be last."

SINGULAR CURE OF LUNG DISEASE.

CAPTAIN DE L——, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, had, at the peace preceding the escape of Napoleon from Elba, gone to Torquay for the benefit of his health, being in an advanced stage of consumption. On hearing that Bonaparte was again at Paris, the captain sent for his medical attendant, and asked him how long, with care, he might hope to live. "With care, several months," replied the doctor, with some hesitation. "Several months only," said the brave man; "then I may as well die in battle as in my bed." He joined his regiment, fought at Waterloo, received a wound which took away all the diseased part of his lungs, and lived many years longer.

SHAW, THE LIFE GUARDS- MAN AT WATERLOO.

OF all the heroes of Waterloo, Shaw, the pugilist Life Guardsman, towers above them all. "The line of cavalry," says

John Scott, "at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed; they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly among them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving." "Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit and wounded in the breast; his officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this fine fellow, "I shan't leave my colours yet." Shortly after, orders came down that the cavalry should advance; the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillerymen running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed amongst ourselves," said a private to Scott, "that when we began to gallop, we should give three cheers, but ours was not very regular cheering, though we made noise enough." Shaw was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction to all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but at last fell by the remaining two. A comrade, who was by his side a great part of the day, noticed one particular cut, which is worth recording. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road, a cuirassier waited and gave point at him. Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered, cut him right through

his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off him like a bit of apple." Shaw, says Scott, carried death to every one against whom he rode; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a show against the list of slain furnished for any of Homer's heroes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts than the magnitude of any one; he had been riding about, fighting the whole of the day with his body streaming, and at night he died on a heap of refuse outside an inn.—*All the Year Round.*

TAKING CARE OF THE PRISONERS.

As Lieutenant Pollock and his friend were proceeding towards the citadel, they passed a European guard, and, going up to the sergeant of infantry in charge of the party, for the purpose of learning the way to the gate of the citadel, the night being very dark, they asked what he was doing there. "Oh, sir, we are in charge of some prisoners," replied the man. "Prisoners! Where are they?" asked the artillery officer. "Well, sir," rejoined the sergeant, with an air of frankness, but not in the least abashed at the confession—"we just skivered them all." The reader need not be told that skivering was a synonymous term in the vocabulary of the sergeant of infantry for bayoneting.—*Life and Correspondence of Sir George Pollock.*

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her Name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs,
In Badajos's branches!"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the
feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your seats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death,—alas!
You will not be my Nelly!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line,

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside!—T. Hood.

THE UNRULY TONGUE.

At the time General Banks was in command of New Orleans, there resided in that city a young Confederate, who had yet to learn the wisdom of silence. The general sent for him, when the following conversation took place:—"Who are you?" said General B. "I am cousin to General —, of the Confederate army," replied the young man. "You have been using your tongue rather freely, young man." "I have, sir, and don't back down," was the reply. "Then you must either take the oath of allegiance or go to prison," said the general to him in a severe tone. "I don't feel much inclined for either," replied the youth. "Well, I'll give you three days to reflect on the matter." At the end of the three days young Secesh returned, and said to the general:—"I believe I'll take the

oth." After the obligation had been complied with, he turned to the general, and said—"Well, I suppose we are now good Union friends!" "Yes," replied General B., "there is no reason why we should not be." "Well, general," said the young scamp, with a grin on his countenance, as he rose to depart, "didn't Stonewall Jackson lick *us* most confoundedly?"

HIIS OWN TRUMPETER.

A magniloquent colonel of one of the Bengal regiments was recently complaining at an evening party, that, from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he, "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and——" "Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

AS YOU WERE.

At a late review of a Volunteer corps, not twenty miles from Norwich, the major, who gave the word, not finding the men so expert as he had wished, was perpetually calling, "As you were—as you were," and putting them twice through the order manoeuvre: the inspecting officer at length, losing all patience, exclaimed, "As you were! No, I'll be d——d if you are as you were; for you are not half so good as you were the last time I saw you."

JACK TALBOT OF THE GUARDS.

POOR Jack Talbot entered the Coldstream Guards, and accompanied his regiment to Spain, where he evinced great courage, and was foremost in every fight. Though he possessed many imperfections, he was the manliest and kindest of human beings, and was the idol of the women; and their champion also, for he was one of the few men who would never hear improper epithets applied to them under any circumstances, or allow their failings to be criticised by those who were in all probability the cause of them. There was a charm in Talbot's conversation that I never found in that of any other man; his brave, good heart, and love of punch, made him an agreeable companion, and many friends. When in his cups, or rather bowls, he would talk facetiously about his rich father in Ireland, Lord Malahide, spending that nobleman's money all the time. He was foolishly generous. I have often seen him, at a club or in a coffee-house, pay for the whole of his friends present; and his liberality to women of all classes was profuse. He used to say, "I would rather disoblige my father or my best friend than a pretty woman."

Whether in the Guards' Club or at private assemblies, you were always sure to find Jack surrounded by a circle of friends, amused with his witty conversation, and charmed with his good humour. He had always a smile

on his face; in fact, everybody acknowledged him as their friend, from Beau Brummel to Theodore Hook.

During his last illness, Alvanley asked the doctor of the regiment what he thought of it. The doctor replied, "My lord, he is in a bad way, for I was obliged to make use of the lancet this morning." "You should have tapped him, doctor," said Alvanley, "for I am sure he has more claret than blood in his veins." The late Duke of Beaufort one day called upon him at his lodgings in Mount-street, and found him drinking sherry at breakfast. The duke remonstrated with him, saying, "It will be the death of you." Talbot replied, "I get drunk every night, and find myself the better for it next morning." Talbot was a great favourite of the late Duke of Cambridge, who frequently called to inquire after his health. Upon one occasion, the captain's servant, in answer to the duke's interrogations, told his Royal Highness that his master did not want to see either doctor or parson, but only wished to be left to die in peace. The duke, with sad forebodings, sent Dr. Keate to see him. The doctor, on his arrival, found Talbot seated in his arm-chair, dead, with a bottle of sherry half empty on the table beside him. He was only twenty-seven.—*Captain Gronow's Last Recollections.*

RATHER INSULTING.

ONE day while a regiment was out for target practice, the

commanding officer called out to the captain, who was a sharp fellow, "Captain, I wish you to deploy your company across the vacant lot opposite the camp, and drive the cattle off, as I wish to fire at the target over there." The captain saluted, performed the duty required, and returning,—"Colonel, I have done as you ordered, but I don't think you used me well in selecting myself and company for the duty." "Why not?" asked the colonel. "Because, sir, you showed us up before the whole regiment as cow-herds."

DRILLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Private Cotter had been a few days at drill as a recruit, the sergeant in charge of the squad had reason one morning to reprimand him for moving in the ranks. "Put your hands down," he cried, "and keep them to your sides." Cotter did so; but soon forgetting the order, was again checked for unsteadiness. "You must not move, sir, or lift a finger while at drill. If I have occasion to warn you again, I'll cram you into the mill." A sort of hornet now perched on Cotter's inflamed proboscis, which, in the course of its peregrinations, performed a variety of disagreeable evolutions that made the recruit uneasy. With the persecution of the little pest he bore up manfully, till his patience at last was exhausted; and not daring to move, rebuked as he had been for unsteadiness,

he announced the inconvenience to the sergeant. "Silence!" interrupted the drill-sergeant, losing temper, and shaking his cane. "You must neither speak nor move in the ranks. Do it but once again, and I'll take the plan to cure you." "If I'm not to move or speak," roared Cotter angrily, "come yourself, then, and knock this confounded fly off my nose."

NO SIGN AT ALL.

As two Irish soldiers were passing through Chippenham, one of them observing the Borough Arms (which has somewhat the appearance of a hatchment) over the Town-hall door, accosted his comrade with—"Arrah, Pat, look up, what is that sign?"—"Botheration," cries Pat, "'tis no sign at all, at all; 'tis only a sign that somebody's dead that lives there."

THE SCOTS GREYS.

IN one of the actions following on the battle of Dettingen, the Scots Greys cut up the French *gens d'armes* so as to put them out of the field. Some time after the peace, at a review, George II. turned to the French Ambassador and asked him his opinion of the regiment, adding that they were the best troops in the world. The ambassador asked—"Has your Majesty never seen the *gens d'armes*?" "No," rejoined the king, "but my Greys have."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

DURING the rebellion of 1798, Ireland was subject to the severe

discipline of military law, and sentinels were placed in every important situation, with the strictest orders not to let any one pass after nine o'clock at night without a knowledge of the pass-word. The Comte de Clermont, a French emigrant residing in Dublin, had unluckily staid out one night beyond the prescribed hour, and on endeavouring to get into the Castle, where he slept, was stopped, of course, by the sentry, who was inexorable. "Oh, sare," said the imploring Frenchman, "you must let me in—I am the Count de Clermont." "A county Clare man!" replied the soldier: "devil a bit of me would care if you were a county Kerry man, or even come out of the heart of Tipperary, like myself! Clear my post!" continued he, repelling the Count, "or you will never see the county Clare in your days again."

THE PARSON'S TOAST.

LORD CLYDE, one day after dinner, asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in India for a toast, who, after considering some time, at length exclaimed, with great simplicity, "Alas! and alack-a-day! what can I give?"—"Nothing better," replied his lordship. "Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast. A lass, and a lac a day." (A lac means a hundred thousand rupees.)

GENERAL WOLFE.

GENERAL WOLFE invited a Scotch officer to dine with him;

the same day he was also invited by some brother officers. "You must excuse me," said he to them: "I am already engaged to Wolfe."—A smart young ensign observed, he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said *General Wolfe*. "Sir," said the Scotch officer with great promptitude, "we never say *General Alexander* or *General Cæsar*." Wolfe, who was within hearing, by a low bow to the Scotch officer, acknowledged the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

SLIGHT PUNISHMENT.

WHEN the late Marshal Pelissier was general in Africa, he was reprimanding one of his captains; so many fierce words were said that the rebuked officer got into a rage, and raised his pistol to shoot Pelissier. The pistol missed fire, whereupon Pelissier said, "Captain, you are eight days under arrest, because your arms are not in good order."

THE DAYS OF PERIWIGS.

AN Irish officer, travelling in company with a bald gentleman, had desired the waiter of the inn to awaken him early in the morning, as he had some letters to write before starting. Previous to his beginning his journey, he had got his head shaved, forgetting this last circumstance, when the waiter aroused him as ordered, Paddy, scratching his pate, and feeling it bald, exclaimed: "You

wretch of a waiter, you have waked the bald man instead of me!"

THE DUN COLOUR.

COLONEL C—, who was head and ears in debt, when stationed at the Tower, was told by his servant that a person wished to see him on particular business. Requiring a description of the announced, the reply was, "A man of colour." "Oh! say no more," said the colonel, "I know what colour—it is a dun."

SUPERIOR MANŒUVRING.

WHILE the Forty-second regiment were in America, and employed in foraging, in an excursion through the woods, a Highland soldier came unexpectedly in sight of an American, when both their pieces happening to be unloaded, each retired behind a tree to cover himself while loading; but fearing that the first who ventured out of cover would be brought down by the other, both kept possession of their trees; till, at last, the Highlander losing patience, pushed his bonnet beyond the tree on the point of his bayonet. The American shot his ball through its centre, when his opponent, starting forward, made him surrender immediately.

PUNCTILIOUS HONESTY.

THE Forty-second Highlanders particularly distinguished themselves against the French cuirassiers and lancers

on the ever-memorable 18th of June. An anecdote is told of a gallant major of that corps, who, preferring to fight on foot, in the front of his men, fell, from loss of blood, near Donald Macintosh, a private, who lay on the ground mortally wounded; but who, notwithstanding, had sufficient strength and courage left to load his musket once more, and kill a lancer, on the point of seizing the major's horse, exclaiming, as he fired—"Hoot man! ye mauna take that beast; it belongs to oor captain here!" He then fell back, and died content.

CROSS PURPOSES.

It was customary with Frederick the Great of Prussia, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions, viz., "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" It happened that a young soldier, a native of France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist into the Prussian service, and his figure was such as to cause him to be immediately accepted. He was, however, totally ignorant of the German language; but his captain gave him notice that the King would ask him questions in that language the first time he saw him, and therefore instructed him to learn by heart the three answers which he was to make to the King. The soldier learned them by the next day; and as

soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederick came up to interrogate him. His Majesty, however, happened to begin with the second question first; and asked him—"How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty-one years," answered the soldier. The King, struck with his youth, which contradicted his answer, said to him, much astonished, "How old are you?" "One year, an't please your Majesty." Frederick, still more astonished, cried, "You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses." The soldier, who took this for the third question, about "pay and treatment," replied firmly—"Both, an't please your Majesty." "This is the first time I ever was treated as a madman at the head of my army," rejoined Frederick. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, stood silent; and when the King again addressed him, in order to penetrate the mystery, the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German. The King laughed heartily, and after exhorting him to perform his duty, left him.

HOME RECOLLECTIONS.

WHEN the British armament had arrived at Marmorice, a beautiful bay on the coast of Greece, on their voyage to Egypt, among the numbers who came to see them was an unexpected visitor in the dress of a Turk. This was a gentleman of the name of Campbell, a

native of Kinross, in Argyleshire. Early in life, he had been so affected by the death of a school-fellow, who had been killed by accident as they were at play together, that he fled from the country, and joined the Turkish army. He had then served forty years under the standard of Islamism, and had risen to be general of artillery. He went on board the ship where the Forty-second were embarked, to inquire about his family. When he saw the men in the dress to which he had been accustomed in his youth, he was so much affected that he burst into tears. The astonishment of the soldiers may be easily imagined, when they were addressed in their own language by an old man in the full costume of a Turk, and with a white beard flowing down to his girdle.

"MILITARY LIFE,"

SAYS General Napier, "is like dancing up a long room with a mirror at the end, against which we cut our faces, and so the deception ends. It is thus gaily men follow their trade of blood, thinking it glitters; but to me it appears without brightness or reflection, a dirty red!"

TIT FOR TAT.

AN officer in full regimentals, apprehensive lest he should come in contact with a chimney-sweep that was passing towards him, exclaimed, "Keep off, you black rascal."—"You were as black as me before you were boiled," cried sooty.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

"TOM," said a colonel to one of his men, "how can so good and brave a soldier as you get drunk so often?"—"Colonel," replied he, "how can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for sixpence a day?"

THE BROILS OF BATTLE.

AN officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement in the Crimean war. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate corporal near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, when the officer exclaimed, "Confound you, stop your noise, do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

THE WEAPONS OF WAR-FARE.

ON a Sunday, during the war of 1812, General Jackson gave orders that there should be no working or unnecessary noise in the camp, when one of his officers came to him and complained that some Methodist soldiers had assembled in violation of his order, and opened a prayer meeting. "Go, then, and join them," said the general, "and request that they will not forget me in their prayers. God forbid that praying should be an uncommon noise in my camp."

PEACE AND WAR.

THE following conversation was heard among the "Volunteers of the Rio Grande."

Scene, night: two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in mud:—Volunteer First—"Jim, how came you to volunteer?" Volunteer Second—"Why, Bob, you see I have no wife to care a red cent for me, so I volunteered; besides, I like war. Now, tell me how you came out here?" Volunteer First—"Why, the fact is, you know, I—I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because I like peace." Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep.

EXPENSIVE CARPETING.

BROWNE reads—"The Peace of Brussels has cost the French Alsace, Lorraine, and Metz, and five milliards of money."—"Lawks! what an expensive carpet!" exclaimed Mrs. Browne, "however much could it be a yard?"

PRIM.

GENERAL JUAN PRIM was promoted to a colonelcy when barely five-and-twenty years of age. It is said that about that time he heard that a dozen highway soldiers were watching for him to kill him. Prim asked where they were, and learned that they were hiding in a barn at a short distance from where he was. The young colonel cocked his pistols, went alone to the barn, and knocked. The lawless soldiers were seated around their bivouac fire. "You are watching for Juan Prim. I am he." In a moment the men

had seized their arms, and twelve muzzles were levelled at him. Prim knocked up the muskets with his two arms; but at the same instant they were surrounded with soldiers who had hastily followed him, and were about to shoot them down. "*Allons donc*," said Prim, "Every one must live," and he let them go. Danger had no fear for the man who on being questioned about a dangerous period of his life, answered that he had, indeed, been condemned to death, but that a soldier was never really condemned until he was shot.

DAY AND MARTIN.

ONE morning a poor soldier called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with a customer, and asked relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir," said the veteran, astonished at the amount, "How can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket; "it is a receipt for making blacking, the best that ever was seen; many a half-guinea I have had from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something out of it to repay you for your kindness to the poor soldier!" That dirty piece of paper was the recipe for the renowned Day

and Martin's blacking; and that hairdresser was the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the ornaments of London, and whose palace in Regent's Park rivalled in magnificence the mansions of the nobility.

THE BROUGHAM AND THE BOOTS.

ONE day when Lord Brougham had driven to the House in a vehicle which bears his name, which Robinson the coach-maker had christened after him, he was met in the robing-room by the Duke of Wellington, who, after a low bow, accosted him:—"I have always hitherto lived under the impression that your Lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law; but now you will hereafter be known only as the inventor of a carriage."—"And I, my Lord Duke, have always been under the delusion that your Grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon; but now your Grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots." "Confound the boots; I had forgotten them; you have the best of it."

**APPROPRIATE INSCRIPTION.*

* FRENCH Field-Marshal, who had attained that rank by court favour not by valour, re-

ceived from a lady the present of a drum, with this inscription, "Made to be beaten."

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

A DRILL sergeant, conceiving that the recruits under his discipline were not aware of the exact import of the military order "As you were," observed to them, "My lads, when I says, 'as you were,' I mean 'as you was.'"

RATHER SATIRICAL.

"GENERAL," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those people who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood are amazin' partic'ler about the first drop."

APPROPRIATE TEXT.

ON the Sunday after the defeat of Colonel Jonathan Peel, at the Norwich election, a clergyman there took for his text, "I am grieved for thee, my brother Jonathan."

THE DUKE OF SULLY.

WHEN called upon by Louis the Thirteenth to give his advice in some great emergency, the Duke of Sully observed the favourites of the new king whispering to one another, and smiling at his plain and unfashionable appearance. "Whenever your Majesty's father," said the old warrior and statesman, "did me the honour to consult me, he ordered the buffcoats of the court to retire into the ante-chamber." This severe reproof

silenced the satellites, who instantly became *non est inventus*.

THE UNSOLDIER-LIKE OFFICER.

"THAT soldier so rude—he that swaggers in scarlet,
Put him out of the court, I'll imprison the varlet,"

As in judgment he sat, knowing Robinson said.

"A soldier I'm not," quoth the hero in red;
"No soldier, my lord, but an officer I,
A captain, who carries his sword on his thigh."

Stern Robinson, then, with sarcastical sneer,

Roll'd his sharp eagle-eye on the vain volunteer,

And "Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew bolder,

"Out, out with that officer, who is no soldier."

MARSHAL TURENNE.

THE deputies of an important city in Germany offered the great Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through their city.—"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot in conscience accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way."

COURAGE BETTER THAN CUIRASSIERS.

AT the battle of Dettingen, the French placed great reliance upon their household troops, who then wore breast-plates. In a charge made by their cuirassiers, their point of attack was a Scottish regiment of infantry, commanded by Sir Andrew Agnew; who, judging it impossible to oppose them by force, had recourse to stratagem; ordering his men to fall back from the centre, by right and left, as they advanced, and

to bayonet their horses as soon as they should fairly find an opening, and then they might kill the riders at their leisure.

The French, seeing the line broken, dashed in, but soon found out their mistake, when the remainder retired, and were charged as above stated. After the action, the King said—"Sir Andrew, the *gens-d'armes* got in among you to-day!"—"Yes, please your Majesty," said the brave Caledonian, "but they didna get oot again!"

DOCTRINAL DIFFERENCES SETTLED IN A NEW WAY.

IN the year 1776, two soldiers took it into their well-powdered heads to go and hear a sermon: the orator was Mr. Murray, well known to theologians for his doctrine of universal salvation. They retired, well satisfied with the knowledge of their ignorance on these points; and returned again in the afternoon, when another preacher exhibited, whose doctrines were diametrically opposed to those they had heard in the morning.—"Tom," said one of them, "do you hear how differently these parson-folks preach? Which of them do you intend to believe?" On which Tom very ingeniously replied, like a well-disciplined soldier—"I'll be d—d if I believe either of them yet awhile, till I see it come out in general orders!"

SERGEANT MILLIGAN.

IN an attack made on a French *settle*, armed with four six-

pounders, twelve mounted musketpoons; and small arms, by the boats of the *Melpomene* frigate, Captain Parker, off the coast of Leghorn, in the year 1806, Lieutenant Thomson in the barge, and five seamen were killed, six desperately wounded, and several others disabled. The ship, and other boats, were at a considerable distance; but the survivors persevered, and hooked on. Mr. Butler, Lieutenant Gascoigne, and Sergeant Thomas Milligan, were the only persons enabled to board, at which time the enemy's crew consisted of eighteen men, three of whom were killed, and fifteen made prisoners. The conduct of Milligan peculiarly excited the admiration of his brave comrades and captain. Being in the bow of the barge, he was the first man that boarded the *sette*; and on his leaping on the deck, six muskets were presented in his face, the fatal effects of which he rapidly avoided, by throwing himself instantly into the midst of the enemy's crew. Owing to the number of killed and wounded in the barge, and the *sette* continuing under sail, only five men were able to follow the sergeant; but, after some resistance the enemy were forced to retreat and disperse, and six of them leapt into their own boat, carrying their arms and ammunition with them. Sergeant Milligan, fearing that they might do considerable mischief with their muskets, and knowing that the barge could not follow, jumped down into the middle of them. He was

instantly seized and thrown overboard; but in the struggle, he grappled, and carried one of the enemy with him, whom he killed in the water with his cutlass. The other boats of the *Melpomene* now coming up, every exertion was made to save the sergeant, who was seen swimming astern of the *sette*, apparently very faint, having received several wounds during the action. One of the lieutenants of the ship seeing an oar close behind him, called to Milligan to get hold of it, in order to receive some assistance, till the boat could get up to him, which afterwards picked him up. On being asked, when safe on board, if he had gained the assistance of the oar floating by him, he replied—"No, sir, I did not know the enemy had all surrendered; and I could not bear the idea of turning my back upon the enemy." The Patriotic Fund presented this brave fellow with forty pounds.

ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

"AFTER the action at Alexandria, when the men had laid down to rest," says Colonel Stewart, "I walked to the rear to inquire for some of my company who had fallen behind, being either killed or wounded. Observing some men digging a hole and a number of dead bodies lying around, I stepped up to one of them, and touching his temples, felt that they retained some warmth. I then told the soldiers not to bury him, but to carry him to the

surgeons, as he did not appear to be quite dead. 'Poh!' said one of them, 'he is as dead as my grandfather, who was killed at Culloden;' and taking the man by the heels, proceeded to drag him to the pit. But he caused him to desist. The wounded man was so horribly disfigured as to justify his companion in the judgment he had formed. A ball had passed through his head, which was greatly swelled, and covered with clotted blood. He was carried to the hospital, where he revived from his swoon, and recovered so rapidly, that in six weeks he was able to do his duty."

MILITARY BON MOTS.

A LACEDEMONIAN was once rallied with having painted a fly on his shield, as if he wished to avoid being known, by adopting so small a mark of distinction. "You are deceived," said the brave Lacedæmonian, "I shall go so near my enemies that they will easily recognise me."

Louis VI. of France in one of his engagements was in considerable danger; a soldier of the enemy took hold of the bridle of his horse, crying out, "The king is taken."—"No, sir," replied Louis, raising his battle-axe, with which he hewed down the soldier, "no, sir, a king is never taken, not even at chess."

At the siege of Ostend a soldier was holding up a loaf of bread in a boasting manner, when a shot took off the uppermost half, leaving the other in his hand; on which he coolly

said, "the shot had divided fairly, and left him the better half."

An English officer in a sally from Ostend, had one of his arms shot off with a cannon ball, and, taking it up, he carried it into the town to the surgeon, to whom he said, "Behold the arm, which but at dinner did help its fellow."

General Medows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the general, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his road. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

When the Regent Duke of Bedford approached within a league of Verneuil, before which the French were encamped; he sent a herald to offer them battle, and at the same time bid him tell Douglas, who had a principal command in the French army, that he was "come to take a bite with him." Douglas smartly replied, that "he should find the cloth laid."

An American soldier during the siege of Quebec, being posted as a sentinel in a place of some danger, requested his officer to change his situation. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He knew not how it was, but

he did not feel himself bold enough to stay there."

THE BLACK WATCH.

THE following anecdote is highly characteristic of that feeling of self-estimation which inspires the Scotch soldier with a spirit for great military actions, and makes the honour of his clan and name dearer to him than gold, or, "house or land." George II. had never seen a Highland soldier, and therefore expressed a strong desire to see one. Three privates, remarkable for their figure and good looks, were fixed upon, and sent to London a short time before the regiment marched: these were Gregor M'Gregor, commonly called Gregor the beautiful; John Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duneaves, Perthshire; and John Grant, from Strathspey, of the family of Ballindalloch: Grant, however, fell sick, and died at Aberfeldy. "The others," says the *Westminster Journal*, were presented by their Lieutenant-colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the King, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers, assembled for the purpose, in the great gallery of St. James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to his Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which they gave

to the porter at the palace-gate as they passed out." They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their own country. Such was, in general, the character of the men who originally composed that celebrated body of Highland soldiers, the Black Watch.

KILLIECRANKIE.

DURING the battle of Killiecrankie, or of Renrorie, as the Highlanders call it, one of those incidents occurred, which were too frequent in those troublesome times. Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, with his clan, had joined Lord Dundee in the service of the abdicated king, while his second son, a captain in the Scotch Fusiliers, was under General Mackay, on the side of the government. As the General was observing the Highland army drawn up on the face of a hill, a little above the house of Urrard, to the westward of the great pass, he turned round to young Cameron, who stood next him, and pointing to the Camerons, said: "Here is your father with his wild savages; how would you like to be with him?"—"It signifies little," replied the other, "what I would like: but I recommend you to be prepared, or perhaps my father and his wild savages may be nearer to you before night than you would like." And so it happened: Dundee delayed his attack till, according to an eye-witness, "the sun's going down, when the Highlandmen advanced on

us like madmen, without shoes or stockings, covering themselves from our fire with their targets. At last they cast away their muskets, drew their broad-swords, and advanced furiously upon us, broke us, and obliged us to retreat; some fled to the water, some another way." Never were such strokes given in Europe, as were given that day by the Highlanders. "Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breast; others had their skulls cut off above their ears, like night-caps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow; and pikes and small-swords were cut like willows." In short, the charge was like a torrent, and the rout complete; but Dundee fell early in the attack. The consternation occasioned by the death of the General, prevented an immediate pursuit through the great pass. If they had been closely followed, and if a few men had been placed at the southern entrance, not a man of the King's troops would have escaped. This uninterrupted retreat caused General Mackay to conclude that some misfortune had befallen Lord Dundee. "Certainly," said he, "Dundee has been killed, or I could not thus be permitted to retreat."

The force of the attack was irresistible. After the right of the line had given way, the regiments on the centre and left (the left being covered by the river Garry, and the right by a woody precipice below the

house of Urrard) stood their ground, and for a short time withstood the shock of the Highlanders' charge with the broad-sword; but at length they gave way on all sides. Hastings' regiment fled through the pass, on the north side. The Fusiliers, dashing through the river, were followed by the Highlanders, one party of whom pressed on their rear, while the others climbed up the hills on the south side of the pass, and having no ammunition, rolled down stones, and killed several of the soldiers before they recrossed the river at Invergarry. This was the only attempt to pursue.

In this battle Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath enough before he expired, to tell Lochiel, that seeing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow from the rear, he sprang behind him, and thus sheltered him from death by receiving himself the fatal shaft.

MARSHAL DE NEVAILLES.

At the battle of Senes, The Prince of Condé sent word to Marshal de Nevaillès to be ready

to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing mass. On this being reported to the prince, he muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But the marquess, having performed wonders during the engagement, said, after it, to the prince, "Your highness, I fancy, now sees that those who pray to God, behave as well in battle as their neighbours."

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

: KING WILLIAM III. had some very narrow escapes at the battle of the Boyne, not only from the enemy, but from his own troops. One of the Inniskillen men mistaking the King for an officer of the enemy, levelled his piece at him. His Majesty cried out, "What! don't you know your friends from your foes?" and so prevented the shot. Heedless of the consequences, he was rushing towards the enemy at the head of a very small party of guards, when Lord Scarborough strictly commanded that not a man should stir; his orders were so well obeyed, that the King having advanced a little way, turned about, and found he was alone, and so was forced to return to his company.

The gallant Schomberg fell in this engagement, in the eighty-second year of his age; as did also the brave Caithmote, who had followed the Duke's fortunes, and commanded one of the Protestant regiments. After Caithmote had received his mortal wound, he was carried back through the river by four sol-

diers; and though in the agonies of death, he with a cheerful countenance encouraged those who were crossing to do their duty. "A la gloire! à la gloire!" he exclaimed, as long as he was able to speak.

COLONEL GARDINER.

THE day before the battle of Prestonpans, Colonel Gardiner rode through the ranks of his regiment, and addressed his men in the most respectful and animating manner. Perceiving a timidity in part of his troops, he determined to set them a spirited example. "I cannot," said he, "influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." They continued under arms all night; and in the morning, by break of day, perceived the approach of the rebel army, under Prince Charles. The Highlanders, though half armed, charged with such impetuosity, that in less than ten minutes after the battle began, the King's troops were broken and totally routed. After Colonel Gardiner's own regiment of dragoons had forsaken him, perceiving a party of the foot continuing to oppose the enemy without an officer, he immediately headed them, though already twice wounded, exclaiming, "Fight on, my lads, and fear nothing." At the instant, he was cut down by the scythe of a Highlander fastened on a long pole, and fell covered with wounds.

When the engagement was

oyer, Colonel Gardiner was pointed out to Charles among those who had fallen in the field. The Pretender, stooping over him, gently raised his head from the ground, and exclaimed, "Poor Gardiner, would to God I could restore thy life!"

THE INTREPID OLD HIGHLANDER.

AT the famous battle of Quebec, in 1759, General Townshend observed an old Highland soldier laying about him with the most surprising strength and agility, till, almost spent with fatigue, he retired behind a breast-work of dead bodies, most of whom he had slain with his own hand. There he drew his breath a little, and then casting off his upper coat, again returned to the charge, and at every blow brought a Frenchman to the ground. The General, full of admiration at his intrepidity, ordered him to be brought to him after the engagement; and, having bestowed on him the encomiums which his gallant behaviour deserved, asked him how he could leave his native country to follow the fortune of war in such an unfavourable clime, and at such an advanced age. He replied—"That his hatred to the French had made him leave his family at the age of seventy, as a volunteer, in order to be revenged on them before his death; and he hoped that on that day he had not disgraced himself, his king, or country." General Townshend was so well pleased with the brave fellow, that he brought

him home with him, and presented him to Mr. Pitt, by whom he was introduced to his Majesty, who gave him a lieutenant's commission, with the liberty of serving in any corps or in any country he chose; or, if he preferred retiring to his family and friends, to have a lieutenant's full pay during life. His broadsword, which was a most excellent one, had descended from father to son, as a particular legacy for upwards of three hundred years; and he was so extremely fond of it, that he used to take it to bed with him every night.

SERINGAPATAM.

THE capture of Seringapatam was as important in its consequences, as it was glorious in its achievement. The strength of the fort was such, both from its natural position, and the stupendous works by which it was surrounded, that all the exertions of the brave troops who made the attack were required to place it in our hands.

On the 30th of April, 1799, the English batteries opened on the fort; and by the 3rd of May so much of the walls was destroyed, that General Harris determined on assaulting the place on the following day. Accordingly the troops intended to be employed were stationed in the trenches, early in the morning of the 4th, that no extraordinary movement might lead the enemy to expect the assault. At one o'clock the troops moved from the trenches,

crossed the rocky bed of the Cavery under an extremely heavy fire, passed the glacis and ditch, and ascended the breaches in the *fausse braye* and rampart of the fort; surmounting in the most gallant manner every obstacle which the difficulty of the passage, and the resistance of the enemy, presented to oppose their progress. Major-General Baird had divided his force, for the purpose of clearing the ramparts to the right and left. One division was commanded by Colonel Sherbrooke; the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop. Both corps, although strongly opposed, were completely successful. Colonel Dunlop was disabled by a wound he received in a personal conflict with one of Tippoo's sirdars, who assailed him with his scimitar about half-way up the breach, making a desperate cut at the colonel, which he was fortunate enough to pass, and return with a cut that laid the breast of his antagonist open. The sirdar, although mortally wounded, made another blow at Colonel Dunlop, which struck him across the wrist of the right hand, and nearly cut it through. The sirdar then reeled back, and fell on the breach, where he was bayoneted by the soldiers as they passed. Colonel Dunlop still went on at the head of his men, until he ascended to the top of the breach, where he fell from loss of blood, and was carried off to the rear by some soldiers.

Resistance continued to be made for some time from the

palace of Tippoo Sultan, after all firing had ceased from the works; but nothing could withstand the impetuosity of our troops, and every part of the city was soon in our power.

The forlorn hope in the assault was led by a sergeant of the light company of the Bombay European regiment, who volunteered his services on the occasion. He was a Scotchman, of the name of Graham. He ran forward to examine the breach; and mounting it, pulled off his hat, and with three cheers called out, "Success to Lieutenant Graham!" (alluding to his having a commission if he survived). He then rejoined his party, and with them remounted, holding the colours in his hand. Upon reaching the rampart he stuck the colour-staff in it, exclaiming, with enthusiastic ardour, "I'll show them the British flag." At this moment the gallant Graham received a shot through his head, and fell on the ramparts.

During this assault, Tippoo hurried along the northern ramparts to the breach, where he fired several times on the assailants with his own hands, and with considerable success; and when abandoned by his men, he did not attempt to escape, but rushing onward, received two musket balls in his body; his horse also being wounded, sunk under him, and he fell to the ground. It is related, that an English soldier offering to pull off the sword-belt of the Sultan, which was very rich, Tippoo, who still

held his sabre in his hand, made a cut at him with all his remaining strength. The man, wounded in the knee, put his firelock to his shoulder, and the Sultan receiving the ball in his temple, instantly expired.

MAJ.-GENERAL GILLESPIE.

AT the attack on Kalunga in the Nepaul War, after the retreat had been sounded a second time, Major Ludlow took post in some ruined huts immediately under the wall of the fort, and considerable apprehensions were felt for him and his party, who were likely to be cut off. At this instant General Gillespie saw that it was requisite to do something to save this little band of heroes; and, being greatly vexed at the failures of the storming party, he turned to an officer standing by him and said, "Sir, I will take that post, or die before it." He then gave some orders; and addressing himself to the brigade-major, said, "Now, sir, I am at your service." After this he went on most gallantly, waving his hat and cheering the men, until he was shot through the heart, and fell without uttering a syllable.

SCOTCH ADVENTURERS.

THE character which the Scotch have acquired, beyond almost any other people, for the art of pushing their fortune abroad, was never perhaps more singularly illustrated than by the following anecdote, which Dr. Anderson relates in his

"Bee," on the authority of a baronet of scientific eminence.

The Russians and Turks in the war of 1739, having diverted themselves long enough in the contest, agreed to treat of a peace. The commissioners for this purpose were, Marshal General Keith, on the part of Russia; and the Grand Vizier, on that of the Turks. These two personages met, and carried on their negotiations by means of interpreters. When all was concluded, they rose to separate; the marshal made his bow with his hat in his hand, and the vizier his salam with his turban on his head. But when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to Marshal Keith, took him cordially by the hand, and in the broadest Scotch dialect, declared warmly that it made him "Unco happy to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Keith stared with astonishment, eager for an explanation of this mystery, when the vizier added, "Dinna be surprised, mon, I'm o' the same country wi' yoursell. I mind weel seein' you and your brother, when boys, passin' by to the school at Kirkcaldy; my father, sir, was bellman o' Kirkcaldy."

What more extraordinary can be imagined, than to behold in the plenipotentiaries of two mighty nations, two foreign adventurers, natives of the same mountainous territory; nay, of the very same village! What, indeed, more extraordinary, unless it be the spectacle of

a Scotchman turned Turk for the sake of honours, held on the tenure of a caprice from which even Scotch prudence can be no guarantee!

*ONE GOOD TURN DE-
SERVES ANOTHER.*

DURING the engagement between the Scots Greys, and the riotous colliers at Crwinlin, one of the Greys was in the act of striking down a collier with his sabre:—"Hold, Alexander!" exclaimed the collier, and showing his medal, "don't you remember when I carried you wounded off the field of Waterloo?" The soldier immediately dropped his sabre, proud that he had, for the first time, an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the man to whom he owed his existence. The effect may be better conceived than described.

*A HIGHLAND SOLDIER'S
SENSE OF HONOUR.*

IN the year 1795, a serious disturbance broke out in Glasgow among the Breadalbane Fencibles. Several men having been confined and threatened with corporeal punishment, considerable discontent and irritation were excited among their comrades, which increased to such violence, that when some men were confined in the guard-house, a great proportion of the regiment rushed out, and forcibly released the prisoners. This violation of military discipline was not to be passed over, and accordingly, measures were taken to secure the ringleaders

and bring them to punishment. But so many were equally concerned, that it was difficult to fix on the proper subjects for punishment; and here was shown a trait of character worthy of old Rome and a better cause, and which originated from a feeling alive to the disgrace of a degrading punishment. The soldiers being made sensible of the nature of their misconduct and the consequent punishment, *four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial*, and suffer the sentence of the law, as an atonement for the whole. They were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle, tried, and condemned to be shot. Three of them were, however, afterwards reprieved, and the fourth was shot on Musselburgh sands.

On the march to Edinburgh, a circumstance occurred, the more worthy of notice, as it shows a strong principle of honour and fidelity to his word, and to his officer, in a common Highland soldier; and while it reminds the reader so strongly of that fine incident in the classical story of Damon and Pythias, as almost to appear like an inferior imitation of that high act of heroic honour and self-devotion, it exemplifies this truth, that a fine sense of what is honourable and sublime in human conduct is not confined to any particular class of men, but is as inherent to the base-born peasant as to the nobly born and the nobly bred. One of the men stated to the officer commanding the party, that he knew what his fate would be,

but that he had left business of the utmost importance to a friend in Glasgow, which he wished to transact before his death: that as to himself, he was fully prepared to meet his fate; but with regard to his friend, he could not die in peace unless the business was settled; and that if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow, a few hours there would be sufficient: that he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and then march as a prisoner with the party: the brave Highlander added—"You have known me since I was a child; you know my country and kindred; and you may believe I shall never bring you to any blame by a breach of the promise I now make, to be with you in full time to be delivered up to the castle." This was a startling proposal to the officer, who was a judicious, humane man, and knew perfectly his risk and responsibility in yielding to such an extraordinary application. However, his confidence was such, that he complied with the request of the prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, settled his business, and left the town before daylight, to redeem his pledge. He took a long circuit to avoid being seen and being apprehended as a deserter, and sent back to Glasgow, as probably his account of his officer's indulgence would not have been credited. In consequence of this caution, and the lengthened march through woods and over hills, by an unfrequented route,

there was no appearance of him at the hour appointed. The perplexity of the officer when he reached the neighbourhood of Edinburgh may be easily imagined. He moved forward slowly, but no soldier appeared; and, unable to delay any longer, he marched up to the castle, when, as he was delivering over the prisoners, but before any report was given in, Macmartin, the absent soldier, rushed in among his fellow-prisoners, pale with anxiety and fatigue, and breathless with apprehension of the consequences in which his delay might have involved his benefactor. In whatever light the conduct of Major Colin Campbell, the officer, may be considered by military men, his confidence in human nature must endear him to the hearts of the humane; and it cannot but be wished that the Highlandman's magnanimous self-devotion had been taken as an atonement for his own misconduct and that of his brother prisoners. It was not from any additional guilt that the man who suffered was shot: it was determined that only one should suffer, and the four were ordered to draw lots, when the fatal chance fell upon William Sutherland, who was executed accordingly.

TOM BROWN.

At the battle of Dettingen, on the 16th of June, 1743, a private in Bland's dragoons, of the name of Thomas Brown, who had not been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished

himself by his intrepidity. After having had two horses killed under him, and lost two fingers of his left hand, seeing the regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, in consequence of a wound received by the cornet, he galloped into the midst of the enemy, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard; and having seized it, and thrust it between his thigh and the saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks; and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with three cheers. In this valiant exploit Brown received eight wounds in his face, head, and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted.

The fame of Tom Brown soon spread through the kingdom; his health was drunk with enthusiasm; his achievement was painted on sign-posts; and prints, representing his person and heroic deeds, were sold in abundance.

He recovered of his wounds so far as to be able to serve for a short time in the Life Guards; but being ultimately found disqualified for further service, he retired on a pension of £30 a-year, to the town of Yarm (where there is still a sign that commemorates his valour), and died in this retirement in January, 1746.

BATTLE OF MINDEN.

THE most prominent achievement in this memorable battle,

the cause of so much military controversy, was one which can never fail to call forth, in military, as well as ordinary readers, an unmingled expression of admiration and surprise. Six regiments of British infantry, assisted by two of Hanoverian guards, were detached from the right of the line of infantry, to charge the enemy's centre, which consisted of sixty squadrons of horse; they obeyed this order; and to their eternal honour, by half-an-hour past eight, drove the enemy before them, without any other assistance than from the artillery of their own country. In vain did the French cavalry attempt to rally; they could not look this little corps of infantry in the face. In vain was it taken in front and flank by their artillery; its resolution was not to be daunted; the ground over which they marched was strewed with slaughter and blood, and carnage paved the path to glory.

BROTHERS IN BATTLE.

IMMEDIATELY after the taking of Fort Napoleon, in Portugal, during the Peninsular war, a soldier of the 50th regiment was observed occasionally bending over the lifeless trunk of one of his comrades, and now and then wiping away the tears as they trickled down his furrowed cheek. An officer stepped up, and ventured to divert his attention by inquiring the name of the deceased. Till then he had imagined that he was pouring out his grief in secret; for when spoken to, he looked abashed,

and began to wipe away the tears from his eyes. On the question being repeated, he said, that the name of the deceased was Paddy Carey, and his own brother; that he was the third of that family that had given up their lives for their country; and that he was now left alone, to mourn the loss of those who had gone before him. He regretted much that circumstances prevented him from bestowing decent burial on the deceased; and when he was left alone, the noble fellow began to dig a hole with his bayonet, to receive the mangled remains of his beloved relative.

AMERICAN COURAGE.

THE following anecdote shows that there may be as much true bravery and honour in refusing as in accepting a challenge:—When the American army were at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777, a captain of the Virginian line refused a challenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it to gratify any man. His antagonist, however, gave him the character of a coward among all his fellow-officers. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and apprised of the injury he should receive from those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, the officer who had challenged him desired him to leave the room, which was repeated

by all the company. He refused, and asserted that he had come there to vindicate his courage; and after mentioning his reasons for not accepting the challenge, he applied a large hand-grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw it on the ground, saying, "There, gentlemen, this will determine which man of us all dare most to brave danger." The whole company on this left the room in great haste, and did not return till after the explosion, when they expected to find the captain dead, but were agreeably surprised on finding the contrary; and, convinced of his bravery, they ever after held him in the highest esteem.

DASHING EXPLOIT.

IN the campaign of 1761, when the French army, under the command of Marshal Broglie and the Prince of Soubise, were retiring towards Hoxter, where they passed the Weisser, Prince Ferdinand followed close after them for several days; and on the evening before they gained the pass over the river, one of Prince Ferdinand's aides-de-camp desired the grenadiers and Highlanders who were in front to push on, and take some of the enemy's baggage, which was but a little way before them, and weakly guarded. They immediately formed, and hastily marched over a plain with a thick wood in front, which they were told was clear, and had got within four hundred paces of the enemy's baggage, when several

squadrons of French dragoons rushed suddenly out upon them from the skirts of the wood on both flanks, and began to hew them down without mercy. At this critical moment Cornet Nangle, with an advanced party of twenty horsemen, coming up the hill, got sight of the attack, and instantly rushing on, charged the French cavalry, regardless of their superior numbers. Startled at the briskness of an attack which they were little expecting, the French prudently retired at once, when the rest of Nangle's regiment getting in view, came on, and joining in the attack, drove them off with considerable loss. The gallant intrepidity of this young officer with his twenty men, was the salvation of the Grenadiers and Highlanders, great numbers of whom must have been otherwise cut to pieces.

FIGHTING ENTHUSIASM.

DURING one of the engagements in the late war in Spain, a private soldier, named William Bisket, had his thigh perforated by a musket-ball. With his musket in his hand he quitted the field, the blood flowing from his wound as he passed to the rear. He had proceeded about two hundred yards, when, turning round, he beheld his companions supporting the conflict with undiminished ardour. At the sight his bosom was fired anew; he returned to the gory field, to assist his handful of friends against the numerous

legions of their enemies. Being asked what motive induced him to rejoin his company, he replied, "To have another shot at the rascals, sir, before I leave you." The gallant soldier fired once, and was in the act of presenting his piece a second time, when another ball penetrated his arm above the elbow, shattered the bone, and compelled the hero to retire from the field of honour, regretted by his admiring countrymen.

In another action in the Peninsula, a private in one of the English companies, of the name of William Dougald, was hit on the thigh by three spent balls in the course of five minutes, and although all of them were severe in their kind, the poor fellow never quitted the field. A few days afterwards, another engagement with the French seemed inevitable, and Dougald being so lame as to be scarcely able to walk, he was desired to go to the rear. "No," said he, "I will rather die than leave my comrades." With the utmost pain and exertions he kept up with the company; he reached the army, fought bravely, and in fifteen minutes was stretched lifeless on the ground by the side of one of their riflemen.

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

AT the siege of Gibraltar in 1781, the Spaniards made the most tremendous preparations to force the obstinate garrison to surrender. Their batteries were mounted with two hundred

guns of the heaviest metal, and with eighty mortar pieces of the largest size. For three weeks, this prodigious artillery continued to pour forth an almost incessant shower of shot and shells, so much so, that in that time they had consumed 100,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and had thrown into the town four or five thousand shot or shells every twenty-four hours.

By such an immense bombardment, the town was almost totally laid in ruins, and the greatest part of the effects belonging to the inhabitants were destroyed; but the loss of human lives was much less than could be expected; and many instances are related of very extraordinary escapes from the destructive power of these engines, which it seems difficult to account for. A corporal had the muzzle of his firelock closed, and the barrel twisted like a French horn by a shell, without any injury to his person. A shell happened to fall into a tent where two soldiers were asleep, without waking them by its fall; a serjeant in an adjacent tent heard it, and ran nearly forty yards to a place of safety, when he recollected the situation of his comrades. Thinking the shell had fallen blind, he returned, and awakened them; both immediately rose, but continued by the place debating on the narrow escape they had had, when the shell exploded, and forced them with great violence against a garden wall. On the New Year's day, 1782, an officer of artillery observed

a shell falling towards the place where he stood, and got behind a traverse for protection. This he had scarcely done, when the shell fell into the traverse, and instantly entangled him in the rubbish. One of the guard, named Martin, observing his distress, generously risked his own life in defence of his officer, and ran to extricate him; finding his own efforts ineffectual, he called for assistance, when another of the guard joining him, they relieved the officer from his situation, and almost the same instant the shell burst, and the traverse was levelled to the ground. Martin was afterwards promoted, and rewarded by the governor, who told him at the same time that he should equally have noticed him for attending to a comrade. A shell happening to fall into a room, where Ensign Mackenzie, of the Seventy-third Regiment, was sitting, carried away part of his chair, and fell into the room below, when it burst, lifting him and the chair from the floor, without further injury.

Two boys belonging to the Artificers' company were endowed with such wonderful strength of vision, that they could see the shot of the enemy in the air, almost as soon as it came from the mouth of the gun; and were therefore constantly placed upon some part of the works, to give notice to the soldiers of the approaching danger. During the time of the hottest fire, however, the men were so habituated to the fall of shells and shot around them,

that they contracted an insensibility of danger, and almost required to be cautioned by their officers to avoid the explosion of a shell, when lying with the fusee burning at their feet. In consequence of this inattention, they frequently neglected the advice of the boys, and their neglect was productive of fatal effects. An instance of this happened in the Princess Amelia's battery, where a shot thus disregarded came through one of the capped embrasures, carried off one of the legs from each of three soldiers, and wounded a fourth in both. In other cases, in which the persons themselves have observed a shot or shells coming towards them, they have been fascinated by its appearance, and unable to move from the spot, as small birds are said to be from the rattle-snake. "This sudden arrest of the faculties," says Captain Drinkwater, the able historian of this memorable siege, "was nothing uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immovably fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst." In this manner Lieutenant Lome, of the Twelfth Regiment, was fascinated by a shot which he saw coming,

but had not power to remove from the place before it fell upon him, and took off his leg.

When these shells burst, they produced instant and certain destruction, or wounded in the most dreadful manner, of which there were several instances. A matross had the misfortune to break his thigh by some accident; but being a man of great spirit, he could scarcely bear the confinement necessary for his recovery. He went abroad too soon, and unfortunately broke the bone a second time. Being now confined to bed, a shell happened to fall into the room where he was, and rebounding, lodged itself directly upon him. The convalescent and sick instantly summoned all their strength and crawled out of the room, while the poor matross lay below the shell, kept down by its weight, and utterly unable to stir. In a few seconds it burst, took off both his legs, and scorched them in a dreadful manner. He survived the explosion, was sensible to the last moment, and died, regretting that he had not been killed on the batteries.

A soldier of the Seventy-third Regiment was knocked down by the wind of a shell, which, instantly bursting, killed his companion, and mangled himself in a shocking manner: his skull was dreadfully fractured, his left arm broken in two places, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles torn off from part of his right hand, and his whole body most severely scorched and marked with gunpowder,

He presented so horrid an object to the surgeons, that they had not the least hope of saving his life. He was that evening trepanned; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated, and other wounds and fractures were dressed. In eleven weeks, this man's cure was completely effected.

A shell from the lines fell into a house where the town-major, Captain Burke, with Majors Mercier and Vignoles, were sitting. It took off Captain Burke's thigh; and afterwards fell through the floor into the cellar, where it burst, and forced the flooring, with the unfortunate captain, up to the ceiling. When assistance came, they found him almost buried in the ruins of the room, and he died soon after. Majors Mercier and Vignoles had time to escape before the shell burst; nevertheless, they were slightly wounded by the splinters, as were a serjeant and his daughter, who happened to be in the cellar when the shell entered.

During this siege, provisions became very dear, partly through the avarice of some of the inhabitants, who hoarded up and concealed a quantity of articles, in order to procure an advanced price. This so enraged some of the soldiers, that they broke into several houses, and committed all sorts of dissipation, waste, and extravagance, even going so far as to roast a pig by a fire made of cinnamon. The following is a list of the prices of provisions during this siege:

	s.	d.
A round of beef, per lb. at auction . . .	0	3 1½
A bullock's heart . . .	0	9 4
Onions, per lb. . . .	0	2 4
Potatoes, ditto . . .	0	2 4½
Veal, ditto	0	3 11½
Mutton, ditto	0	3 11
Bullock's liver, ditto	0	1 2½
Bullock's head, without a tongue . . .	1	1 1½
Bullock's tongue . . .	0	7 6½
Fresh tripe, per lb. . .	0	3 1
Fresh pork, ditto . . .	0	3 11
Ham, ditto	0	3 11½
A hog's pluck	0	14 0½
A calf's head and feet	1	12 6½
A calf's pluck	0	14 0½
A goat's head	0	7 6
Goat, per lb.	0	3 11½
A turkey	2	6 10½
A goose	1	8 6½
A pair of ducks . . .	1	1 1½
A pair of fowls . . .	1	1 1½
A pair of chickens . .	0	14 0½
A pair of pigeons . . .	0	9 4½
Loaf sugar, per lb. by auction	0	16 6½
Tea, ditto	1	8 6½
Butter and cheese . .	0	4 8
An egg	0	0 7½
Bread, per lb.	0	1 6½
A pint of milk	0	1 4
A bottle of rum	0	3 11½
A bottle of Malaga wine	0	4 8

CQOLNESS.

AT the battle of Minden, a corps of French grenadiers, commanded by M. N. Perer, were exposed to a battery that carried off whole files at once. N. Perer wishing them not to fall back, rode slowly in front of the line with his puff-box in his

hand, and said, "Well, my boys, what's the matter? Eh, cannon! Well, it kills you, it kills you, that's all, my boys; march on, and never mind it." •

At the battle of Marengo, Lieutenant Conrad, of the 2nd Regiment of Horse Artillery, had his leg carried off by a cannon ball. He consoled himself while lying on the ground, with observing the range of his battery. The soldiers wished to remove him, but he refused their assistance. "Keep to your guns," said he, "and take care to point lower." •

WAR HORSES.

GENERAL WASHINGTON had two favourite horses; one a large elegant parade horse of a chestnut colour, high-spirited, and of a gallant carriage; this horse had belonged to the British army; the other was smaller, and his colour sorrel. This he used always to ride in time of action; so that whenever the general mounted him, the word ran through the ranks, "We have business on hand."

At the battle of Germantown, General Wayne rode his gallant roan, and in charging the enemy, his horse received a wound in his head, and fell, as was supposed, dead. Two days after the roan returned to the American camp, not materially injured, and was again fit for service.

During the battle of Waterloo, some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered

from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness; others of these interesting animals were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs; and the balls that flew over their heads, and the roaring behind and before, caused no respite of the usual instinct of their nature. When a charge of cavalry went past, near to any of these stray horses, the trained animals would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place.

CHANGING PLACES.

At the battle of Poetillos in Mexico, gained by General Mina over the Royalists, a trumpeter was made prisoner by a major of the Royalist cavalry, who immediately forced him to dismount, and gave him his carbine to carry. The trumpeter soon ascertained that it was loaded; and when he found that the enemy's troops were in a state of confusion, he suddenly presented the carbine at the major, and peremptorily ordered him to dismount. He did so; and the trumpeter, jumping into the saddle, ordered the major to march before him, observing,

"As you are obliged to walk, sir, I'll not trouble you to carry the gun."

THE BIBLE USEFUL TO SOUL AND BODY.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the Parliament army against the Royal forces, he ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible in their pockets (the same which is now called Field's Bible). Among the rest who complied with this order there was a young wild fellow, who had run away from his apprenticeship in London, for the sake of plunder and dissipation; yet he was obliged to be in the fashion, and seem a Puritan, though he was not one. Being one day ordered out on a skirmishing party, or to attack some fortress, he returned back to his quarters in the evening without hurt; but when he was going to bed, pulling the Bible out of his pocket, he observed a hole in it. His curiosity led him to trace the depth of this hole, when he found that a bullet had gone as far as the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes ninth verse; he read the verse: it was, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that, for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." The circumstance had its effect upon his future conduct; and he used pleasantly to observe, that the Bible was the means of saving his soul and body too.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THIS great man, at the battle of Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile-and-a-half on horseback to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying,—“Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.”

RETRIBUTION.

IN the rebellion of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons were hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. “Indeed,” quoth she, “the cow and the kale-yard, wi’ God’s blessing is a’ my *maiden*.” He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the

kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart; the inconsolable youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends, or the search of compassion. In the Continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved, a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that on her God, as she said!"—"And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up; "don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he; "rue ought like that?"—"Then, by my God," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw." They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "*Had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!*"

FIRST GRENAДИER OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

CAPTAIN La Tour d'Auvergne, made the campaign of Savoy in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Augoumois; in the army of the Western Pyrenees, he commanded all the grenadier companies who formed the advanced guard of the army; and this column, sur-named the *Infernal*, had almost

always achieved the victory ere the body of the army arrived on the field of battle.

The Directory, as a reward for d'Auvergne's signal services, sent him the appointment of colonel of a regiment; but this promotion he declined, rather than separate himself from his brave grenadiers, with whom he renewed a solemn compact to serve and die together.

When Bonaparte became First Consul, he conferred upon the man whom no promotion could reward, the honorary title of "First Grenadier of the French Army." All France confirmed the flattering distinction; and d'Auvergne himself was not insensible to the noble pride which it was so well fitted to inspire.

After the cessation of hostilities, d'Auvergne retired to Passy. When the trumpet again sounded to arms, he generously quitted his retreat, to supply the place of a young conscript, the son of an intimate friend, M. Lebrigant, and entered as a private grenadier into those ranks where he had so many years figured as one of the most illustrious of captains.

On the 21st of June, 1800, d'Auvergne joined the army of the Danube. He was placed at the head of the grenadiers of the 46th demi-brigade, and fought with them at the affair of Oberhausen. Perceiving a uhlan, who carried a standard, he rushed forward to snatch it from him, but was at that instant attacked by another of the

enemy, who, coming upon him at a great disadvantage, pierced him through the heart.

Thus fell, amidst the battle strife, the pride of the French Grenadiers. For three days the drums of all the grenadier companies were covered with crape. The 46th demi-brigade still carry the heart of the hero enclosed in a small leaden case, suspended to their colours; and at every appeal to the company of grenadiers, his memory is recalled to them by these words: "*La Tour d'Auvergne died on the field of honour.*"

BAYONET VERSUS BROAD-SWORD.

SERGEANT John Macrae, a young man about twenty-two years of age, but of great size and strength of arm, showed that the broad sword in a firm hand, is as good a weapon in close fighting as the bayonet. If the first push of the bayonet misses its aim, or happens to be parried, it is not easy to recover the weapon and repeat the thrust; but it is not so with the sword, which may be readily withdrawn from its blow, wielded with celerity, and directed to any part of the body, particularly to the head and arms, while its motions defend the person using it. In one of the actions in Egypt, Macrae killed six men, cutting them down with his broad-sword (of the kind usually worn by sergeants of Highland corps), when at last he made a dash out of the ranks on a Turk, whom he cut down, but as he was returning to the

square, he was killed by a blow from behind, his head being nearly split in two by the stroke of a sabre. : On the passage to Lisbon, in 1805, this same sergeant came to his commanding officer, crying like a child, and complaining that the ship's cook had called him English names, which he did not understand, and had thrown some fat in his face. Thus a lad, who in 1805 was soft and childish, displayed in 1807 a courage and vigour worthy a hero of Ossian.

THE BRAVE LIEUTENANT.

At the battle of Almeida, a young English lieutenant, named Maguire, particularly distinguished

himself by his valour, having previously cut down the French ensign who carried them. He afterwards distinguished himself at the glorious battle of Vittoria, where, when his company was twice repulsed, he snatched the colours from the hands of the ensign, and resolutely placed them on the parapet of the bridge, though they were shot to pieces before he had succeeded in fixing them. This promising young soldier fell ultimately at the assault upon St. Sebastian.

RELIEVING GUARD.

A young girl who had formed an attachment to a soldier in the garrison at Metz, in 1784, knowing that he was indisposed, and obliged to be on duty at midnight, during very inclement

weather, went to see him, and finding him quite benumbed with cold, pressed him to go and warm himself at her house, which was not far distant, while she would remain in his place. The soldier refused for sometime, but at last yielded to her tender solicitations. The moment he was gone, she wrapped herself in his great coat, and began to walk *à la militaire* with the firelock on her shoulder. Unfortunately the round going by, the corporal asked her the order; which not being able to answer, she was detected, and taken to the guard-house. Her lover was immediately sent for, and being found almost dead, though before a good fire, he was revived by means of some cordial, and next morning sent to prison. He was afterwards tried, and, pursuant to the strictness of military law, condemned; but such intercession was made for him, that he was pardoned, and married to his faithful mistress.

FEMALE PATRIOT.

WHEN Charles XII. invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced towards Christiana, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Kongsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in the Harestue wood, and quartered for the night at Norderhoug, in the neighbourhood of which a small detach-

ment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage, soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbioernsen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, in which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Kongsberg. She immediately determined to apprise her countrymen of their danger. In the meantime the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence towards the comforts of the private soldiers; and on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she despatched a servant, as it were, to procure them.

The Swedish colonel, in the meantime, inquired of Mrs. Colbioernsen the road to Stein, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness at the door; but she contrived to make the grooms intoxicated, upon which she put the horses in the stable and locked the door. Her next object was, under the plea of compassion, to obtain permis-

sion of the colonel to light a fire in the yard to comfort his men. This fire she insensibly increased to such a degree, that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot; for she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be a signal for them to advance. Everything succeeded to her utmost wishes; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house without discovery. They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces, or put to flight, the whole of his party; upon which they sat down to the entertainment which Mrs. Colbioernsen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during the night, in the meantime rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitring party; who falling in with Mrs. Colbioernsen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbioernsen boldly asked, "Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?" The corporal, abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. "As to their numbers," she replied, "that you may easily find out, as they are

at this moment, mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I cannot tell you, not having counted them; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive." Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions; and such was their confusion and disorder, that many were taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

LOVE OF HOME.

A PRIVATE soldier of the Seventy-first Regiment, a man of some education, and who had seen better days, soon after enlisting, in the wildness of youth, formed a friendship with a young highlander of the same regiment, Donald Macdonald, a lad of eighteen, and a Catholic. The regiment was engaged in the unfortunate attack upon Monte Video, under the command of General Whitelock, and the two friends were amongst the number of the prisoners. Donald, from his religion, was perfectly at home amongst the Spaniards, was happy and caressed; so that when an exchange took place, his new friends were most anxious to detain him, and he was persuaded to stay; but his friend, after much useless argument, at last found the way to his heart, by singing "*Lochaber no more!*" of which district Donald was a native. On hearing this, the tears started into his eyes; and he exclaimed,— "No, I'll not stay! I'll may be return to *Lochaber no more!*" The impression was effective,

and he gave up, fortune, nay, almost religion, for his native and.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE Spanish nation is remarkable for high-sounding titles and long names. The poorest peasant there would look with contempt upon a simple unadorned monosyllable. Sir Christopher Minns, a famous naval commander in the seventeenth century, having taken a papish man-of-war, and brought the commander on board of his own ship, the Spaniard, as he faced the cabin, was greatly concerned at his misfortune, and wondered what great captain it could be who had made Don —, (with a long and tedious string of names and titles,) his prisoner. The lieutenant, who had the charge over him, was told, if the Don persisted in his curiosity, to inform him that Sir Christopher Minns had taken him. This minutive name, utterly confounded the *titulado*, threw him into an agony of grief, and gave him more pain than all the rest of his misfortunes.

FRIENDLY STRATAGEM.

GENERAL GUISE going over the campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer, who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogues, whom he

happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as everybody knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee-room, and began in a hesitating manner, to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir," replied Colonel Guise, "I have done my duty by you, and no more." — "But, colonel," added the young officer, faltering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody —" "Oh, sir," interrupted the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman" (pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables,) "who has killed half the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him, he is well-informed of his bravery, and that for that reason he must fight him. "Who, I, sir?" said the gentleman, "why, I am the *apothecary*."

HUMANITY OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

THE following most extraordinary story we give on the

authority of a French medical officer, who accompanied Bonaparte in the Austrian campaign of 1809: for its truth we cannot vouch; but we feel pleasure in doing justice to a humane enemy. He says, "A young female emigrant, with her infant child, had taken up her abode at Augsburg, having no idea that the French would ever reach her there. On their unexpected approach, she took her child in her arms to fly from the city; but unfortunately mistaking the gate, she fell in with the outposts of the French. On discovering her error, she fainted away; General La Courbe, moved with her distress, ordered her to be conducted to the town to which she intended to go, and sent a guard to protect her. Unluckily the child was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, in her alarm and confusion, did not perceive that it was left behind. A grenadier took charge of it; he discovered where the mother had been carried, but his duties prevented him, for a long time, from restoring to her this precious deposit, and in the mean time he made a leathern bag, in which he always carried the child wherever he went. Whenever there was any engagement with the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he deposited his little charge, and returned after the battle, and resumed his burden. At length an armistice was concluded, and the grenadier made a collection amongst his comrades, which amounted to twenty-five louis; this he put into the

pocket of the child, and found out and restored it to its mother. Though all the army knew of this good action, I was never able to learn the name of this virtuous grenadier."

*GARRISON OF NAGUR. *

IN 1783, the city of Nagur, in the East Indies, surrendered to the arms of Tippoo, on honourable terms; but these were soon broken, and the officers of the different corps put in confinement, after being first stripped of everything they possessed. They were then crowded into a stable, without any other subsistence than rice and water. M. Quegenstret, a French officer, who had formerly been taken prisoner by the English, visited the officers during their melancholy confinement, brought them presents of vegetables and provisions, and had the generosity to offer money to several of them, although there was no chance of his ever being reimbursed.

After remaining nine days in the stable, where they had been confined without clothes, and fettered in pairs, like felons guilty of some atrocious crime, they were marched a distance of two hundred and fifty miles in twelve days. If through excess of fatigue and suffering anyone gave vent to complaints, he received severe blows with a stick or firelock. One day an officer was seized with a violent cramp; after the arm of his fellow prisoner had been almost broke by the convulsive efforts of the sick man, the iron fetter which held them together, gave

way; this was charged as having been done intentionally; and it was with difficulty that the drivers could be restrained from inflicting corporal punishment on a man who was evidently on the verge of the grave. Many of the party, unable to endure their hardships, fell down motionless, and expired in their fetters, without receiving the least assistance.

When they reached Chitteldrough, they were divided into two parties of thirty-four each; their handcuffs were exchanged for irons on their legs, of an enormous size, and they were confined in a room of small size; a hole in the door, and another in the roof, being the only passage for light and air. The place was excessively filthy; rats ran about the prison in large numbers, and in the most audacious manner. Rice was still their only food; but on the 4th of June, they raised sufficient money to buy a sheep to celebrate the king's birthday. Lemonade was the richest liquor they had been able to procure; but of this they drank bumpers to the success of his majesty's arms, with as much hearty loyalty as any of his subjects. In March following they obtained their liberation.

SUFFERINGS OF SIX DESERTERS

BELONGING TO THE ARTILLERY
OF THE ISLAND OF ST.
HELENA, IN AN OPEN BOAT,
1799.

THE following narrative, though short, is impressive.

But, independent of the sufferings it describes, it affords a serious warning to men in public service not to allow themselves to be led astray from their duty, or be seduced from their native government, to which they owe allegiance. Temptation, indeed, is often thrown in their way, and there can be no characteristic more truly descriptive of the inhabitants of the British dominions, than that their services are coveted by other kingdoms.

The reputed adventures of six deserters from the Island of St. Helena, produced a court of inquiry concerning the truth of them, and on the 12th of December, 1801, when John Brown, one of the survivors, gave a recital on oath of the events that had befallen them.

In June, 1799, Brown belonged to the first company of artillery in the service of the garrison of St. Helena. On the 10th of that month, M'Kinnon, the gunner, and an orderly of the second company, about half an hour before parade time, asked him if he was willing to go on board an American ship called the *Columbia*, Captain Henry Lelar, then the only ship in the roads. After some conversation, Brown agreed to do so, and met him towards seven o'clock at the play-house. There he found four persons about to engage in the same way, one being named M'Quin, a man of Major Seale's company, another called Brighthouse, a third Parr, and a fourth Matthew Conway.

Parr was a good seaman, and said he would either take them

to the Island of Ascension, or lie off the Harbour of St. Helena till the *Columbia* could weigh anchor and get out.

About eight o'clock they went down to the west rocks, where the American boat was waiting for them, manned with three American seamen, who carried them alongside the *Columbia*. They went on board, and after being there half an hour, changed their clothes. Parr went down to the cabin.

About eleven at night, Brighthouse and Conway proposed to cut a whale-boat from out of the harbour, to prevent the *Columbia* being suspected. Accordingly they cut out a boat with a coil of rope in it, five oars, and a large stone, by which it was moored.

Observing lanterns passing on the line towards the sea-gate, and hearing a great noise, they thought they were missed and searched for. They immediately embarked in the whale-boat, with twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, and a keg of water, containing about thirteen gallons, a compass, and a quadrant, given to them by the commanding-officer of the *Columbia*; but, in the hurry of departure, the quadrant was either left behind or fell overboard.

They then left the ship, pulling with two oars, only to get ahead of her; the boat half full of water, and nothing to bale it out. Thus they rowed out to sea, and lay a great distance off, being in hourly expectation of the American ship.

No ship appearing, however,

they bore away about twelve o'clock of the second day, by Parr's advice, steering north by west, and then north-north-west, for the Island of Ascension. Their handkerchiefs were used as substitutes for sails, and they met with a gale of wind which lasted two days. The weather then became very fine, and they calculated that they had run towards ten miles an hour. M'Kinnon kept a reckoning with pen, ink, and paper, supplied to him by the *Columbia*, as also charts and maps.

This course was continued until about the 18th, on the morning of which day many birds were seen, but no land. Parr, at twelve o'clock, said that he was sure they must be past the Island of Ascension, accounting it to be eight hundred miles from St. Helena. Each then gave up his shirt to make a small spritsail of the whole, and they laced their jackets and trowsers together at the waistband to keep them warm. Next they altered their course to west by north, thinking to make Rio de Janeiro on the American coast. Provisions running very short, they restrained themselves to an ounce of bread in twenty-four hours, and two mouthfuls of water.

They continued on the same allowance until the 26th, when all their provisions were consumed. On the 27th M'Quinn took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and all the rest followed his example. It being Brown's turn that night to steer the boat, he cut a piece from

one of his shoes, recollecting to have read of people in a similar situation eating their shoes. But he was obliged to spit it out, as it was soaked with salt water; therefore he took the inside sole, part of which he ate, and distributed some to the others. However, it gave them no relief.

On the 1st of July, Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat, on which they all fell on their knees and thanked God for his goodness to them. They tore up the fish and hung it out to dry. On this they subsisted until the 4th, when, finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, Brown, Brighthouse, and Conway proposed to scuttle the boat and let her go down, that they might be put out of their misery. The other two objected, observing that God, who had made man, always found him something to eat.

M'Kinnon, about eleven on the 5th, remarked that it would be better to cast lots for one of them to die, in order to save the rest, to which they consented. The lots were made; but Parr, having been sick two days with the spotted fever, was excluded. It was his province to write the numbers out and put them into a hat, from which the others, blindfolded, drew them, and put them in their pockets.

Parr then asked whose lot it was to die: none knew what number was in his pocket, but each prayed to God that it might fall on him. It was agreed that he who had number five should die; and the lots being

unfolded, M'Kinnon's was number five.

They had previously agreed that he on whom the lot fell should bleed himself to death, for which purpose they had provided themselves with nails from the boat, which they sharpened. M'Kinnon, with one of them, cut himself in three places, in the foot, hand, and wrist; and, praying God to forgive him, died in about a quarter of an hour.

Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, with one of the same nails, and hung it up, leaving his body in the boat. About three hours after they all ate of it, but only a very small bit; and the piece lasted until the seventh of the month. Every two hours they dipped the body in the sea in order to preserve it.

Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, sharpened it on the large stone, and cut out another piece of M'Kinnon's thigh with it, which lasted them until the eighth. It was then Brown's watch, and he, observing the water change colour about break of day, called the rest, thinking they were near the shore; but, as it was not quite daylight, they saw no land.

As soon as day appeared, however, they discovered land right a-head, and steered for it, and were close in with the shore about eight in the morning. There being a very heavy surf, they endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, which, from weakness, they were unable to accomplish, and soon afterwards

the boat upset. Brown, Parr, and Conway, got to shore, but M'Quin and Brighthouse were drowned.

On the beach a small hut was discovered by the survivors, in which were an Indian and his mother, who informed them that there was a village called Belmont, about three miles distant. The Indian went thither, and gave information that the French had landed; and, in two hours, the governor of the village, a clergyman, along with several armed men, took Conway and Parr prisoners. They tied their hands and feet, and, slinging them on a bamboo stick, carried them in this manner to the village. Brown was extremely weak; he remained in the hut some time, and was afterwards taken.

On the prisoners informing the people that they were English, they were immediately released, and three hammocks provided for them, in which they were carried to the governor's, who allowed them to lie in his own bed, and gave them milk and rice to eat; but they were seized with lock-jaw, from not having eaten anything for a considerable time, and continued so until the 23rd. In the interval the governor of this place wrote to the governor of St. Salvador, who sent a small schooner to Porto Seguro, for the purpose of conveying them to St. Salvador. They were then conducted on horseback through Santa Cruz to Porto Seguro, where they remained about ten days, and after that embarked. On their arrival

at St. Salvador, Parr, when interrogated by the governor, said he was captain of a ship, the *Sally*, of Liverpool, which had foundered at sea, and that he and his comrades had saved themselves in the boat; that the ship belonged to his father, and was last from Cape Corfe Castle, on the coast of Africa, whence she was to touch at Ascension for turtle, and was then bound for Jamaica.

These three men continued about thirteen days at St. Salvador, during which time the inhabitants collected a subscription of £200 for each of them. They then embarked in a Portuguese ship for Lisbon, Parr going in the capacity of mate, Conway as boatswain's mate, and Brown, who was sickly, as a passenger. In thirteen days they reached Rio de Janeiro: Parr and Conway sailed for Lisbon, and Brown was left in the hospital.

In about three months, Captain Elphinstone, of the *Dionede*, pressed Brown into His Majesty's service, giving him the choice of remaining on that station, or to proceed to the admiral at the Cape of Good Hope. He preferred the latter, and was put, along with seven suspected deserters, in irons, on board the *Ann*, a Botany Bay ship, with the convicts. When he arrived at the Cape, he was put on board the *Langcaster*, of sixty-four guns; he never entered; but at length he received his discharge, after which he engaged in the *Duke of Clarence* as a seaman, resolving to give himself up the first

opportunity, in order to relate his sufferings to the men of the garrison of St. Helena, that they might thereby be deterred from attempting so wild a scheme again.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF COWARDICE.

DURING the action of the 13th of March, 1801, in Egypt, a strong instance of fear was exhibited by a half-witted creature, one of those who, for the sake of filling up the ranks, although incapable of performing the best duties of a soldier, could not be discharged. The regiment had for some time been exposed to a severe cannonading, but had at length got under a protecting cover; and at this time, says Colonel Stewart, the original narrator of this anecdote, "I returned with a few men, to assist in carrying away the wounded. After this was done, I observed, in a small hollow at a little distance, a soldier lying close on his face, with his legs and arms stretched out, as if he had been glued to the ground. I turned his face upwards, and asked him if he was much hurt; he started up, but fell back again, seemingly without the power of his limbs, and trembling violently. However, I got him on his legs; and being anxious to get away, as the enemy's shot were flying about, I was walking off, when I perceived the surgeon's case of instruments which had been somehow left in the hurry of the last movement. Sensible of its value, I took it up, to carry it

with me, when I observed my countryman standing up, having by this time recovered the power of his limbs. I put the chest on his back, telling him it would shelter him from the shot. At this instant, a twelve pound shot plunged in the sand by our side. My fellow-soldier fell down one way, and the box the other; and on my again endeavouring to get him on his legs, I found his limbs as powerless as if every joint had been dislocated. The veins of his wrist and forehead were greatly swollen; and he was incapable of speaking, and in a cold sweat. Seeing him in this plight, I was forced to leave him to his fate; and taking the case on my own back, I delivered it to my excellent friend the surgeon."

HIGHLAND ALLEGIANCE.

A SOLDIER of the Forty-second regiment deserted, and emigrated to America, where he settled. Several years after his desertion, a letter was received from him, with a remittance of money, for the purpose of procuring two men to supply the place he had deserted in the ranks, as the only recompense he could make for "breaking his oath to his God, and his allegiance to his king, which preyed on his conscience in such a manner, that he had no rest night nor day." This man had good principles early instilled into his mind, and the disgrace which he had been originally taught to believe would attach to a breach of faith, now

operated with full effect. Another soldier who deserted from the same regiment, whilst at Gibraltar, exhibited the same remorse of conscience after he had violated his allegiance.

BRAVERY AND CON- DESCENSION.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, happening at a public review to have some dispute with Colonel Seaton, an officer in his service, gave him a blow, which the latter resented so highly, that when the field-day was over, he repaired to the King's apartment, and demanded his discharge, which his majesty signed, and the colonel withdrew, not a word being said on the subject by either party. Gustavus, however, having coolly considered the matter, and being informed that Seaton intended to set out the next morning for Denmark, he followed him, attended by an officer and two or three grooms. When his majesty came to the Danish frontier, he left all his attendants, except one, and overtaking Seaton on a large plain, he rode up to him, saying—"Dismount, sir; that you have been injured I acknowledge; I am, therefore, now come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, for being now out of my own dominions, Gustavus and you are equal. We have both, I see, pistols and swords: alight, sir, immediately, and the affair shall be decided." Seaton recovering from his surprise, dismounted,

as the king had already done, and falling on his knee, said—"Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal. God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave and gracious a prince! Permit me to return to Stockholm; and allow me the honour to live and die in your service." The king raised him from the ground, embraced him, and they returned in the most amicable manner to Stockholm, to the astonishment of the whole court.

FRENCH TRUMPETER.

IN the war on the Rhine, in 1794, the French got possession of the village of Rhinthal by a very curious *ruse de guerre* of one Joseph Werck, a trumpeter. This village was maintained by an Austrian party of six hundred hussars. Two companies of foot were ordered to make an attack on it at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians had been apprised of the intended attack, and were drawn up ready to charge on the assailing party. On perceiving this, Werck detached himself from his own party, and contrived by favour of the darkness, to slip into the midst of the enemy; when taking his trumpet, he first sounded the rally, in the Austrian manner, and next moment the retreat; the Austrians, deceived by the signal, were off in an instant at full gallop; and the French became masters of the village without striking a blow.

IRISH SOLDIER.

DURING the war in Portugal, and while the army was on its march from Almendralejo to Merida, an Irish soldier having drank rather freely, quitted the ranks. He had scarcely done so, before he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not wake till very late in the evening. Alone, and in an uninhabited part of the country, the poor fellow knew not whither to turn himself. He upbraided himself for his misconduct, and fancied himself already condemned by a court-martial, and the sentence ready to be carried into execution. To a village on his left he directed his steps, to see if some friendly individual would plead for him at headquarters. In this village he was informed there were two French soldiers concealed. A thought darted across his mind that if he could get them secured, he would be able to carry them into Almeida as prisoners, and thereby procure his pardon. In an instant he loaded his musket, proceeded to the house where the Frenchmen lay, disarmed them, and in two hours after marched them off in triumph. Some officers of the 71st regiment seeing a British soldier with two Frenchmen, as prisoners, coming from the opposite side of the river, where none of the allied troops were at that time quartered, asked the soldier "What men are these you have got?" The Hibernian replied, "By St. Patrick, your honours; I cannot tell, but I believe they are Frenchmen."

CAPTAIN CAREW.

At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and then led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance; and having called to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated; and Carew escaped that destruction which he had so nobly displayed his readiness to encounter at the call of honour.

THE MISSING SNUFF-BOX.

MARSHAL WADE had a great passion for gaming, and frequented places of all kinds where play was going forward, without being very nice as to the company he met. At one of these places, one night, in the eagerness of his diversion, he pulled out an exceedingly valuable gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, took a pinch, and passed it round, keeping the dice-box four or five mains before he threw out; then recollecting something of the cir-

circumstance, and not perceiving the snuff-box, he swore vehemently no man should stir till it was produced, and that a general search should be made. On his right sat a person dressed as an officer, though shabby, who now and then, with great humility, begged the honour of going a shilling with him, and had by that means picked up four or five. On him the suspicion fell, and it was proposed to search him first. The gentleman, however, desiring to be heard, declared, "I know the marshal well, yet neither he nor all the powers upon earth shall subject me to a search, while I have life to oppose it. I declare, on the honour of a soldier, I know nothing of the snuff-box, and I hope that will be sufficient; let the man who doubts, follow me into the next room, where I will defend that honour or perish." The eyes of all were now turned upon the marshal for an answer, when clapping his hand eagerly down for his sword, he felt the snuff-box in a secret side pocket of his breeches, into which he had inadvertently put it, after it passed round. Remorse, mixed with compassion and tenderness for the wounded character (because poor) of his fellow soldier, attacked him at once so forcibly, that he could only say to him, as he left the room immediately, "Sir, I here, with great reason, ask your pardon, and hope to find it granted, by your breakfasting with me to-morrow, and hereafter ranking me amongst your friends." It

may be easily supposed that the invitation was complied with. After some conversation, the marshal requested him to say what could be the true reason of his refusing to be searched? "Why, Marshal," returned the officer, "being upon half-pay and friendless, I am obliged to husband every penny; I had that day very little appetite, and as I could not eat what I had paid for, nor afford to lose it, the leg and wing of a fowl, with a manchet, was then wrapped up in a piece of paper in my pocket, the thought of which being found there, appeared ten times more terrible than fighting the room round."—"Enough, my dear boy," said the marshal, "you have said enough; your name; let us dine at Sweet's to-morrow; we must prevent your being subjected again to such a dilemma." They met next day. The marshal presented him with a captain's commission, and a purse of guineas to enable him to join his regiment.

SIR JOHN MOORE

WAS the eldest of four sons of the late celebrated Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and many other popular works. From his youth, he embraced the profession of arms, with the sentiments and feelings of a good soldier. It was under General Stuart in Corsica that, as lieutenant-colonel of the Fifty-first, he first distinguished himself. At the storming of Calvi, in that island, he headed the grenadiers;

and in the face of an obstinate and gallant resistance, carried the place by assault. General Stuart, who witnessed the attack, rushed forward, and with an enthusiasm which only such minds can feel, threw himself into the arms of Colonel Moore, the surrounding soldiers shouting and throwing up their caps in the air for joy and exultation.

After a brilliant course of service there and in many other parts during the war, he was, as a reward for his high merits, placed in the command of the army of the Peninsula; where, after enduring many mortifications, from the indisposition of the Spanish government to join heartily in the cause of their own redemption, and finding that he was only commander of part of a force of British troops, which were to be joined by two small parts, then under the command of Generals Baird and Hope; perceiving too, that when these forces were joined, it was impossible that a body of 30,000 men could long contend against a superior force of 100,000, placed as they were in the very heart of Spain; and having seen the Spanish armies dispersed in succession, except the corps of Marquis Romana, who acting independently, served more to obstruct than expedite his plans, by crossing his line of march, intercepting his provisions, and occupying the carriages and means of conveyance, he resolved to retire on Portugal, and ordered Sir David Baird to fall back likewise on

Corunna. Having, however, received favourable accounts, he countermanded this retreat; but later and better intelligence being afterwards obtained, through an intercepted letter of Marshal Berthier's, and some other sources, he resumed his original intention of retiring, not indeed to the south, but to the north, of Spain, where he hoped to effect a junction with General Baird. Accordingly, the army moved in different divisions, and reaching Toro on the 21st of December, he there formed a junction with General Baird, and had now a disposable force of 26,311 infantry, and 2450 cavalry. On the 23rd, the army marched to Sahagun, which had been the preceding night occupied by the enemy. Lord Paget, being ordered to the front, with a detachment of cavalry, fell in with part of the French horse, and immediately attacked and defeated them, the enemy losing 150 wounded and taken, among which were two colonels, and eleven other officers.

The total want of assistance from the Spaniards had excited among the officers complaints and murmurs, which had extended to the men, who soon began to display their feelings by their actions, testifying their disappointment by acts of plunder, and revenging their privations on the inhabitants. A partial stop was put to these disgraceful proceedings, by the reported approach of Marshal Soult to attack them. The retreat ceased, the army was

moved about, and it was resolved to attack Soult at Saldanha. Fortunate was the general, after all, who commanded troops that could thus be restored to order, and re-animated, by the prospect of attacking an inveterate enemy, instead of preying on apathetic friends. This report was alarmingly confirmed, with the additional information that Marshals Junot, Mortier, and Lefebre, with their different divisions, were also directing their forces to the same point; and that Buonaparte, with 40,000 men, had also marched from Madrid with the same intention. An immediate retreat was therefore ordered. In proportion to the ardour of the troops, when they expected to meet the enemy, was their depression and disappointment when again ordered to retreat. What true soldier would not feel mortified on being obliged to retire before an enemy? Their rage now against the people of the country broke out into acts of turbulence and depredation hitherto unheard of in a British army. It now became necessary, to appease the murmurs of the troops, for Sir John Moore to explain the motives for his late movements in a general order to the troops; and to beg of them to attend to the discharge of their duties, and to leave to him and the general officers the decision of measures which belonged to them alone. This melancholy view of the discipline of the army, was occasionally brightened by brilliant and successful recon-

tres with the advanced parties of the enemy, who now hung close on the rear and flanks. On the 29th of December, near Benavente, a party of seven squadrons of the Imperial Guards was observed fording a river, when the picquets under Brigadier-General Charles Stewart, and the Tenth hussars, under Lord Paget, were ordered out. The enemy made a gallant resistance; but, after a short though well-contested action, they were driven across the river, where they attempted again to form, but were forced to fly, by a well-directed fire of field-pieces, leaving sixty killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners; and among the latter General Lefebre, son of the marshal.

Provisions had now become scarce; and as it was necessary to prevent the enemy from getting round on the flank, and occupying strong passes in front, General Crawford, with a lightly-equipped corps of 3000 men, was detached by the Orense road; and the rest of the army proceeded to Astorga, where Romana's army was found in possession, having consumed everything. Here all superfluous baggage was destroyed; horses, mules, carriages, and everything not absolutely necessary, were abandoned; even the military treasure was sacrificed, and to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, barrels full of dollars were rolled down the steepest precipices into the dense and ravines.

Now that the soldiers saw

that the retrograde movement had become a real and absolute retreat, their former disappointments and consequent despondency rose to despair. Worn out with fatigue and the want of necessities, and frequently without food, they seemed totally reckless of life: discipline was gone, and the cry of plunder and vengeance was more attended to than the word of command. Villages and houses were seen burning in every direction. From the plunder of stores and cellars the means of intoxication were procured; the horror and confusion increased; and the sufferings of the troops from the snow and rain, which fell alternately as they crossed the mountains and valleys, were thus unspeakably aggravated. Yet, exposed to these hardships, and in this wretched state of disorganization, compelled to march two hundred and fifty miles over a mountainous country, followed by a greatly superior enemy, eager to take every advantage, the men displayed on all occasions their native courage and intrepidity; wherever the enemy appeared, he was met with spirit, and never, in any instance, obtained the most trifling advantage. At Lugo, where General Moore offered battle, which Soult thought proper to decline, the greatest alacrity and animation were exhibited. The lame, the sick, or the fatigued, who were lagging along, or lying on the ground, seemingly unable to move, no sooner heard the firing, or were led to believe that an attack was to be made, than

their misery and weakness disappeared. At the slightest intimation of a brush with the enemy, they sprang up with renewed animation, and seizing their arms, prepared to join their comrades. Meantime, General Moore was always with the rear-guard, and never absent where a shot was fired, or an enemy in sight.

On the 11th of January, the army completed a harassing march, and taking post on the hills behind Corunna, were ready to embark; but unfortunately the transports had not arrived from Vigo, a circumstance perhaps to be lamented; but, on the other hand, it afforded the British troops the much wished-for opportunity of wiping off the imaginary disgrace of their retreat, and of achieving a memorable and glorious victory, while labouring under the greatest privations and sufferings.

Our troops had now enjoyed some rest, and had experienced the kindest reception from the inhabitants of Corunna. Several transports arrived on the 14th, when the embarkation of the sick, the cavalry, and part of the artillery was effected. The whole of the 15th was passed in skirmishing, with little loss on either side, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie, of the Fifth, who was killed in a bold effort to seize two of the enemy's guns, which failed through his death. On the 16th, in the forenoon, the enemy was seen getting under arms soon after mid-day. This challenge was promptly answered by our

troops, who were soon drawn up in line of battle; the whole of the force amounting now but to 16,000 men. The enemy commenced by a discharge of artillery, while two columns advanced upon General Baird's wing, which was the weakest part of the position; a third on the centre, a fourth on the left, and a fifth remained as a reserve. Our troops did not wait the attack, but advanced under a heavy fire to meet their opponents. One of the posts under Lord Bentinck being considered most difficult to defend, the general was there, encouraging all by his language and example. The Fiftieth, under Majors Napier and Stanhope, pushing over an enclosure in front, charged the enemy in the most gallant manner, and drove them out of the village of Elvina, with great loss. "Well done, the Fiftieth! well done, my majors!"—exclaimed the general, who had trained these young men under his own eye, and recommended them for promotion. Then proceeding to the Forty-second, he called out—"Highlanders, remember Egypt!" They rushed forward at these words, and drove back the enemy in all directions, the general accompanying them in the charge.

About this time, Sir David Baird's arm was shattered by a musket ball, which forced him to quit the field; and immediately after a cannon-ball struck Sir John Moore in the left shoulder, and beat him to the ground. He raised himself, and sat up with an unaltered countenance,

looking intently at the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged. Captain Hardinge threw himself from his horse, and took him by the hand, and observing his anxiety, he told him the Forty-second were again advancing, after having fallen back through mistake, upon which his countenance immediately brightened up. Assisted by one of the Forty-second, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. He afterwards consented to be carried to the rear, and was put in a blanket for that purpose. Captain Hardinge attempted to unbuckle his sword from his wounded side, when he said, in his usual tone and manner—"It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me!"—"Observing the resolution and composure of his countenance"—says Captain Hardinge—"I caught at the hope, that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal, and remarked, that I trusted, when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said—'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.' I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said—'You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear.' As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn round frequently, that he might view the field of battle, and listen to the firing; and

was well pleased when the sound grew fainter, judging that the enemy were retiring."

Colonel Wynch, being wounded, was passing in a spring-wagon. When he understood the general was in the blanket, he wished him to be removed to the wagon; but Sir John refused, and the soldiers proceeded with him to Corunna, shedding tears all the way.

Colonel Anderson, his friend and aid-de-camp for twenty years, thus describes the general's last moments:—"After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals, got out as follows:—'Anderson, you know that I always wished to die in this way.' He then asked—'Are the French beaten?' and this question he repeated to every one as they came in.—'I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them everything—say to my mother —' Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated." At the thought of his mother, the firm heart of this brave and affectionate son gave way, a heart which no danger, not even in his present situation, could shake, till the thoughts of his mother, and what she would suffer, came across his mind. This struggle of the feelings was too much for his weakened body, and after a short but severe pang, with the serenity of a true soldier, he gave up this life for a better.

As Sir John Moore, according to the wish which he had uniformly expressed, died like a soldier in battle, so he was buried like a soldier, in his full uniform, in a bastion in the garrison of Corunna, Colonel Graham, of Balgowan, and the officers of his family, only attending.

In the mean time our troops were successful wherever they struggled for it; and the enemy was at all points defeated. The troops were made acquainted with the loss they had sustained, and it seemed to give them additional ardour; and before five in the evening, they had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon them, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action; whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six, the firing ceased. This victory, complete as it was, was gained under manifold disadvantages, the enemy having a great superiority in numbers, and a greater in position.

General Hope, now being in command, determined on embarking immediately; and the boats being in readiness, before morning the whole were safely embarked, except the rear-guard, under Generals Hill and Beresford, which, with the sick and wounded, were all embarked the following day.

The loss of the British was 800 men killed and wounded;

that of the enemy was ascertained by Major Napier (who had been wounded and taken prisoner in one of the charges) to be upwards of 3000 men, a remarkable disproportion.

Thus ended, with the loss of its gallant commander and many valuable soldiers, an expedition from which the happiest results had been anticipated, but which, from a combination of causes, failed in every essential point, except one of great importance, that of drawing the combined force of the enemy to the north, and thus leaving the south of Spain open to the efforts of the people.

FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

DURING the American war, the *Oxford* transport, from the Clyde, with one hundred men of the 42nd Highland regiment, was taken by an American privateer. Several of the soldiers, as well as of the crew, were taken into the privateer, and some of the privateer's crew turned over to carry the transport into Philadelphia. When they thought themselves out of the reach of the privateer, the carpenter and boatswain of the *Oxford* rose on the privateer's crew, beat them, and took the helm, and steered off for Norfolk, thinking to run the vessel and soldiers under Lord Dunmore's protection. On their arrival off Hampton road, they made a signal for a pilot, when one came off, to whom they offered twenty guineas to carry

them where Lord Dunmore lay. He undertook the charge; but, being a revolutionist, he carried them under a small fort which the American forces had raised, where they were obliged to anchor, and were all taken prisoners and sent to Fort Pitt.

The Highlanders were afterwards carried to Williamsburg, in Virginia, where every artifice was used to prevail on them to enlist; but notwithstanding the most flattering promises of being all made officers, not one of these brave fellows would enter into the provincial service. They declared that rather than betray their king and country, they would suffer imprisonment for any length of time. They were offered land if they would quit the army and settle in the country; but this they refused with equal disdain, declaring they would possess nothing of the kind till they had deserved it by their valour in supporting the just authority of the king; whose health they could not be restrained from drinking, though in the midst of their enemies. They were afterwards separated into small parties, and the most tempting offers made to them, but their fidelity could not be shaken.

HOW TO TREAT A BULLY.

IN 1793, the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake. They observed one day an old major of hussars, who was covered with

the scars of wounds received in the Seven Years War, and half hidden by enormous grey moustachios. The conversation turned on duels. A young stout-built cornet began to prate in an authoritative tone on the subject. "And you, major, how many duels have you fought?" "None, thank heaven," answered the old hussar, in a subdued voice; "I have fourteen wounds, and, heaven be praised, there is not one in my back; so I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel."—"But you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across to give him a blow. The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when an unanimous cry was raised—"Stehen sie ruhig, herr major!" "Don't stir, major!" All the officers present joined in seizing the cornet, when they threw him out at the window, and sat down again to table as if nothing had occurred.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

WHEN the French armies invaded Russia in 1812, and penetrated as far as Moscow, Count Rostopchin, the governor, thinking it more glorious to destroy the ancient capital of the Czars, than suffer it to harbour and protect an enemy, caused it to be burnt to the ground. On the 3rd of September, the fire commenced; but that quarter of the town called the White City, was pre-

served by the French, until four distinct explosions destroyed it, shook the whole city to its foundation, and proclaimed the salvation of Russia, in the final departure of the enemy. M. le Beaume, an officer in the French army, attached to the division commanded by the Viceroy of Italy, who was an eye-witness, gives a most animated picture of this dreadful scene of desolation.

"The most heartrending scene," says he, "which my imagination had ever conceived, far surpassing the saddest story in ancient or modern history, now presented itself to my eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, terrified at our arrival, had concealed themselves in cellars, or secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around, we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylums. They uttered no imprecation, they breathed no complaint, fear had rendered them dumb; and hastily snatching up their most precious effects, they fled before the flames. Others of greater sensibility, and actuated by the general feelings of nature, saved only their parents or their infants, who were closely clasped in their arms. They were followed by their other children, running as fast as their little strength would permit, and with all the wildness of childish terror, vociferating the beloved name of mother! The old people, borne down by grief more than age, had not sufficient power to follow their families, and expired near the

houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches, were filled with these unhappy people, who, lying on the remains of their property, suffered even without a murmur. No cry, no complaint, was heard. Both the conqueror and the conquered were equally hardened.

"The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, soon reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture, and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, fell with a dreadful crash on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them, those beautiful steeples which we had seen the night before resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals too, which contained more than twelve thousand wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a dreadful and harrowing spectacle. Almost all these poor wretches perished. A few who still lingered, were seen crawling, half burnt, amongst the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavoured in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

"The next day, the different streets could no longer be distinguished, and the places on

which the houses had stood, were marked only by confused heaps of stones, calcined and black. On whatever side we turned, we saw only ruin and flames. The fire raged as if it were fanned by some invisible power. The most extensive range of buildings seemed to kindle, to burn, and to disappear in an instant.

"How shall I describe the confusion and tumult, when permission was granted to pillage this immense city! soldiers, sutlers, and galley-slaves, eagerly ran through the streets, penetrating into the deserted palaces, and carrying away everything which could gratify their avarice. Some covered themselves with stuffs richly worked with gold and silk; some were enveloped in beautiful and costly furs; while others dressed themselves in women's and children's pelisses, and even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid habits of the court. The rest crowded into the cellars, and forcing open the doors, drank to excess the most luscious wines, and carried off an immense booty. The flames obstructing the passage of the principal streets, often obliged them to retrace their steps. Thus, wandering from place to place, through an immense town, the avenues of which they did not know, they sought in vain to extricate themselves from a labyrinth of fire. The love of plunder induced our soldiers to brave every danger. They precipitated themselves into the midst of the

flames. They waded in blood, treading upon the dead bodies without remorse, whilst the ruins of the houses, mixed with burning coals, fell thick on their murderous hands.

"About the dawn of day, I witnessed a spectacle at once affecting and terrible; a crowd of the miserable inhabitants, drawing upon some mean vehicles all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly and painfully dragging along their little carts, some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half-consumed furniture. Children, half-naked, followed these interesting groups. Affliction, to which their age is commonly a stranger, was impressed on their features; and when the soldiers approached them, they ran crying into the arms of their mothers.

"When the conflagration had ceased, many of the Moscovites who had sought refuge in the neighbouring forests, re-entered the city, where they sought in vain for their houses, or for shelter in the temples, which had also been destroyed. The public walks presented a revolting spectacle. The ground was thickly strewed with dead bodies, and from many of the half-burnt trees, was suspended the body of an incendiary."

The signal patriotism of sacrificing the city in order to subdue the enemy, actuated all ranks.

A Russian servant, whose master had quitted Moscow on the entrance of the French, remained behind, and made frequent attempts to secrete himself in the house, which was then occupied by one of Bonaparte's chief officers of the *état major*. He was frequently detected and dismissed, but at length was admitted, on pretence of taking care of the furniture and other property of his absent master. No sooner, however, had he fixed himself in his old quarters, than he was discovered making several ineffectual attempts to set the house on fire; and when interrogated as to his motive for such extraordinary conduct, coolly replied, that "everything around him was burning, and he did not see why his master's house should escape." With a degree of lenity, almost surprising in an enraged enemy, he was only thrust out of doors, discontented at his own want of success, and evidently considering his master and himself disgraced by not being permitted to partake of the general sacrifice.

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE annals of ancient and modern warfare, in the vast catalogue of woes which they retord, do not present a parallel to the sufferings of the French on the retreat from Moscow! sufferings neither cheered by hope, nor mitigated by the slightest relief. The army, in its retreat, had to encamp on the bare snow, in the midst of

*the severest winter which even Russia ever experienced. The soldiers, without shoes, and almost without clothes, were enfeebled by fatigue and famine; sitting on their knapsacks, the cold buried some in a temporary, but more in an eternal, sleep. Those who were able to rise from this benumbing posture, only did it to broil some slices of horse-flesh, perhaps cut from their favourite charger, or to melt a few morsels of ice. Even wood often failed them for their fires, and the troops destroyed the very houses in which their generals lodged.

In the march, it was impossible to keep them in order; as hunger, imperious hunger, seduced them from their colours, and threw their columns into confusion. In this aggravated scene of suffering, none had more cause to complain than the French women who accompanied the army from Moscow. Many of them on foot, with shoes of stuff little calculated to defend them from the frozen snow, and clad in old robes of silk, or the thinnest muslin, were glad to cover themselves with tattered pieces of military cloaks, torn from the dead bodies of the soldiers. Their situation would have drawn tears from the hardest hearts, if dire necessity had not stifled in every bosom the feelings of humanity. The cold was so severe, that men were frozen to death in the ranks, and at every step were seen the dead bodies of the soldiers stretched on the snow.

The guard of honour of Italy, which originally consisted of three hundred and fifty young men, selected from the first families, all perished, except eight, in the most deplorable manner. Unaccustomed to shoe their horses, or mend their garments, they were obliged to submit to these offices, when the artificers and servants attached to their regiments were no more. Having lost their horses, they were unable long to support the fatigues of continual marches. Confounded with the struggles, they remained in the rear without food; and some of them were seen wrapped in the tattered garments of their cloaks; others, mounted on wretched horses, suddenly fainted from weakness and hunger, and fell to rise no more. In this manner the descendants of the noblest families perished far more miserably than the common soldiers.

In marching from Smolensko, a spectacle, the most horrid, presented itself. The carcasses of the horses, of which 30,000 perished in a few days, covered and blocked up the way. At every distance were seen trees, at the foot of which the soldiers had attempted to light a fire, but the poor wretches had perished ere they could accomplish their object; they lay stretched around the green branches which they had vainly endeavoured to kindle, in such numbers, that they would have obstructed the road, had not the soldiers been often employed in throwing them into the ditches and the ruts.

These horrors, far from exciting sensibility, hardened the hearts of the soldiers. The best friends no longer recognised each other. Every one preferred saving the plunder of Moscow, rather than the life of his comrade. On all sides were heard the groans of the dying, and the lamentable cries of those that were abandoned. When the French army reached the Beresina, after one month's march, it was reduced to thirty thousand men; forty thousand had been taken prisoners, with twenty-seven generals, and five hundred pieces of cannon; and forty thousand more had died of fatigue and famine, or in the different battles which the French were obliged to fight in their retreat.

At Liadoui, three barns, which were principally filled with wounded soldiers, were burnt. The most active saved themselves by leaping out of the windows; but the sick and wounded being unable to move, saw, with horrible consternation, the flames rapidly advancing to devour them. Eagerly did they cry to their comrades, through the whirlwinds of fire, to shorten their sufferings. "Fire upon us! fire upon us! at the head, at the head; do not hesitate;" were the cries which proceeded from every part of the building; nor did they cease till the painful duty of humanity dictated a compliance with their entreaties, or they had perished in the flames.

When the army reached the Beresina, although there were

two bridges, one for the carriages, the other for the foot soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and such the anxiety to get over, that the way was completely obstructed, and it became impossible to move. The bridge for the carriages and cavalry broke down, and the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Then began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades; a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge, and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed, and, struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them, and were inhumanly kicked, and remorselessly trod under foot. During this contention the multitude, which followed like a furious wave, swept away, while it increased the number of victims.

At length the Russians, continually reinforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove their enemies on the bridge, where the most dreadful struggle took place. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and unfortunately hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death

by the wheels of the cannon. Some, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished on pieces of ice, which were forced to the bottom. Thousands, driven to despair, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves. One poor woman was hemmed in the ice in the middle of the river, with an infant in her arms, until she gradually sank, with the most piercing cries. The destruction of the bridge by the Russians threw all that had not passed it into their hands; while those who escaped had new miseries to encounter scarcely less formidable, in their way to the Niemen, where they arrived on the 13th of December.

Of four hundred thousand warriors who had crossed the Niemen at the opening of the campaign, scarcely twenty thousand repassed it. Such was the dreadful havoc which a Russian winter caused to the finest, best appointed, and most powerful army that ever took the field.

In addition to this account, principally taken from a French officer who was in the retreat, a British officer in the Russian service states that in the hospitals of Wilna there were above 17,000 dead and dying, frozen and freezing. The bodies of the former, BROKEN UP, served to stop the cavities in windows, floors, and walls; but in one of the corridors of the great convent above 1500 bodies were piled up transversely, as pigs of

lead or iron. When those were finally removed on sledges to be buried, the most extraordinary figures were represented, by the variety of their attitudes; for none seemed to have been broken in a composed state; each was fixed in the last action of his life, in the last direction given to his limbs; even the eyes retained the last expression, either of anger, pain, or entreaty.

In the roads, men were collected round the burning ruins of the cottages, which a mad spirit of destruction had fired, picking and eating the burnt bodies of their fellow-men; while thousands of horses were groaning in agony, with their flesh mangled and hacked, to satisfy the cravings of a hunger that knew no pity. In many of the sheds, men, scarcely alive, had heaped upon their frozen bodies human carcasses, which festering by the communication of animal heat, had mingled the dying and the dead in one mass of putrefaction.

The city of Wilna was left so full of dead that a contract was made with the Jews to cleanse the town, and carry out the pestilential bodies. They were to receive five silver copeks for each corpse; but not content with the profit on the dead, the avaricious and unprincipled Israelities were detected throwing the dying out of the windows of the hospitals to swell the amount.

In one of the meetings between the Russian General Miloradovitch and a French general, in the neighbourhood

of Moscow, for the purpose of proposing terms of peace, the latter said to the Russian, "*On fait un pont d'or à un ennemi qui se retire.*" At Krasnoi, when the same Russian officer saw the columns of Marshal Ney advancing, he cried out, "*Pont de pont d'or !*" and immediately placed a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon across the road, which was never forced, and caused the destruction of the French corps.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE close of the year 1814, had left the whole fortified frontier of the Belgic provinces, on the side of France, occupied by strong garrisons, chiefly of British troops, or troops in the pay of England. From the beginning of the alarm excited by Buonaparte's return, reinforcements had been unremittingly sent from England; and the Duke of Wellington, who had been raised to that dignity on the conclusion of the peace, had arrived at Brussels, to take the supreme command of the forces, native and foreign, in Belgium. Towards the close of May, the Prussian army, commanded by Prince Blücher, arrived in the vicinity of Namur, and frequent conferences, relative to co-operation, were held by the two generals. The headquarters of the French Army of the North were at the same period established at Avesnes, in Flanders, and preparations for defence against invasion had

been made at Laon and the castle of Guise.

On the 12th of June Napoleon left Paris, and proceeded to Laon. Conformably to his usual plan of pushing forward at once to the most important point, he determined upon attacking the British and Prussian armies, while the Russians and Austrians were still too distant to afford them any succour. At the head of a numerous and well-appointed army, composed of the very flower of the French troops, animated with enthusiastic confidence in their leader, he made an attack, at day-light on the 15th, on the Prussian posts on the Sambre. Charleroi was carried presently, and General Zeithen, who commanded there, retired upon Fleurus, where he was again attacked by the French, and sustained great loss. Prince Blücher concentrated the rest of the Prussian army upon Sombref; and the French, continuing their march along the road to Brussels, drove back a brigade of the Belgian army, under the Prince of Weimar, to the position of a farm-house called Quatre-Bras. Through some defect of intelligence, the Duke of Wellington was not informed of these events till late in the evening, when he immediately ordered such of his troops as were in readiness, to march to the left, and support the Prussians. On the 16th, Blücher, who was posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref, with the villages of Ligny and St. Amand occupied by his troops, in his front, awaited the

attack of the French, although the whole of his army had not joined. The battle, which began about mid-day, raged with great fury in the villages from three in the afternoon till late in the evening, when the Prussians, almost surrounded by superior numbers, and receiving no succour, were constrained to retire, leaving behind them sixteen pieces of cannon, and a great number of killed and wounded. Their veteran commander made the greatest exertions, and was brought into imminent personal danger. During the retreat, a charge of cavalry, which he had led, having failed, the enemy were vigorously pursuing his broken squadrons, when a musket-ball striking his horse, caused the animal to bound forward for a moment, and then to drop suddenly dead. The field-marshal, stunned by the fall, lay entangled under his horse, while a whole regiment of cuirassiers galloped over him. Immediately afterwards, the Prussian cavalry, having formed, charged the enemy, and were in turn victorious; and the same regiment of cuirassiers, in their flight, again passed over the field-marshal, who then was relieved from his perilous situation, and enabled to mount a horse belonging to one of his own dragoons. The Prussians then formed in good order upon their original ground, on the heights above Ligny, and continued, unmolested, their retrograde movement upon Tolly.

The Duke of Wellington, in the mean time, had directed his

whole army to march upon Quatre-Bras, and the fifth division, under Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton, arrived there early in the afternoon of the 16th, followed by the corps commanded by the Duke of Brunswick-Oels, and by the contingent of Nassau. It was the Duke of Wellington's desire to afford assistance to Blücher; but he was himself attacked by Marshal Ney, with a large body of cavalry and infantry, with a powerful artillery, before his own had arrived. The repeated charges of the French were steadily repulsed, but a considerable loss was incurred, including, among the slain, the chivalrous Duke of Brunswick.

Blücher found himself so much weakened by the day's action, that he continued to fall back during the night upon Gembloux, where, being joined by the fourth corps of his army, under General Bulow, he determined on concentrating his whole force in the environs of Wavre, still more in the rear. This movement rendering a correspondent one necessary on the part of the Duke of Wellington, his grace retired upon Gemappe, and on the morning of the 17th moved to a position in front of the village of Waterloo; no other attempt being made by the enemy to molest his rear, except by following with a body of cavalry. The village of Waterloo lies upon the great road to Brussels from Charleroi, embosomed in a forest; a few scattered houses extending to another small village called

Mont St. Jean : about a quarter of a mile in front of the last-named village, is a rising ground, crossing the road, and extending to a farm-house, called Ter-la-Haye, on the left, and to the village of Merbe le Braine on the right ; crossing also the road to Brussels from Nivelles, which falls into the road from Charleroi at Mont St. Jean. It was on this rising ground that the first corps of the allied army, under the Duke of Wellington, took its position in the evening of the 17th of June, having in part of its front the house and garden of Hougomont, and in another part the farm of La Haye Sainte ; while its left remotely communicated with the Prussians at Wavre. The second corps, under the command of Lord Hill (with the exception of the fourth division and the troops of the Netherlands, under Prince Frederic of Orange, who were left to guard an important position at Halle) was placed in reserve, in front of the village of Merbe le Braine, with its right resting on Braine la Leude (or rather Braine Allœu). The infantry rested a little below the ridge of the rising ground, and the cavalry in the hollow ground in rear of the infantry. Excepting a few round shot, which the enemy occasionally fired, while the allied troops were deploying into their position, nothing of moment occurred during that afternoon, or the whole of the night.

Napoleon, in the mean time, having left about 20,000 infantry, and a division of cavalry,

under Marshal Grouchy, to watch the Prussians, proceeded with the remainder of his force to the position which Ney had occupied. His troops advanced in strong columns of attack ; but when they reached the heights above the village of Frasne, they found, to their surprise, that the British had retreated, and that the troops against which they were advancing, consisted only of a strong rear-guard, which fell back as they advanced. A pursuit was ordered ; and Buonaparte, who was with his advance, kept his cavalry up with the rear of the allies during the whole of the day ; but when, at length, the French found no enemy to oppose their progress, he began to think that the greater part of the British army was annihilated, and that the remainder were flying to their ships at Antwerp and Ostend. •

It had rained almost incessantly during the greater part of the 17th, and the night was very tempestuous. The ground afforded no cover for the troops ; so that generals, officers, and men, were equally exposed to the rain, which descended in torrents. The French army halted in the neighbourhood of Gemappe ; Buonaparte slept at the farm-house of Cailou, near Planchenoit : and the Duke of Wellington passed the night at a small public-house in the village of Waterloo.

Dreadful as was the night to the soldier, it was still more so to the wretched inhabitants of the country occupied by the

hostile armies. Obligated to abandon their humble dwellings in despair, they had fled to the recesses of the forest for security. Houses of all sorts were destroyed or burnt. The crops of grain, which were hastening to maturity, were trodden under foot, or eaten up by the cavalry; and the helpless farmer saw his labours and his hopes destroyed in a single day.

Napoleon believed the Duke of Wellington had continued his retreat during the night; and is said to have expressed great delight on finding, on the morning of the 18th, that the allies still occupied the ground they had taken the night before. Afraid that they might yet steal away, he sent the most peremptory orders to hasten up his columns from the rear, that he might commence the attack, which he doubted not would totally overwhelm them, and leave him secure in the possession of the empire for which he fought.

As soon as day-light appeared on the morning of the memorable 18th of June, the British army could perceive immense masses of the enemy moving in every direction; and by two o'clock the whole of their force appeared to be collected on the heights, and in the ravines parallel with the British position. The French army, thus concentrated, consisted of four corps of infantry, including the guard, and three of cavalry; presenting, according to their own accounts, an effective grand total of 120,000 men.

The conflict began about eleven in the forenoon, with a furious attack by the left wing of the enemy, under Marshals Ney and Jerome Buonaparte, upon the country villa of Hougoumont, a most important post, occupied by the Duke of Wellington with a division of the guards and a regiment of the Nassau troops. This was renewed in different efforts during the whole of the day; but was resisted with so much gallantry, that the post was effectually maintained; though about three o'clock the enemy brought his mortars to bear upon the house and outbuildings, by which they were burnt to the ground; and several of the British wounded, who were too ill to be removed, perished in the flames. At the same time, a very heavy cannonade was carried on against the whole British line, and repeated charges were made of cavalry and infantry, which were uniformly repulsed, except that the farm-house of La Haye Sainte was carried in one of them. This house had formed another covering point of importance, which the Duke of Wellington had taken care to occupy with a considerable force of light troops of the German Legion; but having expended their ammunition, they were obliged to retire for a moment, which gave the enemy an opportunity of getting possession. As soon, however, as a reinforcement could be moved up, he was driven from that, as well as from every other point he had attacked.

The great object of Napoleon

was to force the centre of the British, and at the same time to turn its right flank; so that by surrounding and taking prisoners as it were one half of its line, he might completely paralyze and destroy the other. The centre of the British was, in fact, their weakest part, and upon that he directed his first grand attack to be made about noon.

An immense mass of infantry, followed by a column of upwards of 12,000 cavalry, advanced upon the points occupied by the third and fifth divisions, and the left of the guards, covered by a fire from upwards of 100 pieces of artillery. These columns, which apparently advanced with the certainty of success, were led by Count D'Erlon. They advanced almost to the muzzles of the opposing muskets, but soon found they had Britons to contend with. The infantry gave them a volley with cheering, and rushed on to the charge, which they did not stand to receive; while the cavalry, emerging from the hollow ground, where it had hitherto been concealed, passed through the openings between the squares, and charging that of the enemy, succeeded in driving it back upon its own line.

In this dreadful conflict, the enemy, besides the killed and wounded, lost several thousand prisoners, and an eagle. The British army had also to lament one of its brightest ornaments, and his Majesty one of his best officers, the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, who fell mortally

wounded, in leading on the fifth division, having received a bullet through his temple.

About seven in the evening, the French made a desperate attempt to force the British left centre, near La Haye Sainte, which produced a very severe conflict, and for a time it appeared dubious whether the resistance could be persisted in by troops fatigued with the labours of the whole day, and pressed by superior numbers. But at that very critical moment the Prussians, who had themselves been attacked, and experienced great difficulty in passing a defile between their position and that of the British, began to announce themselves by the fire of their cannon, and by the precipitate retreat of the French in the flank. In fact, the whole of Bulow's corps, and a part of the second corps of the Prussian army, had now reached their position near Frichemont, and their attack in that direction was sufficiently powerful to oblige the enemy to give way on his right. Buonaparte, from his observatory, had marked the approach of this reinforcement, and, contrary to the opinion of his officers, insisted that it was Grouchy's corps, of which information was quickly spread through his army. The thought of being assisted by fresh troops, gave a new impulse to his jaded soldiers, and he immediately gave orders to form the last column of attack. This column was composed principally of the guard, which had hitherto suffered but little;

he directed the whole line to second the effort; and placing himself at their head, they advanced in double quick time. These veterans, so long esteemed the best troops in Europe, advanced across the plain, with a firmness never to be excelled; and though the opposing grape and canister shot made dreadful havoc in their ranks, they were never disconcerted. The British infantry, on the other hand, remained firm in their position, till the enemy's front line was nearly in contact with them, when, after the usual salute of a well-directed volley and a British cheer, they rushed on to the charge with bayonets. This charge even the imperial guard could not stand against; the shock was dreadful; the enemy refused to give or take quarter, and the carnage was horrible. It was at this moment that Buonaparte was undeceived with respect to Bulow's corps. The ranks of the guards were broken; all discipline was at an end; and they began to give way in the utmost confusion. The Duke of Wellington was not inattentive to the manner in which the enemy retired; and, though his left was still pressed, he ordered his whole line of infantry, supported by his cavalry and artillery, to advance. In every point this attack succeeded: the French, forced from the heights, fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind them about 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition. As to Buonaparte, though he had headed his guards at the onset,

he had stopped short, under the broken ground of a sand pit, when within two hundred paces of the solid squares of the allied troops, which occupied a ridge, with a formidable battery, contenting himself with making his troops defile before him in order of advance; and about eight o'clock, hearing the fire of the Prussians on the right of his rear, and seeing the British cavalry making a tremendous charge, that would have soon encircled his personal position, he exclaimed to Bertrand—"We must fly;" and, clapping spurs to his horse, galloped along to Charleroi, followed by nine officers of his staff. Before the disorganized masses of the French had cleared the ravine by which they fled, the right and left of the British were nearly in contact, and the enemy almost surrounded. Prince Blucher, who had joined with his first corps at the time this decisive charge was going on, advanced with his gallant troops, and about nine o'clock the two field-marshal met at the small public-house called La Belle Alliance, and mutually saluted each other as victors. The British commander, finding himself thus on the same road with the Prussians, now halted, on account of the fatigue of his troops, having received a promise from Marshal Blucher that he would continue the pursuit during the night. This task was well performed; and nothing could be more complete than the discomfiture of the routed army, of which the remains, consisting of about

25,000 men, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces out of their numerous artillery, made their retreat through Charleroi.

Such, in its main circumstances, was the battle of Waterloo (more properly Wat-trelo) or Mont St. Jean; which will be ever memorable in English history, as affording one of the noblest proofs upon record of British valour, and of the talents of a great commander, as well as being in its effects decisive of a most momentous contest, in which the peace of all Europe was at stake. Such a victory was necessarily purchased at a high cost; and no action of the long war returned so bloody a list of British officers. Two generals and four colonels fell on the field; and nine generals and five colonels were among the wounded; of inferior officers, in both, there was a full proportion. The killed, wounded, and missing, of non-commissioned officers and privates, British and Hanoverians, were stated at between twelve and thirteen thousand.

TRAITS OF WATERLOO.

AMID the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Even officers of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting

hand to hand like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to-day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre after two had been broken in his grasp. "What would you have me do?" answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane of men; "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them," and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat.

SIR JOHN ELY requested permission to lead the charge of the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scots Greys. The effect was tremendous. Sir John was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his horse and sword, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds which indicated the strength of the arm which inflicted them.

A CORPORAL in the Horse Guards, of the name of Shaw, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist, was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction on all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but was at last slain himself by the remaining two.

IN the afternoon of this

— dreadful day, the 92nd Regiment, which was reduced to about two hundred men, charged a column of the enemy, which came down on them, of from two to three thousand men; they penetrated into the centre of the column with the bayonet, and the instant they pierced it the Scots Greys dashed forward to their support, when they cheered each other, and cried "Scotland for ever!" Every man of the enemy was either killed or taken prisoner, after which the Scots Greys charged through the enemy's second line, and took their eagles..

A DIVISION of the enemy having been repulsed with the loss of their eagles, Lieutenant Deares, of the 28th, hurried away by his enthusiasm, accompanied the cavalry in the pursuit on foot, attacking, sword in hand, every Frenchman that came in his way. He had already cut down two, and wounded three others, when being overpowered by a body of infantry, and taken prisoner, he was stripped of all his clothes, except his shirt and trowsers, in which state he joined his regiment during the night.

THE bridge at Wavre was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge, and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed, with

a unanimous shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village.

AMIDST the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference which deserve to be recorded. The Life Guards coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the park, "Bravo 95th! Do you *lather* them and we'll *shave* them."

A LIFE GUARDSMAN, who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquess of Granby, had his horse shot under him and lost his helmet; but he immediately rose, and though on foot, attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, mounted his horse, and rode forward, his comrades cheering him, "Well done, Marquess of Granby!"

WHILE Colonel Ponsonby lay bleeding from seven severe wounds, a private soldier of the 40th Regiment came up to him late in the evening, whom he entreated to remain with him till the morning. The man begged leave to look for a sword, adding, "And then, your honour, I'll engage the devil himself won't come near you." He soon picked up a French

cabre, and then sat quietly down by the colonel until daylight when he had him conveyed to a place of comfort and security.

AMONG the officers immediately attendant on the Duke of Wellington was the late Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, and lost two fingers of his right hand. When the cannon shot had thrown him from his horse, and as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it around him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead.

WAR DEVASTATIONS.

THE horrors of war, and its miseries, sometimes fall upon the perpetrators of these deeds as heavily as upon the unhappy sufferers from hostile invasion. To prove the truth of this, though but in a small degree, with regard to Napoleon himself, we select the following anecdote from the journal of a medical man attached to the French army during the campaign of 1809. He says, "We are now in Austria; terror precedes, and devastation follows us. Being now in an enemy's country, there is no longer anything distributed to the soldier; provisions, forage, linen, clothes, gold, silver, everything in short, he can lay his hands on. Pil-

lage is not formally ordered, but it is tolerated. The advance-guard secures the best of everything; the centre have to glean; and the rear-guard, frequently finding nothing, vent their rage in setting fire to the houses.

"Last night our carriage stuck fast in the mud, at the foot of a hill in a little village which had been pillaged in the morning, and in which not a single inhabitant remained, having all fled into the neighbouring woods. Twelve horses were unable to drag out our carriage, it was eleven o'clock, the night dark and rainy. I consulted with my two colleagues, and we agreed to pass the night where we were. We accordingly made a great fire, and laid ourselves down, with our pistols in our hands, to be ready in case of an attack from any partizans who might have been tempted to take advantage of our awkward situation. At four in the morning we got assistance and were enabled to proceed. We entered Lambach at the moment the Imperial Guard were setting it on fire. The blazing houses were tumbling down all around us; and in a narrow street, the flames from the windows made an arch over the top of our carriage as we passed, and it was with difficulty the postilions could force the horses to go on. We learned, on leaving the city, that the Emperor had intended to pass the night there; but the fire had advanced more rapidly than he expected, and he had hardly time to get into his carriage, before it reached the house

he had occupied. We saw it in flames as we passed."—Such were the scenes of war in a place out of which Napoleon was driven by the ravages of his own troops. Let us now contemplate, though with horror and detestation, some of those scenes which were acted in a place, which he, at that very moment, *deigned to honour* with his presence.

It is from the same writer (one of his own satellites), that we make this extract. "We entered Wels along with the army. The Austrians, on leaving this pretty town, burnt the bridge, which detains us. The castle which the Emperor inhabits commands a beautiful view. Some of the Austrian troops have halted on the banks of the stream which flows at the foot of the castle; Napoleon, seated at a window, is observing their retreat. While we were dining gaily, the military band playing, a cannon-ball struck the sentinel who mounted guard on the terrace near our dining-room, and at the same moment, notice was brought that our soldiers were pillaging the keeper of the castle. Some officers were sent to stop them; but they could not preserve the town from pillage. They were so eagerly engaged in it, that it was hardly possible to find a place fit to lodge in. We at last took possession of a low hall belonging to a hatter; the furniture was entirely destroyed, and we were obliged to get some straw to lie on."

"We had lain in our clothes about twenty minutes, when we

were suddenly awoken by the most piercing cries. They came from the floor above. One of my colleagues and I took our swords and went up, and we found the family of the hatter attacked by five grenadiers, half drunk. One of them was using the most brutal violence to a young woman big with child; while another was treating in the same manner her mother, an old woman of sixty. The other three were beating and robbing the two husbands. The miserable wretches implored our assistance; but neither our remonstrances nor menaces had the smallest effect on the grenadiers, who, with their sabres in their hands, told us, if we meddled with their affairs, they would cut us in pieces. We were not the strongest, and had no military authority. We retired, lamenting to think what seeds of eternal hatred such atrocities must leave wherever we carried our arms."

LORD CRAWFORD.

THIS nobleman, so remarkable for his courage and thirst for glory, exhibited a marked instance of presence of mind the morning of the battle of on Rocoux, on the 1st of October, 1746, where Sir John Ligonier, the Earls of Crawford and Rothes, Brigadier Douglas, and other British officers, distinguished themselves by their gallantry. Accompanied by some volunteers, and by his aide-de-camp, and attended by two orderly dragoons, he had rode

out before day to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. The serjeant who commanded it immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented, when the Earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the serjeant, and assuming the character of a French General, told him in that language that there was no occasion for such ceremony. Then he asked, if they had perceived any of the enemy's parties; and being answered in the negative, "Very well," said he, "be upon your guard; and if you should be attacked, I will take care that you shall be sustained." So saying, he and his company retired before the serjeant could re-collect himself from the surprise he occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon made sensible of his mistake, for the incident was that day very publicly mentioned in the French army. The Prince of Imgray, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with Marshal Count Saxe, who dismissed him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with his compliments to his old friend the Earl of Crawford. He wished his lordship joy of being a French general; and said he could not help being displeased with the serjeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordship's company to dinner.

SIGNAL BRAVERY.

IN one of the retreats during the American war, a Major Murray was nearly carried off by the enemy, but saved himself by his strength of arm and presence of mind. As he was crossing to his regiment from the battalion which he commanded, he was intercepted and attacked by an American officer and two soldiers, against whom he defended himself for some time with his fusil, keeping them at a respectful distance. At length, however, they closed upon him, when, unluckily, his dirk slipped behind, and he could not, owing to his corpulency, reach it. Observing, however, that the officer had a sword in his hand, he snatched it from him, and made so good a use of it, that he compelled them to take to flight, before some men of the regiment, who had heard the noise, could come up to his assistance. He wore the sword as a trophy during the campaign.

SIR ROBERT SUTTON.

THERE is a species of retort so far superior to the common run of answers, that it may very properly lay claim to a higher rank. Of this kind is the following:—Frederick the Great, of Prussia, asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them?—"Sir," replied Sir Robert, "I do not venture to assert that; but I know that half the number would try."

*THE BATTLES OF ABOUKIR
AND ALEXANDRIA.*

NEVER was any military service conducted with greater regularity. The French, to their astonishment, saw the British troops preserving a regular line as they advanced in their boats, although the wind was directly in their teeth; and landing in regular order of battle, under, perhaps, the heaviest fire that ever was experienced. Shells, cannon-balls, and grape-shot, coming with the wind, fell like hail: yet not a soldier quitted his seat, nor did a single seaman shrink from the hard labour of the oar. Not a musket was suffered to be charged, until the troops could form upon the strand. They were commanded to sit still; and this command they obeyed with inconceivable firmness, excepting that for each volley of shot, they returned three general cheers, the effect of an ardour which their officers found it impossible to restrain.

The feelings of those who remained in the ships were not proof against such a sight: several of our brave seamen wept like children; and many of those upon the quarter-decks, who attempted to use telescopes, suffered the glasses to fall from their hands, and gave vent to their tears. For three long miles, pulling against the wind, did our brave tars strain every sinew: several boats were sunk by the bursting of shells, and about two hundred and seventy men were killed before they reached the shore. At length, with all their

prow's touching the beach at the same instant, the boats grounded, and a spectacle was presented that will be for ever memorable. Two hundred of the French cavalry charged into the sea, and every one of them was killed. It was about ten o'clock; and within six minutes from this important crisis, the contest was decided.

The Forty-second regiment, leaping up to their middles in water, formed rapidly upon the shore; and with the greatest impatience, not even waiting to load their muskets, they broke from the main line, and ran gallantly up the hill, sinking deep in the sand at every step. In this perilous situation, another body of French cavalry pushed down upon them; but instead of being thrown into any disorder, they coolly received the charge upon the points of their bayonets, and the rest of the army coming up, the enemy were routed on all sides.

Our troops had been taught to expect no quarter, and therefore none was given. The cool and patient valour with which our soldiers had sustained the firing of the French artillery, and beheld the streaming wounds of their companions, could only prove a prelude to the fury they would manifest when it became their turn to attack, since a consequence so inseparable from human nature must bring along with it thoughtless havoc, and indiscriminate slaughter. The impetuosity of the French, however, who poured down like torrents to the beach,

was soon overcome, and they were driven back to their batteries, where they did not long remain masters, for our artillerymen went up to the mouths of their cannon, seized them, and drove the enemy from their strongholds with the bayonet. Our seamen, too, emulous of this glorious valour, harnessed themselves with ropes to the field-guns, and drew them on shore, in defiance of the batteries, to which they replied only by loud and triumphant cheering. Victory here, as usual, was the reward of resolution; the enemy with difficulty retreated towards Alexandria, and the British took possession of Aboukir.

The French intended to surprise the British army before daylight, and having routed, to "*tumble them into the lake of Aboukir*;" but their approach was discovered by General Abercrombi, and both armies employed their artillery without being able to discern a single object, except during the flashes of the cannon. Dawn appearing, the French were found to have succeeded in turning the right wing of the British; and a party of their cavalry were actually advancing in the rear of our Twenty-eighth regiment; but the prudence and gallant conduct of this regiment gave the first favourable turn to the conflict of the day. At this critical juncture, decisive as to the fate of Egypt, an adjutant of the Twenty-eighth gave the word, "*Rear rank, right about face!*" and the soldiers, with astonish-

ing firmness of mind, sustained a severe attack in front and rear at the same time. The Forty-second, coming up to aid them, were themselves overwhelmed, and broken by a body of the enemy's cavalry; yet, though dispersed, they continued to resist, and were at last so intermingled with the enemy, that the British were afraid to fire, lest they should destroy their own comrades.

Menou had promised a bounty to every French soldier who should be concerned in establishing a position among some ruins on the right; and consequently, various endeavours were made for that purpose. The Fifty-eighth, with a part of the Twenty-third, had already repulsed a column of the enemy in the attempt; when, during the severe conflict sustained by the Twenty-eighth in front, three French columns penetrated the redoubt, and entered the quadrangular area formed by the ruins. Here they were received by the Fifty-eighth and Twenty-third regiments, and followed by a part of the Forty-second, who cut off their retreat. Our men attacked like wolves, with less order than valour, and displayed an invincible intrepidity. *After expending their ammunition, they had recourse to stones*; and when these failed, to their bayonets and the butt-ends of their pieces, until they had covered the sands with dead bodies.

At this period of the action, General Abercrombie, hastening towards the dreadful conflict, with the view of rallying the

Forty-second, was nearly surrounded by a party of French cavalry, and one of the dragoons made a thrust at him, but Sir Ralph, receiving the sabre between his breast and his left arm, wrested the weapon from his antagonist; and an English soldier, seeing another dragoon taking aim at the general, thrust his ramrod into his gun, in the absence of a ball-cartridge, and shot him dead. Soon after, Sir Ralph was met without his horse, which had been shot under him; but Sir Sydney Smith coming up, supplied him with that whereon he was mounted. It was on this occasion that Sir Ralph presented Sir Sydney with the sabre he wrested from the dragoon; shortly after which, he received the fatal shot in his thigh, of which he expired. Victory now declared for the English; the French having lost five generals and four thousand men. And thus Egypt was released for ever from French subjection.

SCOTTISH LOYALTY IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

DURING the unhappy contest with America, the people of Scotland were as remarkable for their strenuous support of the measures of government as those of England were for the countenance which they gave to the resistance of the colonists. Both were equally sincere, though not perhaps equally enlightened in their conduct; but in all patriotic displays, it is by the motive, rather than the event, that their merit ought to be appreciated.

The exertions of the Scotch at this period, took their start from what would have sunk the spirit of other nations, the calamity which befell General Burgoyne's army. In that blow, each individual felt his pride personally injured, and with ardour threw the expression of it into action.

The Duke of Hamilton, representative of the united houses of Hamilton and Douglas, in which last house, by a singularity unparalleled in history, ten heroes succeeded to each other, prepared to go to America, with a regiment of a thousand men raised on his own estate; and generous as brave, he would not take advantage of his rank, to rise above older officers, but accepted the commission of youngest captain in his own regiment.

The Duke of Athol raised another regiment of the same number, among the men of Athol; and besides the king's bounty, gave two guineas to each recruit. But tempering zeal for his country with humanity for his countrymen, he obliged himself to maintain the families of the recruits who went from his estates, if they needed support, and never during his life to raise the rents of such tenants as sent a son or brother to join the royal standard.

Lord M'Leod, anxious to wash away the treasons of his families with his own blood, raised a regiment of the like number on the estate to the possession of which he was born. Nor did he even ask government to be restored to his estate, as the re-

ward of his services. The generous followers of a fallen family joined with each other who should most help to raise it up again, by showing their attachment to their sovereign and to his lordship.

• The inhabitants of Glasgow raised and clothed, at their own expense, a regiment also of a thousand men, against those very Americans at whose mercy a million of their property lay at the time; and with an honest confidence in his majesty, left the nomination of their officers to him. They raised a great sum to maintain the families of the recruits in their absence; and they made them and their families freemen of their corporation for ever.

The city of Edinburgh raised and clothed a regiment of the same number. They, indeed, recommended a list of officers to the king; but they did so on this principle, that they thought it would prove a double incitement to the ardour of the officers, to find that the applauding voice of their country, as well as the approbation of their prince, were to bear testimony to their merits. And with this view the most delicate, and even the most scrupulous attention, was shown to the military claims of the individuals who were recommended.

The families of Argyle, Gordon, Seaforth, and Macdonald, also raised each a regiment of a thousand men on their own estates.

Smaller towns offered to raise companies at their own expense; and many corporations within

their own estates offered bounty-money to soldiers, some to the extent of five guineas a man.

But amongst just compliments to higher ranks, let not the brave commoners of Scotland be forgot. Many recruits refused to take bounty at all; and there were soldiers in the Edinburgh and Glasgow regiments worth one hundred pounds. When one of them was asked why he left his own business to embark in the perils of war, his Spartan answer was, "Principle!" Tradesmen in Glasgow, worth only £200, subscribed half their fortunes. A club of a hundred common weavers in that place draughted fourteen of their number for recruits, and made up a stock of £350, to maintain their families in their absence. One thousand common manufacturers in the same city, collected a thousand guineas; and the trades, as bodies corporate, subscribed between five and six thousand guineas. Two six-penny clubs in Edinburgh and Glasgow, collected £100 each. The link boys at Edinburgh, about thirty in number, gave thirty guineas. The affluent may sneer at the recital, but they should blush when they do; for the voluntary mite of the poor, is a more sure, and far more pleasing proof to a virtuous prince of the affections of his people, than all the incense of the rich.

When the writers to the signet by an unanimous vote, gave five hundred guineas to the Edinburgh regiment, they spoke the voice of Scotland, in the follow-

ing simple, but manly words of their vote: "That the world may see the unhappy contest is not the cause of a ministry, or any particular number of men; but the cause of the legislature, animated and supported by the whole body of the nation, as well individuals as communities."

*NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE
AS A BOY.*

IN March, 1779, Napoleon, the son of Carlo Buonaparte, a lawyer of Corsica, being then in his tenth year, was sent to the school of Brienne, in Champagne, which was superintended by some of the holy fathers, called Minims. Of a silent and stern disposition, prone to solitude and meditation, he seemed as if cast by nature for the rigid order of life imposed by the rules of the establishment. Each pupil was locked up by himself at night in a cell, the whole furniture of which consisted of a girth bed, an iron water pitcher and bason; yet gloomy as this seclusion was, young Napoleon preferred retiring to it during the intervals of scholastic exercise, to joining with his schoolmates in their usual sports and amusements. At a later period, he was wont to prosecute his solitary studies in a little garden, which he had contrived to enclose for his own exclusive use, by prevailing on some of the scholars to assign to him the shares allotted to them, and adding these to his own. It has been told of him at this period,

that on one occasion when the other schoolboys were thrown into great consternation by the explosion of a fire-work which they were engaged in preparing, and when some of them, in their haste to get out of the way of the danger, broke through into the territory of the young solitaire, he seized his garden tools, and attacking the invaders, drove them with equal spirit and nonchalance back into the midst of the peril from which they were seeking to escape. In consequence of these cold and forbidding features in his character, he soon acquired the nickname of the *Spartan*, which he retained during his residence at Brienne.

The branch of study to which Napoleon directed his almost undivided attention, was mathematics. He paid but little attention to the languages, and still less to the elegant arts; nay, even in writing he is said to have taken so little pleasure, as to neglect it almost entirely; whence it has arisen, that we never hear of any paper written by him in his riper years, without a note of wonder either at its illegibility, or its legible incorrectness, both in character and orthoëpy.

With a book of mathematics or history—Euclid or Plutarch—in his hand, his great delight was to shut himself up in his little garden, to walk and to meditate. His mind seemed for a long time to disdain all lower occupations and less important studies; but a desire for action at last broke in upon his repose,

and he had no sooner mixed with his schoolfellows for this purpose, than he began to act the part of the incipient general among them, taught them the military exercise, and instituted for their usual sports the combats of the Roman circus, and the evolutions of the Macedonian phalanx. His schoolfellows began now to testify an uncommon desire of respect and attachment towards him; they felt, and were the first to pay tribute to, that fascinating, or rather commanding, influence, which was afterwards so principal a means of raising him to empire and renown.

In the hard winter of 1783, Napoleon conceived the idea of constructing a little fort of snow. With the assistance of some of his most zealous comrades, and with no other instruments than the ordinary garden tools, he perfected a complete quadrangle, defended at the corners by four bastions, the walls of which were three feet and a half high. So well was it executed, that some remains of it were in existence many weeks afterwards. While it lasted, nothing but sieges and sallies were the order of the day.

Some of his leisure hours he employed in writing a poem on the liberty of his native country, Corsica. It was constructed on the idea, that the genius of his country had appeared to him in a dream, and putting a poniard in his hand, had called on him for vengeance. The effort appears to have been an abortive one; since beyond the bare

mention of the piece, nothing more of it is recorded.

After he had passed five years in this academy, the Royal Inspector, on his annual examination, found him so well informed in the art of fortification, that he removed him to the *école militaire* at Paris, where he arrived on the 17th of October, 1784. Here young Napoleon was under the direction of able and meritorious officers, and found excellent teachers in all the arts and sciences, particularly those connected with war. In the mathematics he had the celebrated Monge for his preceptor; and benefited so much by his instructions, that on passing his first examination, after joining the school, he was placed as an officer in the corps of engineers.

While yet a cadet, he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the Champ de Mars. Impelled by an eager curiosity, he made his way through the crowd, and unperceived entered the inner fence which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its aerial flight by the last cord only; when Napoleon requested the aeronaut to permit him to mount the car in company with him. This, however, was refused, from an apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiments; on which Buonaparte is stated to have exclaimed, "I am young, it is true, but fear neither the powers of earth nor of air!" sternly

adding, "Will you let me ascend?" The erratic philosopher sharply replied, "No, sir, I will not; I beg that you will retire." The little cadet, enraged at the refusal, instantly drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, cut the 'balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus which the aëronaut had constructed with infinite labour and ingenuity for the purpose of his experiment.

Such was the last notable act of the boyhood of Napoleon Buonaparte: it would seem as if on the verge of manhood, he had in this one adventure prefigured the whole of that extraordinary career which he afterwards ran; aspiring as the clouds, trackless as the air; its only object to ascend; its only rudder the whirlwind; a vapour its impulse; downfall its destiny.

HEROIC SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY IN A BRITISH OFFICER.

THE following remarkable instance of sympathy is recorded by Chitty, in the preface to his work on medical jurisprudence. During the last war in the Peninsula, a general officer, in his despatch to government, after an unassuming description of a brilliant victory obtained by him, and the troops under his command, entitled himself even to higher commendation for his valour, by his pathetic description of the diseased state of the enemy's troops, and his powerful appeal to the consideration of our government, urgently soliciting to be afforded an imme-

diately supply of Peruvian bark, which his experience had taught him was the only medicine to check the baneful disorder; and our government having immediately generously, and in the true spirit of war, complied with such request, that distinguished officer was enabled, in ten days, to save more lives of the enemy than his troops had destroyed during the battle, and two antecedent years of warfare.

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

YOU must know, when I was in the 18th Light Dragoons, I was quartered in Canterbury; and having got some introductory letters, I contrived to make out a pleasant time enough. One of my visiting-houses was old Tronson's, the banker—devilish agreeable family—four pretty girls—all flirted—painted on velvet—played the harp—sang Italian, and danced as if they had been brought up under D'Egville in the *corps de ballet*. The old boy kept a man-cook, and gave iced champagne. Now, you know, there is no standing this; and Harriette, the second of the beauties, and I, agreed to fall in love, which in due course of time we effected. Nothing could be better managed than the whole affair; we each selected a confidant, sat for our pictures, interchanged them with a passionate note, and made a regular engagement for ever.

Such was the state of things when the route came, and my troop was ordered to embark for Portugal. Heavens! what a

commotion! Harriette was in hysterics: we talked of an elopement, and discussed the propriety of going to Gfetna; but the hurry to embark prevented us. I could not, you know, take her with me. Woman in a transport! a devilish bore; and nothing was left for it but to exchange vows of eternal fidelity. We did so, and parted—both persuaded that our hearts were reciprocally broken.

Ah! — if you knew what I suffered night and day! her picture rested in my bosom; and I consumed a pipe of wine in toasting her health, while I was dying of damp and rheumatism. But the recollection of my *constant Harriette* supported me through all; and particularly so, when I was cheered by the report of my snub-nosed surgeon, who joined us six months after at Santarem, and assured me on the faith of a physician, that the dear girl was in the last stage of a consumption.

Two years passed away, and we were ordered home. O heavens! what were my feelings when I landed at Portsmouth! I threw myself into a carriage, and started with four horses for Canterbury; I arrived there with a safe neck, and lost not a moment in announcing my return to my constant Harriette.

The delay of the messenger seemed an eternity: but what were my feelings when he brought me a perfumed note (to do her justice, she always wrote on lovely letter-paper), and a

parcel. The one contained congratulations of my safe arrival, accompanied by assurances of unfeigned regret that I had not reached Canterbury a day sooner, and thus allowed her an opportunity of having her "dear friend, Captain Melcomb," present at her wedding; while the packet was a large assortment of French kid skin and white ribbon.

That blessed morning she had bestowed her fair hand on a fat professor of theology from Brazen Nose, who had been just presented to a rich prebend by the bishop, for having proved beyond controversy, the divine origin of tithes, in a blue-bound pamphlet. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, a travelling carriage brought me to the window; and quickly as it passed, I had full time to see *ma belle Harriette* seated beside the thick-winded dignitary. She bowed her white Spanish hat and six ostrich feathers to me as she rolled off, to spend, as the papers informed me, "the honey-moon at the lakes of Cumberland." There was a blessed return for two years' exposure to the attacks of rheumatism and French cavalry.—*Stories of Waterloo.*

THE FATE OF MARSHAL NEY.

IN the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, and Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown

Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command, and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his

words, he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp and show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness, of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occa-

sions; he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it. Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word, she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favour of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat in January, 1815, the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis. There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that on the 6th of

March he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Buonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besançon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced

to his troops that the House of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of “Bravest of the Brave.”

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable: he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honour, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him for ever. In the bitterness of his heart, he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: “I *ought* to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late.”

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for awhile less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From

the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders, June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe, that on no occasion did the “Bravest of the Brave” exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field, by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th terribly undeceived him. He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the Château of Bessaris, Department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, and in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul. There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded

both from visitors and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visitor, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Auliac. One present immediately observed; that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gendarmes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the château; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers was directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native-town, had recently been discovered from

France. This the prisoner himself overruled: "I *am* a Frenchman (cried Ney), and I will die a Frenchman!" The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: "Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. "Marshal," said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, "you should now think of God: I never faced danger without such preparation."—"Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?" But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, "Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honour and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice."

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and ad-

vanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to dispatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE camp of the Duke of Marlborough resembled a quiet and well-governed city: swearing was seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was an object of scorn; and his troops, many of whom were the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two cam-

paigns, civil, sensible, and cleanly. A sincere observer of religious duties himself, the Duke enforced their observance throughout his camp; divine service was regularly performed; prayers were offered up before a battle; and thanksgiving followed close upon victory. His humanity extended even to his enemies; and he felt delighted whenever he could mitigate the miseries of war by an act of mercy or benevolence. A French officer, on the point of marriage, having been taken prisoner and sent to England, the Duke obtained leave for him to return to his own country and bride elect. Exceedingly affable and easy of access, his soldiers looked up to him with confidence and affection. His memory was enshrined in their hearts, and the veteran who had served under him, cherished an attachment to all who bore his name or belonged to his family. A Chelsea pensioner, at an election for Windsor, in 1737, was threatened with the loss of his pension, if he did not vote for Lord Vere. His answer was, "I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I voted against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues."

YOUNG WELLESLEY.

DURING the siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley having advanced at the head of his regiment, the 33rd, into the Sultaunpettah tope, was instantly attacked, in the darkness of the

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

light on every side, by a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets; when the men gave way, were dispersed, and retreated in disorder, several were killed, and twelve grenadiers were taken prisoners. The report of this disaster ran through the camp like wildfire, and the mortification and distress of Colonel Wellesley himself, are described as having been excessive. On the following morning, General Harris ordered a detachment to be formed, consisting of the 94th Regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, to make a second attack upon the tope. As the 94th Regiment formed part of General Baird's brigade, he accompanied it to the parade, where he found General Harris. On the arrival of the 94th all was in readiness for the march, but Colonel Wellesley did not make his appearance to take the command. The troops having waited more than an hour under arms for their leader, General Harris became impatient, and ordered General Baird himself to take the command of them. He instantly mounted his horse and called his aide-de-camp; but a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley induced him to pause, and returning to General Harris, he said, "Don't you think, sir, it will be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night?" General Harris listened to the kind and considerate proposal, and shortly afterwards Colonel

Wellesley appeared, took the command of the party, and, at its head, succeeded in getting possession of the tope.

A DISAGREEABLE ALLY.

DURING the Peninsular War, Sir Arthur Wellesley, intending to attack the French in the morning, went to the quarters of Cuesta to arrange the details of the attack; but the old man had gone to bed, and was not to be disturbed. At three in the morning the British columns were under arms, but Cuesta was not to be spoken with till seven o'clock, and then refused to join in the attack, offering, among other reasons, his objection to fight upon a Sunday. Cuesta, however, was prevailed upon to agree to an attack for the following morning, and having proposed to the English general to make a *reconnaissance* of the French position, the old gentleman arrived in a cumbersome coach and six at the appointed place, to the surprise of Sir Arthur, and the amusement of his active staff.

A BRAVE FRENCHMAN.

AT the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon, on the square formed by the 5th and 77th Regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him, and both fell together. The officer, though not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead. A German hussar rode up to the spot, and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground; on which he imme-

diately sprang up, and with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up, and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic. He stood without his cap; his head was bare, and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Caneh, of the 5th, ran out of the square, and was proceeding rapidly to the place, in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars, finding they were baffled, and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol, with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about half way between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were still hovering about, after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th Regiments.

FREEMASONRY IN THE FORTY-SIXTH.

DURING the services of the 46th Regiment in America, General Washington was initiated into masonry in their lodge. When war broke out between the States and the mother country, he became divided from the

brothers of his adoption, in feeling—in communion of soul, he was their brother still. The masonic chest of the 46th, by the chance of war, fell into the hands of the Americans; they reported the circumstance to General Washington, who directed that a guard of honour, under the command of a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, and feeling of both officers and men may be imagined, when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent. The guard of honour, with their flutes playing a sacred march—the chest containing the constitution and implements of the craft borne aloft equally by Englishmen and Americans, who, lately engaged in the strife of war,—now marched through the enfiladed ranks of the gallant regiment that, with presented arms and colours, hailed this glorious act by cheers. When in Dominica, in 1805, the 46th was attacked by a French force, which it gallantly repelled; but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterwards the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest with several complimentary presents.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

*Occasioned by an incident in the late
American Civil War.*

INTO a ward of the white-washed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day--
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould--
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold:
His hands on his bosom now--
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take--
They were Somebody's pride, you know:
Somebody's hand had rested there--
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best. He has Somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him--
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head--
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."
Mrs. Lacoste.

OUR MEN AT QUATRE
BRAS.

GRAY, as one of the party of dragoons who attended the Duke of Wellington, proceeded onward at a sharp pace through the marching columns, which his grace examined with a close but quick glance, as he passed on, and after a march of seven

leagues, came up with the Belgian troops under the Prince of Orange, who had been attacked and pushed back by the French. It was about seven o'clock; none of the British troops had yet arrived within some hours' march of the duke. The party of dragoons were ordered to remain in readiness for duty in a corn-field near the road, on a rising ground, which commanded a full view of the country in front, while the duke and his staff proceeded to the left.

The four biscuits which had been served out to each man at Brussels the night before, with some cold beef, and the contents of their canteen, helped to regale the dragoons after their long and rapid march, while the stout steeds that had borne them found a delightful repast in the high rye that waved under their noses. Here they beheld passing on the road beside them many wounded Belgians, and could see before them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the French bayonets glistening over the high fields of corn, and hear distinctly the occasional discharges of musketry from tirailleurs. Gray's heart leaped with joy, and he thought no more of Brussels.

"What's this place called?" inquired one of the dragoons, generally of his comrades.

"Called!—Oh, some jaw-breaking Dutch name of a yard long, I suppose. "Ax Gentleman Gray—he'll tell you."

"Well, Mr. Gray, do you know the name of this here place?"

"I believe," replied Gray, "we are near a point called *Quatre Bras*, or the four roads."

"Well," rejoined the other, "if there were half-a-dozen roads, it wouldn't be too much for these here Flemingers—yon road's not wide enough for them, you see. Look, here's a regiment o' them coming back!"

"Ah! poor fellows—we might be in the same situation," observed Gray; "remember that their force is not strong in comparison with the French, by the accounts that have been received; better to fall back at the first of a fight than at the last."

"I say, Jack," said another, with his mouth full of biscuit, "did you ever meet with such a devil of a roadster as the *car-polar* there with the glazed cocked hat?"

"Who do you mean?" said Jack.

"Why the dook, to be sure—how he *did* give it us on the long road through the forest."

"Ay—he's the lad; well, here's God bless his jolly old glazed hat any way," cried the trooper, swallowing a horn of grog; "he's the boy what has come from the Peninsula just to gi' em a leaf out of his book. He was a dancing last night—riding like a devil all the morning—and a'll warrant he'll be fighting all the afternoon by way of refreshing himself."

"He look'd serious enough this morning though, Master Tom, as he was turning out."

"Serious! and so did you; hasn't he enough to make him

look serious? Bon'y, and all the flower of the French before him. I like to see him look serious; he's just a thinking a bit, that's all. Look, look, look! where he is now pelting away up the hill there. My eye! but he's a rum on'."

"Ay, just as he was in the ould ground," cried an Hibernian. "'Pon my sowl, I think I'm in Spain agin. There he is, success to him!—an' the smell o' the powther too so natural."

"The light troops are pushing on towards that wood," said Gray, fixing his eyes on a particular spot.

"Sure enough they are. Ah! we'll soon have the boys up who will set them off with a flea in their ear."

"Look—on the rising ground there, about half a mile away, how they are moving about—that is a train of artillery—see the guns—there is a regiment of infantry going to the left—do you see their bayonets? A fine open place here for a battle."

"Not so good as that which we passed—the plain fields we crossed immediately after we left the forest of Soignies," said Gray: "however, that little wood on our right, in front, which runs along the road, is a good flank, and the village before us is a strong point."

"Ay, but you see the Belgian troops couldn't keep it; the French have pushed them out of it."

"We'll soon have it again, I'll warrant; our men have a fine open ground here, to give the French a lesson in dancing."

cried the corporal of the party, throwing himself down on his back in the corn. "Here I'll lie and rest myself; and I don't think I shall be disturb'd by the buzzing of the blue flies! I'll have a snooze, until the Highlanders shall come up."

The party remained undisturbed, as the last speaker had intimated, until about half-past one o'clock; nothing having been done in the way of attack by the French. During the interval, Gray employed himself in watching closely the scene around him, and mentally discussing the chances of the now inevitably approaching fight.

The hour of struggle was near—the pibroch burst upon the ears of the troopers, and up they started.

"Here they come," cried one—"Here they come," cried another—"the gallant 42nd; look at the petticoat-devils, how they foot it along!"

All stood on the highest part of the ground, to witness the arrival of the troops, who were now within a quarter of a mile of them on the main road. A hum arose. Belgian officers galloped down the road, and across the fields in all directions; the duke was seen riding towards his expected soldiers, and the scene was life at all points. The pibroch's sound grew louder; and now the bands of the more distant regiments were heard; and the harmonious bugles of the rifle corps, mingled their sounds with the others. The long red line of Britons is fully before the sight, like a giant

stream of blood on the ripe and mellow bosom of the earth. Picton is at its head, and the duke greets the heroic partner of his glory. The first of the regiments passes close to the troopers, and receives a cheer from them, which found a return in the relaxing muscles of the hardy Scots.

"What corps is that?" inquired one of the group.

"The Royal Highlanders, the 42nd—don't you see they are turned up with blue and gold?" replied another.

"And what's this with the yellow facings?"

"The old 92nd."

"And the other Scotch regiment, with the green and gold?"

"The 79th; three as good kilted corps as ever crossed the Tweed. And there's the 95th rifle boys, as green as the wood they are going to take. And there see the 28th,—and the 44th,—and the 32nd; that's Picton's division; a glorious set of fellows as ever stept."

"And who are the fellows all in black?"

"The bold Brunswick corps, with death's head on their caps—the *undertakers* of the French," cried the corporal.

Never did a young hero gaze on a gallant army with more enthusiastic feelings, than did Gray upon the troops before him—the sight stirred his heart-strings. They were within shot of their foe, and half-an-hour should see them in the bloody contest. He sighed to think that his own regiment was not yet

come up, with which he might share the glory of the fight.

One after the other the corps entered the fields, across the high corn, from the road, to take up their position for the battle. Neither cavalry nor artillery had they to support them—their bayonets were their hopes; and their wise general placed them accordingly in squares, and at such distances as that one might support the other, while each would protect itself, independently, if necessary. The rifle corps now advanced, to open the business of the day by firing into a field of tirailleurs. The French were not idle at this time; they advanced in masses—cavalry and infantry; while a roar of cannon that almost deafened every ear, covered the attack.

"They are coming on the centre," cried Gray; "see the cuirassiers—what a body of men! Oh! where is our cavalry?"

"Ay," cried a trooper; "and look, what columns of infantry!"

All now remained in breathless anxiety, gazing on the approaching masses of the enemy; not a word was spoken amongst the well-planted squares of the British. The French are within fifty yards of them, and the battle begins.

"There," cried a trooper; "how our men give it to them!—there's a volley!—look how the horses fall!—see, they can't stand it—hurrah!—the rascals are staggered—the 27th are after them—they deploy

into line; there the French go, with the bayonet at them, helter-skelter. But observe, at a little distance from them, the enemy's dragoons are at the 42nd—the Scotch open and let them pass; but now they get it right and left. Down they go; bravo to old Scotland."

"By heaven!" cried Gray, "here come the Brunswick horse in confusion, pursued by the cuirassiers along the road, near the village."

All turned to gaze at the point: it was too true: their leader had fallen; they had advanced too incautiously, and were therefore obliged to fall back.

"Here they come, and the French cavalry are close upon them. But see the Highlanders in the ditch. Hark! there—they give them a volley. Down tumble the horsemen!—look! they are in a heap on the ground."

A shout from the troopers acknowledged the glorious truth. It was the fire from the 92nd that achieved the triumph.

The artillery, the musketry, and the shouting of the combatants became so deafening, that even the group of troopers unoccupied in the fight, and in the rear, could scarcely hear each other's voices. Gray's party mounted their horses now, in order to have a better view of the battle, and from the situation of the ground on which they were standing, they beheld, in awful anxiety, rush after rush made against the British infantry, whose duty was evidently.

that, of firm defence; they beheld wave after wave of blue ranks advance over the rising bosom of the ground, and saw them successively battered by the rocks they assaulted—the ground covered with men and horses by the well-directed fire of the squares. The other divisions of the English army were fast arriving, and taking up ground on the left, in spite of the efforts of the French to prevent it, and thus divide them from their comrades engaged. A “lull” (as the sailors say, when the storm pauses a little,) took place, and both armies stood, as it were, looking at each other. But another and more desperate attack soon followed; the tempest returned with double violence. The mouths of Ney’s numerous cannon opened again; the smoke drifted over on the English, and under its cover were seen advancing an immense force, for another struggle with the right of the duke’s line, in order to turn it, and possess themselves of the village. The duke and his staff were in front of the 92nd Regiment, and the balls playing on them had knocked down several of his aides-de-camp. As the foe came near, the artillery ceased, the close fight began, and several regiments at once poured in their fire: both sides kept their ground, and hundreds fell at every discharge of musketry. The duke now, in the pithy and familiar language of the soldier, cried out to the Scots, “Ninety-second, you must charge these fellows.”

The word was magic; the kilts rushed against the blaze of the tirailleurs! Their leader and their officer fell among them: but, alas! their blood only enraged the men; fiercely as tigers they rush, and their bayonets sink into the mass before them. The whole fly before them, while the victorious Highlanders pursue them almost out of sight of their general. Alas! many of these heroes fell in their gallant work.

This glorious charge was beheld by Gray and his comrades with delight; their shakos waved over their heads, and their cries of exultation fully showed what a catching thing is the fever of the fight. One of the dragoons now turned his eyes to the wood on the right, which the French had possessed themselves of, and exclaimed, “But look, the Guards have come up, and are in the wood. Where did they come from? I didn’t see them before. Hark! how they shout! they are all amongst the trees.”

“Yes, and they’ll not soon come back; they’ll keep their ground, I’ll warrant,” cried the corporal.

At this moment the troopers were somewhat disarranged by a part of the earth suddenly flying upwards in a cloud; it was the effect of a cannon-ball which had struck the ground. They started a few paces backwards, wiped their faces, and having all passed their jocular sentiments on the occasion, coolly united again to view and comment on the action.

They continued to gaze on the

busy and bloody scene, with but few observations. Mass after mass was advancing against the steady squares of infantry, and received with roars of musketry; the cavalry of the enemy, desperate and disappointed, galloped about the 'close and well-guarded Britons, cutting at the ranks, and dropping as they cut. Artillery bellowed upon the unyielding heroes, whose ranks closed up at every point where the dead had opened them; they cried aloud for the order to advance; but received the cool and prudent negative of the watchful chief, who, during the action, was moving from rank to rank, encouraging and elevating the energies of his men.

The repeated unsuccessful attacks of the French wore out the patience of their general, and so thinned his ranks, that he at length ceased to contend, and drew off his troops from the field, leaving the English masters of it, and holding every point of the position which they had taken up in the early part of the day.—*Tales of Military Life.*

STORY ON A MARCH.

AN officer in India, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign,—either by wear or tear or accident—had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master,

who, perhaps, gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity on framing an excuse, inquired with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth. The answer was, "Massa not got;" with which reply, after apologizing to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India), for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. "Where are all the spoons?" cried the apparently enraged master. "Gone washerman, sar!" was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a teacup did duty for the soup-ladle. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to

me, with great humour, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candour exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwillam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from the house. "Now," said he, as he shut the door and put the key into his pocket, "you'll complain to Sir Henry Gwillam, will you? There is nobody near to bear witness to what you may say, and with the blessing of God, I'll give it you well."—"Massa, sure nobody near?" asked the Indian.—"Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that."—"Then I give massa one good beating." And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which, being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Maotoo decamped without beat of drum, never to appear again.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb—

Beneath is a soldier lying;
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild-flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er the place of his rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came up on the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle,
Left his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again—but an altered man;
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer;
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home pillow!
L. E. L.

BATTLE OF CORUÑA AND DEATH OF MOORE.

January 17, 1809.

As the troops approached Coruña, the General's looks were directed towards the harbour; but an open expanse of water painfully convinced him that to Fortune, at least, he was no way beholden: contrary winds still detained the fleet at Vigo, and the last consuming exertion made by the army was rendered

fruitless! The men were put into quarters, and their leader awaited the progress of events.

Three divisions occupied the town and suburbs of Coruña, and the reserve was posted near the neighbouring village of El Burgo. For twelve days these hardy soldiers had covered the retreat; during which time they had traversed eighty miles of road in two marches, passed several nights under arms in the snow of the mountains, and been seven times engaged with the enemy. They now assembled at the outposts, having fewer men missing from the ranks than any other division in the army.

The town of Coruña, although sufficiently strong to oblige an enemy to break ground before it, was weakly fortified, and to the southward was commanded by some heights close to the walls. Sir John Moore therefore caused the land front to be strengthened, and occupied the citadel, but disarmed the sea face of the works.

The late arrival of the transports, the increasing force of the enemy, and the disadvantageous nature of the ground, had greatly augmented the difficulty and danger of the embarkation; and several general officers now proposed to the commander-in-chief that he should negotiate for leave to retire to his ships upon terms. Moore's high spirit and clear judgment revolted at the idea, and he rejected the degrading advice without hesitation.

All the encumbrances of the

army were shipped in the night of the 15th and morning of the 16th, and everything was prepared to withdraw the fighting men as soon as the darkness would permit them to move without being perceived. The precautions taken would, without doubt, have insured the success of that difficult operation; but a more glorious event was destined to give a melancholy but graceful termination to the campaign. About two o'clock in the afternoon a general movement along the French line gave notice of an approaching battle

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear.

Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces; the arm was hanging by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; and the muscles of the breast were torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled,

and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer who was near, attempted to take it off; but the dying man stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;*"—and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Sir John Hope, upon whom the command of the army now devolved, resolved to pursue the original plan of embarking during the night. This operation was effected without delay. The arrangements were so complete that neither confusion nor difficulty occurred. The piquets, kindling a number of fires, covered the retreat of the columns; and being themselves withdrawn at daybreak, were embarked under the protection of General Hill's brigade, which was posted near the ramparts of the town. This done, Hill's brigade embarked from the citadel; while General Beresford, with a rear guard, kept possession of that work until the 18th, when, the wounded being all put on board, his troops likewise embarked. The inhabitants faithfully maintained the town against the French, and the fleet sailed for England.

From the spot where he fell, Sir John Moore had been carried to the town by a party of soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not

mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No; I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

Being brought to his lodging, the surgeons examined his wound; but there was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten; and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and, being told that they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm and his thoughts clear. Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff; and he did not, even in that moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion.

His strength failed fast, and life was nearly extinct, when, with an almost unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" A few minutes afterwards he died; and his corpse,

wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours; and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive than with the luxurious age of a great nation. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness; and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit—a just and faithful servant of his country.

Sir W. Napier.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

•
e buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound
him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow
bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

AN INCIDENT AT BAROSSA.

AT the battle of Barossa, the first battalion of the 87th regiment was engaged with the 8th Imperial, and, after a severe contest, drove it back at the point of the bayonet. During the engagement, a young ensign of the 87th, perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to the sergeant, "Do you see that, Masterman?" He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt; the sergeant instantly revenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle; which was subsequently brought to England, and deposited with others in the chapel of Whitehall.

The gallant Masterman was afterwards rewarded for this brave achievement by a commission in the second battalion of his regiment. On once hearing the action singularly commended by a gentleman, who was not aware that he was ad-

dressing one so nearly interested in the eulogium, he replied with great modesty, "The sergeant merely did his duty; and only accomplished what hundreds of his comrades would have done had they possessed an equal opportunity; it was the fortune of war; the sergeant fortunately succeeded in the attempt which had cost the poor ensign his life."

LEAP EXTRAORDINARY.

HYDER ALLY, after sustaining a signal defeat at Arnee in 1782, from the British forces under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, fell upon the following well-concerted scheme, to repair, in some measure, the loss and disgrace he had suffered. Some camels and elephants, with an escort purposely weak, were made to pass within a short distance of the British grand guard. The officer commanding the latter, possessing, as Hyder anticipated, more zeal than prudence, attempted to carry off the convoy, and sent a message to the field officer of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards General) James Stewart, to inform him of the circumstance. The lieutenant-colonel instantly mounting, proceeded at full speed to stop the imprudence of the subaltern; but only approached in time to see the guard charged on all sides, by clouds of cavalry, within the skirts of which he was himself enveloped. The colonel seeing all was lost, trusted to the goodness of his horse, and singly escaped, by leaping a ravine,

over which none of the enemy could follow him. For the noble animal to which he was indebted for this extraordinary escape, he ever afterwards entertained a peculiar regard; and when he returned to England, left a sufficient fund to maintain the aged horse in India, and a groom to attend upon it. The horse was alive in 1799, when General Stewart paid a short visit to Madras, and appeared to recognise its old master.

AN ARMY IN A TYPHOON.

WHEN the British army under General Lake was on its return from the expedition against the Indian chief Holcar, in 1804, it encamped on the 3rd of June, near Karowley. During the whole of the morning, the wind had blown violently from the east; about two o'clock in the afternoon, it shifted, though without any abatement of fury, to the opposite point, attended by very awful circumstances. Impetuous *whirlwinds*, called by the natives *pisaish*, or devils, advanced rapidly over the sandy plains in vast columns of dust, gathering in size, and ascending up into the air with great velocity to a height beyond the reach of the eye. These objects, however, were only the precursors of the still more tremendous demon of the storm—the typhoon, which came on the wings of the tempest, rolling before it immense torrents of burning sand, giving such a density to the atmosphere, that the sun, which appeared at first as red as blood, was afterwards, by the

gradual increase of the opacity, totally eclipsed. The darkness of night now added all its horror to the scene. The affrighted multitude threw themselves prostrate on the ground, as if anticipating the dissolution of the world. Providentially, however, after the lapse of about half an hour, the fearful phenomenon was succeeded by a little rain, which cooled the air, and rendered it so very refreshing, that not a single man was taken off by death, or even seized with illness; while for some time preceding, not a day passed without numbers falling victims to the intensity of the heat.

MILITARY MADNESS.

WHEN George II. proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to General Wolfe, great objections were raised by the ministry; and the Duke of Newcastle, in particular, begged his Majesty to consider that the man was actually mad. "Mad, is he?" said the king; "well, if he be, I wish his madness was epidemic, and that every officer in my army was seized with it."

INGENIOUS SPY.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "Brother, *you* or *I* will certainly be hanged;" which was a significant intimation of their fate. A spy who was discovered in his camp was addressed in this language; and

next day, as the wretch was about to be led to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the marshal, alleging that he had something of importance to communicate. The marshal being made acquainted with his request, said, in his rough manner, "It is always the way of these rascals, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to relieve themselves for a few moments; however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the marshal asked him what he had to say. "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honour of your conversation, you were pleased to say that either you or I should be hanged; now I am come to know whether it is your pleasure to be so, because if *you* won't, *I* must; that's all." The marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour that he ordered him to be released.

MAJOR ANDRÉ

IN the year 1780, General Arnold, who from his rank and talents had been in great favour with the Americans, quitted their ranks, and joined the British army. This, though a valuable acquisition, was too dearly purchased by the degradation and death of the brave and amiable Major André, who volunteered his services to make arrangements with Arnold on the occasion. By some accident, Major André was compelled to remain disguised within the American lines all night, and next morning was discovered, after he had passed them on his

way to New York. He was seized, confined, tried, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy, notwithstanding every remonstrance that could be urged against it. An American captain, and a Lieutenant Bowman, of the Republican army, were selected as his guard, the day before his execution. The latter officer, who died in 1818, describes Major André as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; and when they were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavour to dispel the gloom.

Although not a murmur nor a sigh escaped him, his composure was the result, not of the want of sensibility, or a disregard of life, but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristics of true greatness of mind, which raises the soul above the influence of events, and enables the soldier with unfaltering nerve and steady eye, to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for in his sleep, nature would play her part; and home and friends—his country and his fame—his sisters and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting their fancied pleasures with his certain pain, and render his dreams disturbed, and his sleep fitful and troubled.

Early in the morning, the hour of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant, on entering the room, burst into tears. "Leave me," said he to him with great sternness, "until you can behave more manfully." The breakfast was furnished from the table of

General Washington. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself; placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you."

Lieutenant Bowman described it as being a day of settled melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least affected. To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant of his execution.

Captain — and Lieutenant Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well known that he had solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows, that he knew the manner of his death. "It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that it might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier." And so he did.

TRAITS OF THE TARTAN.

SCOTS AND IRISH.—In one of Marlborough's battles, the Irish brigade on advancing to the charge, threw away their knapsacks, and every thing which tended to encumber them, all which were carefully picked up by a Scotch regiment that followed to support them.

GEORGE CLARK, PIPER TO THE 71ST.—The piper of this regiment being severely wounded at the battle of Vimiera, in 1809, was unable to keep his legs, but

this did not damp his military ardour, for raising himself on the ground he called out, "I canna gang farther wi' you, lads, but deil ha' my saul if ye shall want music ;" and he continued to animate them with his most warlike airs.

HAPPY IGNORANCE.—The French prisoners, speaking of the desperate resistance of the 42d regiment at Quatre Bras, said, "Your people must be very ignorant; they know not when to surrender, although conquered. We beat them, yet they stood." It is to be hoped Scottish soldiers will always continue in this happy state of ignorance.

A SCOTS GREY AT WATERLOO.—A brief commentary, on a rather sudden change of politics in one of the French cuirassiers when on the point of being cut down by a soldier of the Greys, was overheard on this occasion. The Frenchman, who had certainly advanced with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," called out "Vive le Roi." "Gude faith, freend," said the pursuer in purest Scotch, "gif ye cry that ye shu'd na be herc."

THE 92ND AT QUATRE-BRAS.—The 92nd Highland regiment was for a considerable time unemployed by any French column, though exposed to a fire of round-shot. The officers, who had a complete view of the field, saw the 42nd and other battalions warmly engaged in charging. The young men could not brook the contrast presented by their inactivity. "It will," said they, "be the same now as it always has been; the 42nd

will have the luck of it. There will be a fine noise in the newspapers about that regiment, but devil the word of us." Some of their elders consoled them by assuring them of the probability, that before the day was over "they would have enough of it." This regiment was one of those who suffered most.

COLOURS SAVED.—In a Scotch regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard-bearer was killed, and he clasped the colours so fast in death, that a serjeant in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse colours and all over his shoulders carried them off together. The French, seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of this action, and hailed it with loud shouts of applause.

FIDELITY OF A FOSTER BROTHER.—The 42nd regiment, with some other troops, was sent on a vain attempt to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. They lay entrenched some time, near the French lines. Some rash and unlikely project was formed for surprising a redoubt held by the enemy, in the night, which did not, after all, succeed. It was, however, attempted with great secrecy, at midnight—moonless midnight. An officer of the 42nd was among the number of the proposed assailants; but no privates from that regiment were allowed to be of the number, to the great grief of the officer's foster brother, who would willingly have accompanied him.

The parties left the trenches with the utmost silence and secrecy; but, from the utter darkness and their imperfect knowledge of the ground, became confused, and so bewildered, that they knew not exactly where to proceed.

Fraser, of Culduthil, the officer already mentioned, in the act of getting over the remains of an inclosure, which stopped his path, felt his feet entangled in something. Putting down his hand to discover the cause, he caught hold of a plaid, and then seized the owner, who seemed to grovel on the ground. He held the caitiff with one hand, and drew his dirk with the other, when he heard the imploring voice of his foster brother. "What the devil brought you here?" "Just love of you, and care of your person." "Why so, when your love has done me no good, and has already done me evil? And why encumber yourself with a plaid?" "Alas! how could I ever see my mother, had you been killed or wounded, and had I not been there to carry you home to the surgeon, or to Christian burial; and how could I do either without my plaid to wrap you in." Upon inquiry, it was found that the poor man had crawled out on his hands and knees, between the sentinels, then followed the party at some distance, till he thought they were approaching the place of assault, and then again crept in the same manner, on the ground, beside his master, that he might be near him unobserved. This faithful adherent had too soon

occasion to assist at the obsequies of his foster brother; for Culduthil, looking over the edge of the trench, to view the approaches of the enemy, was killed with a cannon ball, a few days after.

COMMON SOLDIERS, UNDER WELLINGTON.—The following conversation is given by Sir W. Scott, as having taken place between him and some Scotch soldiers; who he found bivouacked on the pavement at Peronne, on their march to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo.

I told him, that as a countryman, accidentally passing, I could not resist the desire of inquiring how he and his companions came to have such uncomfortable beds; and I asked him, if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters?

"Na, sir," was his composed reply; "we seldom trouble them for billets: they ca' this bivouacking, you see."

"It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it. How do the people of the country treat you?"

"Ow! geylics: particularly we that are Scotch: we ha' but to shew our petticoat, as the English ca' it, an' we're aye weel respected."

"Were you in the battle of Waterloo?"

"Aye, 'deed was I, and in Quatre-bras beside. I got a skelp wi' a bit o' a shell at Waterloo."

"And were all your companions, who are asleep there, also wounded?"

"Aye, war they; some mair, some less. Here's ane o' 'em waukening, you see, wi' our speaking."

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, particularly when they heard from what part of the land o' cakes I came from.

"The duke," they said, "was na to be blamed as a general at a'; nor wou'd the men ha'e ony cause to complain if he wou'd but gi' them a little mair liberty."

"Liberty? What sort of liberty do you mean?"

"Ow,—just liberty—freedom, you see!"

"What, do you mean leave of absence—furloughs?"

"Na, na! De'il a bit: 'od, this hasna been a time for furloughs. I mean, the liberty thatither sogers get:—the Prussians and them."

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying, "Aye, aye, he means, that when we've got the upper han', we shu'd employ it. There's no use in being mealy-mou'd, if the ithers are to tak' what they like. The d——d Prussians ken better what they're about."

"Well, but you find that the Prussians are everywhere detested, and you have just now told me, that you Highlanders are everywhere respected."

"Ow, aye, we're praised

eneuch. Ilka body praises us, but very few gie us ony thing."

More readily interpreting this hint than the last, I proved myself an exception to the general rule, by putting into their hands a franc or two, to drink.

The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then, raising his head, said, "Weel, sir, we certainly didna expect this; did we, John?"

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants of the seat of war, in maintaining which he has evidently placed the pride of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries?

"Na, sir; no here," was the reply, "for the men ken him geylies now. But in Spain we often had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men in ae day there,—after he had been ordering about it, God knows how long; and d——n me if he didna ance gar the provost-marshal flog mair than a dizen of the women,—for the women thought themselves safe, and so they were waur than the men. They got sax-and-thirty lashes apiece, on the bare back, and it was lang before it was forgotten on 'em. Ane o' 'em was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment; for, whatever she might tak', she did 'na keep it a' to hersel'." The noise of the horses brought out to be harnessed to the diligence, made me take a hasty leave of these Scotch soldiers.

THE UNCONSCIOUS ESCAPE.

ON what little accidents do the greatest events of this world often depend ! During the American revolutionary war, when the two armies were near each other, an English officer, who was stationed at one of the outposts, observed a general officer of the enemy approaching to reconnoitre with a telescope the English position. He approached within musket-shot, indeed so near as to offer a sure mark. The finger was on the trigger, when the Englishman's heart failed him : he could not bear to take away the life of one who apprehended no danger ; and, lowering the gun, he suffered the unconscious American to pass. This American was—General Washington !!

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

20th September, 1854.

LORD RAGLAN waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length an aid-de-camp came to him and reported that the French had crossed the Alma, but that they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and

replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round. Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw by his side men on whom he knew he might stake the honour and fate of Great Britain, and anticipating a little in a military point of view the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose those scerried masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round shot, case shot, and shell, they dashed into the Alma, and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, and to our surprise they were occupied by Russian riflemen. The staff (three of whom were here shot down) led by Lord Raglan in person, advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river and up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries, and by

grape, round shot, shell, canister, case shot, and musketry, from some of the guns of the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2nd Division, led by Sir De L. Evans, in the most dashing manner crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Colonel Yca, were swept down by fifties. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry, and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided them in the battle. Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light Division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one-half, fell back to re-form their columns lost for the time; the 23rd, with eight officers dead and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 15th, 33rd, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted, "23rd, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again; but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly, while

paralyzed for a moment. Meantime the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde Park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that we were just able to contend against the Russians, favoured as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry, harassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery, they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill-calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes;" and an artillery officer, whose name I do not now know, brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered

to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. The Duke* encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the Royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favour of you: it is, that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said the Scots Fusilier Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Divisions crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700

prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. It is won with a loss of nearly 3,000 killed and wounded on our side. The Russians' retreat was covered by their cavalry, but if we had had an adequate force, we could have captured many guns and multitudes of prisoners.—*W. H. Russell, LL.D.*

THE BALACLAVA CHARGE.

October 25th, 1854.

AFTER their repulse in the plain of Balaklava by the Highlanders, two deep,—“that thin red streak topped by a line of steel,”—and by the heavy brigade, the Russian cavalry retired. Their infantry at the same time fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley on our left, and had halted there, as the ground was broken in front.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quartermaster-General, Bri-

* Of Cambridge.

gadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with the order to Lord Lucan. (He is now dead and gone : God forbid that I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship.)

When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them,"—or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not nearly so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death.

It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support:" that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only

instantaneous;" and that "it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous.*" The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns could be reached, of a mile and a half in length!

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them, from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun, in all the pride and splendour of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed upon the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of Death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the

energy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy; with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries: but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed into their midst, cutting down the gunners where they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said: to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering it like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and riderless horses flying towards us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when

they were about to retreat an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin!

It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and the dying, was left in front of those guns.

W. H. Russell, LL.D.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

September 26, 1857.

Havelock had determined, when he started in the morning,

to relieve the anxiously-waiting garrison that night, or not survive the attempt; and the soldiers, who at first were glad to obtain a moment's rest, became impatient at delay. They had fought their way for nearly a hundred miles to rescue their beleaguered comrades with their wives and children, and they could not rest till they thundered at the gates of their prison.

The garrison, in the meantime, were anxiously listening for their arrival. They had heard the heavy firing in the morning, and noticed that there was a great sensation in the city. Towards noon they could see the smoke of battle as it rolled upwards over the houses; and, a little later, people hurrying out of the city, carrying bundles of clothes on their heads, followed by large bodies of cavalry and infantry. Although the enemy kept up a steady fire upon them, they were too excited to pay much heed to it, but listened with beating hearts to the heavy cannonade as it wound hither and thither through the streets.

By four o'clock some officers on the look-out reported that they saw, far away, near a palace, a regiment of Europeans and a bullock battery. Soon after, the rattle of musketry was heard in the streets. While they stood listening a rifle ball went whistling over their heads, and never before was the sound of a bullet so sweet to the ear. It was a voice from their friends, and whispered of deliverance. Five minutes later and the

Highlanders were seen storming through one of the principal streets; and although they dropped rapidly, under the fire from roofs, windows, and doors, there was no faltering.

Then the long restrained excitement burst forth in cheer upon cheer—"from every fort, trench, and battery—from behind sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer upon cheer." The thrilling shouts penetrated even to the hospital, and the wounded crept out into the sun, a ghastly throng, and sent up their feeble voices to swell the glad shout of welcome!

The conversation between Outram and Havelock was long and earnest. The former was at first firm in his opinion that they should remain in the palace-court and other sheltered places till morning, and Havelock as thoroughly determined to push on. He said that the garrison might even then be exposed to the final assault; and if it were not, that the enemy could concentrate such a force around them before morning that it would be almost impossible to advance. At length it was agreed to leave the wounded, the heavy guns, and a portion of the army behind, and with only two regiments, the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs, to attempt to reach the Residency.

Outram had been wounded in the arm by a musket-ball early in the morning; but, though faint from loss of blood, he refused to leave the saddle, and

even now would not dismount. Enduring as he was bold and chivalric, he resolved to accompany Havelock, and share with him the danger, and, if need be, death, in this last perilous advance to the relief of the garrison.

Everything being ready, these two gallant commanders put themselves at the head of the slender column, and moved out of the place of shelter. As soon as they entered the street, the houses on either side shot forth flame; while, to prevent the rapid advance of the troops, and hold them longer under the muzzles of their muskets, the enemy had cut deep trenches across the street, and piled up barricades.

Passing under an archway that streamed with fire, the gallant Neill fell from his horse—dead. His enraged followers halted a moment to avenge his death; but the stern order of Havelock, "Forward!" arrested their useless attempt, and the column moved on. Each street as they entered it became an avenue of flame, through which it seemed impossible for anything living to pass. Every door and window was ablaze, while an incessant sheet of fire ran along the margin of the flat roofs, which were black with men.

At each angle batteries were placed, and as soon as the head of the column appeared in view the iron storm came drifting down the street, piling it with dead. The rattling of grape-shot and musket-balls against the walls and on the pavement was like the pattering of hail

on the roof of a house! From out those deep avenues the smoke arose as from the mouth of a volcano, while shouts and yells rending the air on every side made still more appalling the night, which had now set in.

Between those walls of fire, through that blinding rain of death, Havelock walked his horse composedly as if on parade, his calm, peculiar voice, now and then rising over the clangour of battle. That he escaped unhurt seems a miracle, for in the previous eleven hours he had lost nearly one-third of his entire force, while of the two other generals one was dead and the other wounded.

At length the gate of the Residency was reached. A little time was spent in removing the barricades, during which the bleeding column rested, while the moon looked coldly down on the ruins by which they were surrounded. When the passage was cleared, the soldiers, forgetting their weariness, gave three loud cheers and rushed forward.

Cheers without and cheers within, cheers on every side, betokened the joy and excitement that prevailed, while over all arose the shrill pipes of the Highlanders. The "column of relief" and the garrison rushed into each other's arms, and then the officers passed from house to house to greet the women and children. The stern Highlanders snatched up the children and kissed them, with tears streaming down their faces, thanking God they were in time to save them.—*J. T. Hendley.*

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR:
A JUVENILE SOLDIER.

A correspondent writes:—"To give you an idea of the patriotism that actuates not only the men and women, but even the children of Germany, I must relate what occurred to me as I was riding to my quarters this evening. I met certainly the smallest soldier I had ever yet seen. He was completely equipped in uniform, helmet, knapsack, and side-arms, but no needle rifle. The poor little fellow could scarcely have lifted it. He was nine years old, and by no means tall for his age. He stopped me, and in the most matter-of-fact way, asked me if I could direct him to the Town Commandant's office. I asked him what on earth he was, and what he wanted with the Town Commandant—so completely was I taken aback with the Lilliputian apparition. Drawing himself up to his full height, and saluting in the stiffest manner, he informed me that he belonged to the 61st Pomeranian Regiment, which had just marched in, and that he wanted quarters. So absurdly ridiculous, and at the same time so thoroughly military, was the whole proceeding, that I burst into a fit of laughter; and, lifting the little mannikin into my saddle, I carried him off in triumph to the head-quarters, where I need hardly say, he will be well taken care of. The poor boy's story is a melancholy one. Of his parents he knew nothing. His early recollections were of the barrack, where from day to

day the sympathy, hospitality, and kindness that are part and parcel of the soldier's character, were never denied to the poor helpless outcast. His manly, amusing, and attractive ways soon made him a favourite, and the men, out of their pay, saved a sufficient sum to buy the clothing of a Pomeranian Fusilier. The boy's home was with the 61st—the first words of kindness and encouragement he heard were from the rough soldiers that surrounded him. Bold and manly in his little ways, he found the true road to the soldiers' hearts; and when their country bade them go forth to fight, the little outcast was the first to bind his slender all upon his shoulder, and go with his friends to meet a soldier's fate."

PRUSSIAN SHREWDSNESS.

A LETTER in the *Propagateur* of Lille thus described the state of Amiens:—"Since the occupation the town has become very dull; nearly all the shops and *cafés* are closed; after seven o'clock in the evening very few persons are to be seen in the streets. The Prussians have settled down as though they were at home. After the nomination of a *Préfet* came that of a *Sous Préfet*, which was succeeded by the appointments of a secretary, a commandant, a governor, &c. A prefectorial decree has suppressed the indirect taxes, but retains for the town the *octroi* duties, and announces an increase in the

direct taxes. Another official notice announces the early re-opening of the railways between Amiens and Rouen and Creil. The former officials of the respective lines are called upon to resume their duties. By another decree the conscription laws are abolished in the department, and it is declared that if any able-bodied man absent himself from his home to take service with the French troops his property and that of his family, as well as the Maire of the commune personally, will be held responsible. It was discovered that the artillerymen who defended the citadel were paroled prisoners, and the Prussians availed themselves of that circumstance to demand a ransom of one million francs, and not three millions, which they had originally intended to require as a war contribution. Efforts were made to obtain this million from the Bank of France at Lille, but the Government at Tours refused to sanction the advance, and, therefore, the citizens had to scrape up the amount among themselves. It is stated that the million of francs was sent away by the Prussians enclosed in a leaden coffin, covered with a silver-laced pall, and the *quasi-funeral* car was escorted by a strong troop of cavalry. The three coffins covered with gold cloth, which passed through Rheims, and to which military honours were paid, are not forgotten. The French Government mentioned the circumstance, and inferred that the coffins contained the remains of

some great personage. Oh! the cunning Prussians!"

A SECOND JOAN OF ARC

SOME of the French papers gave a flaming account of a heroine from Colmar, who was said to command a corps of freeshooters in the Vosges. The daughter of an old Guardsman, who lost her mother early, lived from youth as a boy, worked in the field and with horses, and shunned all feminine tasks. She was taught by some nuns at Rappoltsweiler, and was to have become a novice, but became governess to a Polish count's family, and on the breaking out of the last Polish revolution, being then 19, acted, in man's dress, as lieutenant at the head of some hussars. Being wounded, she was admitted into a convent at Warsaw, and protected by Bishop Felinski. On returning to France, she became cashier in a shop, and managed the foreign correspondence, but owing to a complaint in the chest, again assumed male attire, and was appointed post-office clerk at Lamotte. There she collected a band of volunteers, and carried on guerilla warfare. This was the French account, but as similar stories have turned out to be apocryphal, it must be received with caution, though a German letter from Alsace quotes it without any expression of incredulity.

A PICTURE OF WAR.

HERR WACHENHUSEN of the *Cologne Gazette* thus moralised

on his five-and-a-half months' experience in the field :—"It is terrible always to be writing about blood—seeing, thinking, dreaming of blood. One gradually falls into a mood repugnant to human nature, for everything around us is negation, destruction, devastation, in the most brutal fashion. The eye gets accustomed to seeing every object displaced and destroyed, the mind degenerates into bad instincts, into a kind of childish maliciousness, which leads even the most intelligent and peaceful into acquisitive tendencies, and causes him—he himself does not know why—to destroy wherever an object meets him, even the most trivial thing, which has ventured to escape the general destruction and still to exist intact. A timepiece which we see still on the mantelpiece, and the pendulum of which moves backwards and forwards with a tranquil tick-tack, makes us nervous, for it has yet to go the way where everything else has gone. Who has permitted it to stand still untouched, under its glass case? A cup, the handle of which at least is not broken, a glass, a plate which possibly is even gilded, a vase which annoys us with its brightly-coloured pastoral groups, a picture which still hangs peacefully in its frame, a window-curtain from which not half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs at least have been cut out, a boot which at least has not been worn awry or patched top and bottom—in a word, every article which

is not half or wholly destroyed, excites us to nervous longings for everything must be ruined, because everything has become ownerless. Nobody has in this war a right to his life, for the first bullet may at the next moment blow it out of him; no roof has a right to stand on a house; no individual has any moral right of ownership to any article, which somebody else may at the first opportunity deprive him of because he thinks it more necessary for himself. Yonder still stands a house—a cottage, the windows of which are yet entire. An hour later a few bottles or legs of chairs go grasping through the panes, or a shell comes and ruins the whole building. Yonder is a carriage, an equipage which perhaps belongs to an *intendant*. To-morrow morning it is mutilated, for the soldiers wanted the leather to make boots of. There in a château garden stands a marble statue on its pedestal, a Venus Callipygos, which the soldiers out of gallantry have hitherto spared. A grenade suddenly flies over from the Paris forts and knocks off the very part of which she is so proud. The outpost soldiers have tried to restore it with lime, but the artistic hand is wanting which might renew the contours of the master, and the marble statue looks mournfully over its shoulder at the mutilation. Thus everything combines to destroy everything. The eye gradually longs again for the culture which constructs, the thoughts turn gradually to a

yearning for peace and order, but where are they to be found? The ruin must go on." After alluding to the folios of history which have been written with blood, the sea of tears which has been shed, the destruction of the laborious products of human genius and industry, the sorrow at home for the sacrifices which victory has entailed, and the prolongation of the war into the winter, Herr Wachenhausen added:—"When at last the Christmas boxes arrived in France it was decidedly melancholy, and a tear came into many a stern warrior's eye, when he thought of home. Yet it cannot be helped, for it is the warrior's lot. Winter has reached its turning point, the sun will come again, and perhaps find us still in France, for the contest must be fought out once for all."

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN:

1ST September, 1870 (from the German official account):—

"DONCHERY, *Sept. 2.*—After the engagement of August 30th, it became probable that the French Armée du Nord was fast approaching a final catastrophe. On the evening of the 30th the French, after a sharp cannonade against the 4th Prussian Corps d'Armée and portions of the Bavarian Corps, had been obliged to retreat from Mousson. The greater part of the German Army on that day remained on the left bank of the Meuse; but the forces under the Crown Prince of Saxony, having partly

crossed the river, advanced beyond Mousson in the direction of Carignan and Sedan. Our third Army executed the following movements on the 31st:—The 1st Bavarian Corps marched by Rancourt to Remilly. The 14th Prussians proceeded from Stonne to Chemery and Cheveuse, with orders to stop on the left bank of the Meuse, and encamp opposite Donchery, a little town on the other side of the river. The 5th Prussian Corps followed the 14th, and the 2nd Bavarian the 1st. The Württembergers likewise moved on to the Meuse by way of Vendresse and Bouvincourt. The routes prescribed to the different portions of the 3rd Army thus converged on Sedan, where the French Northern Army was concentrated. The task given us was to surround the French and compel them either to surrender or to retreat beyond the Belgian frontier. The latter contingency being considered very possible, the order of the day of the 30th contained a passage to the effect, that in the event of the French not being immediately disarmed on the other side of the border our troops were to follow them into Belgium without delay.

"The 31st passed without any remarkable encounter. Only at Remilly the 1st Bavarian Corps fell in with the French, and driving them back after a prolonged cannonade, in the course of the forenoon approached the Meuse. This operation, the most important

of the 31st, was watched by the Crown Prince with his Staff from a height close by the church of the village of Stonne. His Royal Highness, who had arrived from the camp at Pierremont at 9 a.m., from this point saw a portion of the valley of Remilly before him. The engagement having come to an end, the Crown Prince repaired to Chemery, there to take up his quarters for the night. The 2nd Bavarian Corps and the Württembergers had no difficulty in carrying out their orders. The 5th Prussian Corps, which went by Chemery, and there defiled past the Commander-in-Chief, did not reach its allotted position until a late hour in the evening. Before the morning of the 1st of September dawned everything was complete. The troops on the left bank of the Meuse, and especially the Guards, stood ready to cross; those on the right, under the Crown Prince of Saxony, were only waiting for orders to assume the offensive; and from one end of our position to the other we were able to close in on Sedan at the shortest notice.

"It was originally intended to put off the decisive blow till September 2nd. It seemed desirable to give a day's rest to the Saxon Army, which had undergone considerable fatigue in their forced marches on the 30th and 31st. But when the fighting, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st, passed Chemery on his way to Vendresse, he held a

consultation with the Crown Prince and Generals Moltke and Blumenthal, in consequence of which he determined that the attack on Sedan and the French lines between the Meusé and the Ardennes should be undertaken on the ensuing day. Towards one a.m. of September 1st the Crown Prince of Saxony received orders to advance. Fire was to be opened at five a.m.

"Our line of battle was formed in this wise:—On our right we had the Army of the Crown Prince of Saxony. His van consisted of the 12th Corps d'Armée; next came the 4th and the Guards, the rear being brought up by the 4th Division of Cavalry, with their back to Remilly. Those troops of the Crown Prince of Saxony still on the left bank of the Meuse crossed at Douzy. To the left of his army was stationed the 1st Bavarian Corps, and behind this the 2nd. The Bavarians threw their bridge opposite the village of Bazeilles. The 11th Prussian Corps had placed its pontoons during the night about a thousand paces below Donchery. A little to the left crossed the 5th Corps on another bridge, and still further in the same direction, near the village of Dom-le-Mesnil, the Württembergers. The 6th Corps, as a reserve, was stationed between Attigny and Le Chêne. To these troops were opposed the Corps of Mac-Mahon, Faily, Canrobert, the remnants of Douay's Army, and the newly-formed 12th Corps under General Lebrun. The centre of the

French position was the fortress of Sedan, their flanks extending from Givonne on the left to Mezières on the right. In the rear of the French position were seen the spurs of the Ardennes.

"The Crown Prince left Chemery in his carriage at 4 a.m. Having mounted his horse near Cheveuse, on the road to Donchery, he took up his position on a hill projecting over the valley of the Meuse, near the town of Donchery, not far from a small mansion called Château Donchery. From this point the whole array of the German army could be surveyed, and the progress of the battle watched in all directions.

"Sedan is situate at one of the finest points of the valley of the Meuse. Hills crowned with forests rise in terraces on either side of the river. On the right bank there is a narrow strip of meadow land by the water-side; on the left, a little to the left of Sedan, is an open plain, with the town of Donchery pleasantly situated in its centre. The plain is traversed by a slight elevation. To the right the river Meuse makes a double curve enclosing a strip of land on which lies the village of Iges, with Vilette to the left and Glazie to the right. Between Iges and Sedan there is Floing, and further to the right Givonne on the right bank. The main road between Donchery and Sedan proceeds from a bridge at the former city, and half-way touches the village of Frenoy. Bazeilles, which was opposite to the Bavarians, is south-west of

Sedan; Douzy, where the Guards crossed, on the extreme right.

"A dense fog covered the valley and the hills. Only at half-past 7 a.m. the sun broke through the clouds, when the day became hot and sultry. The army of the Crown Prince of Saxony began operations a little after 5 o'clock. At half-past 6 a continuous cannonade was heard on our right, somewhat in the rear of Sedan, indicating the flank of the enemy to have been attacked by our troops. But the French were in excellent position on the hills, and could not be so easily dislodged. While the fighting was going on in this locality our left wing prepared along the slight elevation in the midst of the plain; the 5th marched straight on to get to the enemy's rear. According to the plan of the battle these corps were eventually to effect a junction with our right wing, and, entirely surrounding the enemy, to cut off his retreat towards the Ardennes. The Würtembergers and the 4th Cavalry Division, subsequently sent to their support, were to protect the plain in case the enemy should push forward in this direction, which, however, was not very probable, as he would have found it difficult to cross the Meuse, and, indeed, had himself destroyed the railway bridge between Donchery and Sedan. At a quarter past nine the 11th *Corps d'Armée* had so far turned the French flank as to come close upon his position. An increased fire of

the batteries marked this moment. The Saxons, who had designedly reserved their strength for this contingency, now attacked with an overpowering shock. Shortly after the right wing of the French began to fall back, but only to find themselves in the iron embrace of the two Prussian Corps in their rear. At the point where the 11th Corps descended from the hills upon the surprised enemy the resistance of the French sensibly diminished since half-past ten. In some places, especially at Iges and on the fields leading down to Sedan, the fight assumed a desperate character. Being chiefly attacked by artillery, the French sent their horse to charge our guns in flank. The French cavalry made two brilliant onslaughts, some regiments, and, above all, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, behaving with the utmost gallantry. The infantry gave way earlier, the number of those battalions which surrendered without further resistance being considerable even before twelve o'clock. In the meantime the 5th Corps had performed the long distance to the extreme heights, and after a sharp encounter succeeded in driving back the detachment making for the Ardennes.

"Things now assumed a favourable aspect. At half-past twelve it was announced that the French reserve artillery, which the Emperor had opposed to our 5th Corps, was repulsed, and that only a few scattered

bodies of infantry had effected their retreat across the frontier. Flight being thus rendered impossible, we had to deal only with the central portion of the battle-field—the slight elevation crossing the plains, the hills stretching from it to Sedan, and the fortress itself, which formed the last refuge for the troops driven from the heights. Since a quarter to one, the fire of the Prussian batteries on the right and left wing so rapidly approached one another that it was evident the enemy would soon be completely surrounded. It was a grand sight to watch the sure and irresistible advance of the Guards, marching on, on the left wing, partly behind and partly by the side of the 12th Corps d'Armée. Since a quarter past ten the Guards, preceded by their artillery, had been pushing towards the wood to the left of Sedan. By the advancing smoke of their fire we noticed how fast they were gaining ground.

"They were effectively assisted by the Bavarians. After a smart resistance by the French, the Bavarians had stormed Bazeilles, which was burnt. They then took Balan, south-west of Sedan, where a narrow gorge gave them much trouble. Towards noon they posted two batteries in a meadow to the left of the road to Sedan. From this point they fired on Vilette, the spire of which was soon enveloped in flames. The French artillery having been compelled to yield at this point likewise, there was nothing to

stop the 11th and 12th Corps from pressing forward in the direction of Sedan. The enemy was now hastening to make good his retreat to the fortress walls. While the fight was still going on, large numbers of prisoners were seen being led down the hills to the plain.

"In the meantime the Guards, a little before two o'clock, had effected a junction with the 5th Corps, on the slopes in the distance. This closed the circle around the French. Encompassed by a living wall, they found themselves, thrust back within the ramparts of their small stronghold.

"Here and there villages and hamlets were still burning. Small detachments were continuing the fight in isolated localities, and the roar of cannon had not yet entirely ceased. A little later there was a pause, when we waited for the French commanders to resolve on what they had better do in their embarrassed position. If they determined on prolonged resistance, the fate of Sedan was sealed.

"Towards four o'clock the Crown Prince sent the message 'Complete victory' to headquarters. Immediately after his Royal Highness, with the Duke of Coburg, and other princes, and the orderly officers, proceeded to the King, who had halted during the day on a hill to the right of the heights of Donchery. As there was no white flag to be seen on the tower of Sedan, we resumed firing at half-past four. The

Bavarian batteries sent the first shots into the fortress. Within a quarter of an hour one of our igniting grenades set the place on fire. A straw shed having caught light, dense black smoke rose immediately to the sky. Upon this the enemy opened negotiations. The Crown Prince was still with the King, when news arrived that the Emperor Napoleon was in Sedan. We now became aware that we had not only crushed the principal army of the French, but also, in a twelve hours' fight, secured a guarantee for the victorious issue of the war.

"That same evening the Prussian Lieutenant-Colonel von Broussart, the officer intrusted with the negotiations on our part, brought the King an autograph letter from the Emperor of the French, now a prisoner of war. It contained these few words,—'*Comme je n'ai pas pu m'offrir au milieu de mon armée, je rends mon épée à votre Majesté.*' It is a fact that Napoleon, when he became aware of the probable result of the battle, for four hours stood the fire of our grenades near the village of Igcs. The Emperor remained the night at Sedan. The capitulation will be concluded to-day.

"Not till nine o'clock did the Crown Prince return to his headquarters. The company of the 58th, which had been acting since yesterday as convoy, the Staff-guard, and all attached to his headquarters, vied with each other in giving the Commander of the Third

Army a festal reception. The main street of the village was illuminated, and the soldiers who lined the way, in default of better materials, held small ends of tallow candles in their hands. Loud hurrahs welcomed the arrival of his Royal Highness. The bands struck up the German National Anthem, and then played the Dead March in honour of the fallen.

"When the troops returned from the battle-field they evinced the greatest eagerness to ascertain the details of the action. It was obvious they had realised the importance of the day, and were proud of having contributed to a victory which will react on the history of the world, and has few to equal it in the annals of our country.

"At about 10 a.m. on the 2nd of September, the King met the Crown Prince on the highway between Chehery and Donchery. His Majesty having left his carriage, received General Moltke, who came to report on the negotiations concerning the capitulation of Sedan. The preliminaries not having as yet led to any definite result, General Moltke returned and was to meet the King again a little later on the heights between Frénois and Donchery, the spot whence the Crown Prince had commanded the battle on the day previous. Soon after noon His Majesty on that spot received the text of the capitulation, which had been signed in the meantime, and which the King read aloud to the officers of the Royal and the Crown

Prince's head-quarters assembled around him. The Emperor of the French had left Sedan at 5 o'clock a.m., and met Count Bismarck on the way from the fortress to Donchery. Not wishing to return to Sedan, the Emperor had been directed to proceed to the Villa Bellevue, a private mansion between Frénois and Villette, on the left of the road to Sedan. Conducted to this place under a strong cavalry escort, he was there to await the King's pleasure. It was one of the most remarkable scenes in this eventful war, when towards one o'clock the King, accompanied by the Crown Prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Wilhelm of Würtemberg, and some other Princes and officers, entered the garden of the Villa Bellevue to meet the Emperor of the French. Napoleon received the victor of Sedan at the foot of the steps leading to the house. When the King approached he took off his military cap and made a deep and respectful bow. He accompanied the King and Crown Prince into the house, where they had a conversation, which lasted half an hour. The offer of the King, who placed the palace of Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, at the disposal of the captive Emperor, was gratefully accepted by Napoleon III. The Emperor expressed a wish for a strong military escort along that portion of his journey which lay through French territory. He was deeply moved when, at the close of the interview, he took

leave of the King and Crown Prince. There were tears in his eyes, which he tried to conceal behind his pocket handkerchief. The King preserved a serious and dignified soldierly demeanour. On the 3rd, at nine a.m., amid a terrible storm, the Emperor left Donchery for the Belgian frontier. A squadron of the 2nd Black Hussars headed the procession. The Emperor, whose pale countenance plainly showed the traces of what he had gone through, was in the first carriage. By him sat General Castelnau; captive generals, staff officers, courtiers, and servants followed. All the carriages bore the Imperial escutcheon, and were drawn by horses from the imperial stables. A detachment of Hussars closed the long train, which took the direction of the Belgian town of Bouillon. There was a crowd of curious spectators, who, however, evinced no outward sign of their feelings. The Prussian General von Boyen accompanied the Emperor to Germany. The escort, which left him at the Belgian frontier, was commanded by Count Lynar."

The following is a copy of the document involving the capitulation of Mac-Mahon's army:—

Sedan, Sept. 2.—By the chief of the staff of His Majesty King William, Commander-in-Chief of the German armies, and the General Commanding-in-Chief of the French armies, both with full powers from His Majesty the King and the Emperor of the French, the following agreement has been concluded:—

"Art. 1. The French army, under the command of General Wimpffen, surrounded actually by superior forces around Sedan, are prisoners of war.

"Art. 2. Owing to the valorous defence of that army, an exception (exemption) is made for all the generals and officers, and for the superior *employés* having rank of officers in the military list, who will give their word of honour in writing not to take up arms against Germany, nor to act in any way against the interests of that nation, till the end of the present war. The officers and *employés* accepting that condition will keep their arms and the effects belonging to them personally.

"Art. 3. All the other arms and the army material, consisting of flags, eagles, cannons, horses, war ammunition, military trains, will be surrendered at Sedan by a military commission named by the commander-in-chief, to be given at once to the German commissary.

"Art. 4. The town of Sedan will be given up at once, in its present state, and no later than the evening of the 2nd of September, to be put at the disposal of the King of Prussia.

"Art. 5. The officers who will not undertake the engagement mentioned in Article 2, and the troops of the armies, will be conducted with their regiments, in their corps, and in military order.

"This measure will commence on the 2nd of September, and will terminate on the 3rd; the soldiers will be brought

up by the Meuse, near D'Yzes, and put in the hands of the German commissary by their officers, who will then give their commands to their non-commissioned officers. The military surgeons will remain, without exception, at the rear, to take care of the wounded."

The King of Prussia, in writing to the Queen a letter descriptive of the Battle of Sedan, gives the following interesting details of his meeting with the Emperor of the French at his surrender:—"I ordered the firing to cease, and sent Lieut.-Colonel Von Broussart, of the General Staff, with a flag of truce, to demand the capitulation of the army and the fortress. He was met by a Bavarian officer, who reported to him that a French *parlementaire* had announced himself at the gate. Colonel Von Broussart was admitted, and on his asking for the commander-in-chief, he was unexpectedly introduced into the presence of the Emperor, who wished to give him a letter for myself. When the Emperor asked what his message was, and received the answer 'to demand the surrender of the army and the fortress,' he replied that on this subject he must apply to the General de Wimpffen, who had undertaken the command, in the place of the wounded General Mac-Mahon, and that he would now send his adjutant-general, Reille, with the letter to myself. It was seven o'clock when Reille and Broussart came to me, the latter a little

in advance; and it was first through him that I learned with certainty of the presence of the Emperor. You may imagine the impression which this made upon all of us, but particularly on myself. Reille sprung from his horse and gave me the letter of the Emperor, adding that he had no other orders. Before I opened the letter I said to him, 'But I demand, as the first condition, that the army lay down their arms.' The letter begins thus:—"I cannot die at the head of my troops: I therefore place my sword at the feet of your majesty," leaving all the rest to me. My answer was that I deplored the manner of our meeting, and begged that a plenipotentiary might be sent with whom we might conclude the capitulation. After I had given the letter to General Reille, I spoke a few words with him as an old acquaintance, and so this act ended. I gave Moltke powers to negotiate, and directed Bismarck to remain behind in case political questions should arise. As on the morning of the 2nd I had received no news from Moltke respecting negotiations for the capitulation which were to take place in Donchery, I drove to the battle-field, according to agreement, at eight o'clock, and met Moltke, who was coming to obtain my consent to the proposed capitulation. He told me at the same time that the Emperor had left Sedan at five o'clock in the morning, and had come to Donchery, as he wished to speak with me. There was

a chateau and park in the neighbourhood, and I chose that place for our meeting. At ten o'clock I reached the height before Sedan. Moltke and Bismarck appeared at twelve o'clock, with the capitulation duly signed. At one o'clock I started again with Fritz, the Crown Prince, and, escorted by the cavalry and the staff, I alighted before the chateau, where the Emperor came to meet me. The visit lasted a quarter of an hour. We were both much moved at seeing each other under such circumstances. What my feelings were—I had seen Napoleon only three years before at the summit of his power—is more than I can describe. After this meeting, from half-past two to half-past seven o'clock, I rode past the whole army before Sedan. The reception given me by the troops, the meeting with the Guards, now decimated—all these are things which I cannot describe to-day. I was much touched by so many proofs of love and devotion. Now, farewell.—A heart deeply moved at the conclusion of such a letter.

“WILHELM.”

When it became known in the German camp that the Emperor had surrendered, there were loud cries for Count Bismarck. In reply to the congratulations that were addressed to him, he said:—“Gentlemen, I have done nothing to obtain the success of this war. Address yourselves to the King and Von Moltke; I have done nothing; but wait for one mo-

ment—I have done one thing, I have so acted that the Southern States of Germany have aided us with all their power; and it is to them and our brave Bavarians and Würtembergers that we owe the success of this day.”

• A melancholy and heart-rending catastrophe in connection with the struggle at Sedan occurred at Bazeilles, which is thus described by an eye-witness of the scene:—

“The fight begun outside the town was no doubt desperately contested by the French, who must have retired through the belt of wood till they were forced back into the village streets. And it must have been at this crisis that there occurred one of the most deplorable incidents of modern warfare. I understand that the French troops, consisting principally of marines and Gardes Mobiles, in contesting the possession of the place got into the houses as they retired, and fired upon the enemy from the windows, and the contest became one of most unparalleled fury. The French, who are said on this occasion to have surpassed their former deeds of valour, were evidently determined to do anything rather than surrender, and the German obstinacy and perseverance would appear to have been equally decided. When the contest was at its hottest, the town was suddenly and simultaneously fired in a hundred places. There can be no doubt that there will be bitter arguing and cross-swearing

about this event for many a day to come. The German story is that the villagers fired upon the wounded and upon the surgeons who were tending them, and that the order to burn the place was given as a just and obvious reprisal. The French people in the town appear to deny this with great indignation, and aver that neither by the troops nor by the villagers were the wounded or the surgeons fired upon. But I heard a German gentleman connected with one of the ambulances assert that he saw with his own eyes a wounded man and one of his bearers fired upon and killed by some of the villagers. Of course it was impossible to get a particular contradiction to such a statement, but there was an abundance of general and indignant denials, and so no doubt the matter will remain, each side and its partizans stoutly maintaining its own version. The appearance of the town—I have called it indifferently town and village, for though it had only a population of little over 3000, the stamp and substantiality of many of the houses, as far as one could judge, were more that of a town than of a village; the appearance of the place I cannot better describe than by saying that it looked as if a great thunderbolt had fallen upon and in one moment destroyed it utterly. The human bodies had been removed from the street, but the charred remains of helmets and shakos, and the stocks of rifles, with ever here and there swords and bayonets

and every sort of weapon showed that while the flames were raging all round them, and the helpless women and children were literally being roasted alive in the houses and in the streets, the maddened combatants did not cease from the battle, but died no doubt in numbers, hemmed in by the flames while they were fighting. It is almost impossible to realize that such things can have occurred in this age of civilization, and that humanity and civilization and Christianity should be disgraced by horrors that seem the very outcome of hell. It is like an evil dream; but it is to be hoped these terrible events will leave the world wiser for the future. The completeness and suddenness of the destruction were evidenced by numberless little circumstances—such as burnt remains of birds and animals one would have expected to escape, dogs and pigeons, and even cats in large numbers. Hundreds of the people betook themselves to the cellars, it is said, and there perished of suffocation. Nowhere could there have appeared an asylum for the miserable people—raging flames and suffocating smoke inside their houses, outside falling walls and roofs, and men like fiends incarnate fighting amid the flames and the blazing wreck. I walked about through the dreary streets. Here and there wretched old men and women were hanging about the ruins of their homes in a sort of stupor apparently. Some of them were weeping and sobbing.

—‘I have lived sixty-six years in this town,’ one poor fellow said to me, ‘I was away from home when this occurred, and now I don’t know whether they are not all buried in there,’ pointing to the ruins of his house. Every now and then, almost, as it appeared, at regular intervals, there was the crashing sound of falling masonry. We kept as much as possible in the centre of the streets: For an hour or so we walked about; the scenes were simply repeated in every house and in every street. The smell from the burning flesh of cattle, which we saw still on fire in the byres and stables, was offensive and overpowering, and we were not sorry to turn our backs on a scene of desolation and horror which must be almost without a parallel in history.”

TRUE TO HIS DUTY.

HUGH M’GAHERTY, a son of the Emerald Isle, who had volunteered from Philadelphia in the 16th Regiment of Infantry, was stationed on the beach at Sullivan’s Island, with strict orders to walk between two points, and to let no one pass without the countersign, which was to be communicated in a whisper. Two hours afterwards, the corporal with the relief discovered, by moonlight, Hugh up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he had been posted. “Who goes there?” Hugh shouted. “Relief,” answered the corporal. “Halt, relief. Ad-

vance, corporal, and give the countersign.” Corporal: “I’m not going in there to be drowned. Come out here and let me relieve you.” Hugh: “Never a bit: the lieutenant told me not to lave the post.” Corporal: “Well, then, I’ll leave you in the water all night” (going away as he spoke). Hugh: “Halt! I’ll put a hole in ye if ye pass without the countersign. Them’s me orders from the lieutenant” (cocking and levelling his gun). Corporal: “Confound you! everybody will hear it if I bawl it out to you.” Hugh: “Yes, me darlin’, and the lieutenant said it must be given in a whisper. In wid ye; me finger’s on the trigger, and me gun may go off.” The corporal had to yield to the force of argument, and wade in to the faithful sentinel, who rejoined, “The tide has most drowned me.”

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

AN Irishman in Germany, at the time when the celebrated Irish brigade were employed in the German wars, was saluted by a foreign officer with, “Well, Pat, would you fight for a foreign crown?” “Faith, and I would, your honour, or for two half crowns either.”

A PLAIN DIRECTION.

AN Irish officer, giving orders to a sentinel, commanded him “not to stir a foot, but walk up and down, and see what he could hear.”

*MICHAEL DOCHERTY, THE
SOLDIER OF MISFOR-
TUNE.*

THE character of the soldier of fortune, so inimitably well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of Sir Walter Scott's popular tale "A Legend of Montrose," has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author's brain. The adventures of a sentinel in the American service during the revolutionary war, as received from his own lips, will, however, determine whether the character of Dalgetty, "though it never did, might not have existed."

At the moment of retreat, on the 12th of May, 1713, when Colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of General Green's army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—"It does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight." No notice was taken of his speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, says Major Gordon, "how *he*, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action." "And who besides myself, had a better right to be

pleased, I wonder," said Docherty, "Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought, but, as bad luck would have it, *both* have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my *past life*, you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the *past that is to come*. I was unlucky from the jump. At the battle of Branwine, acting as Sergeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my Captain killed, and Lieutenant absented himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother's son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy.—Confinement was never agreeable to me. I could never be *easy* within the walls of a prison. A recruiting Sergeant of the British, who was at home in his business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual blarney, gained my good will, slipped the King's bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer into the 17th Regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm's way, when one ugly night, when I did not dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old

Delawares were covered with glory, and that, as their prisoner, I was sure to meet the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and whitewashed of my sins, my ancient comrades received me with kindness; and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment as a part of the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia. The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgarlic, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a gaol I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prison-ship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarleton's Legion. O! bothraction, what a mistake. I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honour, I was out of my *element*, and should certainly have given them leg bail, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the Cowpens quickly followed, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonets so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account already scored on my unfortunate carcass. As to all the miseries that I have since

endured, afflicted with a scarcity of everything but appetite and musquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that, and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they love Docherty. Exchanging kindness, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel *some qualms* at the thought of battle, since, take *whatever* side I will, I am always sure to find *the wrong one*.

A VERY PROPER PRECAUTION.

AN Irish officer, being visited by a brother in arms, found him tilting with his sword at a mark on the wall of his room. Being asked his reason for this exercise, he coolly replied,—"I have some friends to dine with me to-day that I *may* quarrel with, you know, honey!"

WARRANTED TO GO WELL.

AT the battle of Rosbach, in Saxony, fought in 1757, the French lost ten thousand men, and the Prussians only five hundred, a disparity of which the subjects of Frederic the Great used to twit the Gauls upon all occasions. A Prussian officer having sold a Frenchman a fine horse, the latter asked if the horse was a good goer, and could run well? "O yes," replied the arch-Prussian, "he was ridden by a Frenchman at Rosbach!"

MILITARY SIMPLICITY.

It was the custom of an old officer to make his children read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday afternoon. Upon mention being made of Nebuzardan, captain of the guard, coming to Jerusalem (2 Kings xxv. 8), he stopped the reader, and cried out, in a tone of voice that showed how deeply he was interested in the subject—"Good Heavens! is that man still a captain! Why he was a captain when I was a boy! Promotion in his regiment must have been very slow!"—a simplicity worthy of my uncle Toby.

IRISH SANG-FROID.

A YOUNG and gallant officer of the sister kingdom, being struck on the head with a musket-ball, the surgeons, on examining the wound, pronounced it dangerous, for they could see the brain.—"Faith, then," said he, quite coolly, "you'll oblige me by sending a small parcel of it to my father; for, by the powers, he would never believe I had a morsel."

A HARD CASE.

A PRIVATE of the 88th Regiment, quartered in a certain town, requested his commanding officer to obtain his permission to change into the 44th, then embarking for India. On being asked his motive for this singular wish, he replied it was from no dislike to the regiment, or his officers, and least of all

to his Honour; nor from any partiality to the 44th, or to India; "But the truth is," said he "I am married; and I hear my wife is coming to join; so I would fain be off, your Honour, anywhere."

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

ONE very hot day, Marshal Turenne, wearing a white night-cap and jacket, was indulging himself in looking from his ante-chamber window; when one of his household came quietly into the room, and deceived by the dress, mistook the Marshal for a certain culinary familiar, with whom he could take a liberty, and stealing softly behind, with a hand by no means light, gave him a hearty slap on what the Irish call the broadest part of the back. The poor valet's dismay may be conjectured when, on the Marshal turning round, he perceived the egregious error he had committed. He threw himself on his knees and exclaimed,—“I ask your lordship's pardon; but indeed I thought it was George.”—“Well, and if it had been George,” replied Turenne, rubbing his back, “you need not have slapped so hard!”

A SURGEON-CARPENTER.

A CAPTAIN of cavalry had a wooden leg which he always kept booted; in some subsequent affair, a cannon ball shattered it, which being perceived by several soldiers, they cried out, “A surgeon!—a sur-

geon for the captain!"—"No, no," vociferated he, "a carpenter will do!"

MUTUAL APOLOGIES.

A CERTAIN brave but facetious general was encamped before a citadel, which he was besieging. One morning, very early, an officer came to wake him, in order to communicate some news of importance, and opened his discourse as follows:—"I crave pardon, sir, for *waking* you."—"And I beg your's for going to *sleep* again," replied the general, turning upon his pillow, and pulling the bed clothes over him!

CHEST AND BOX.

DURING the time the number of the Royal Marine Artillery was reinforcing, Colonel Sir R. Williams had the option of choosing men from the Royal Marine Corps. One morning after parade, when the Colonel was making his selections for the barracks, a tall, but very thin and sickly-looking man (belonging to the Marines) presented himself to Sir R., and begged to be admitted into the artillery. The colonel surveyed the *lath*-looking applicant, and, wishing to make his refusal reasonable, said, "No, no, my good fellow, you won't do—you won't do—you look ill—besides you have no chest!"—"No, your honour, I haven't; but I've a small deal box in our room!"

THE REASON WHY.

A REPORT that Buonaparte

had been wounded *in the back* at the battle of Esclau, having puzzled some of our *quidnuncs*, as he was stated to have *pursued* the Russians, an Irish gentleman reconciled the apparent contradiction, by observing, that the crafty chief might have had his coat *buttoned behind*!

THE TAILOR AND THE COUNTERSIGN.

DURING the time of Buonaparte's threatened invasion of England, the Portsmouth volunteers did garrison duty. It is the custom, as military readers know, for an officer with his guard to go the rounds, at certain intervals throughout the night, to see that the men are at their posts. A worthy tailor happened to be sentinel in one of the batteries, when the guard went round one night. As soon as they approached within hailing, he called out, with a lusty voice, "Who goes there?" "The rounds!" was the reply. "What rounds?" interrogated the tailor. "The grand rounds!" returned the accompanying sergeant. The worthy tailor, however, instead of completing the usual formula of military questions and answers, by crying out "Advance, and give the countersign!" simply contented himself with shaking his head in a very knowing manner, and remarking, with a wink of the eye, "Ha!—I thought so, by the lantern!" This was too much even for the extreme military gravity of a volunteer guard, and a burst of laughter, during which the sergeant dropped the

lantern, finished this farcical incident.

BOASTING EXTRAORDINARY.

"IF all those whom I have killed in war," said a Gascon soldier, "were thrown together in a heap into one of the valleys of our Pyrenees, one might pass over it, as on level ground, from the top of one mountain to the other."

A Gascon soldier and a Parisian quarrelled, but a reconciliation soon took place. "'Tis well for you," said the Gascon to the Parisian, "that you surprised me in a pacific mood. Had you incensed me one hair's breadth more, I should have thrown you so high into the air, that the flies would have time to eat you before you fell to the ground!"

After the battle of Louze, where the French Guards performed prodigies of valour, some of them, principally Gascons, were boasting of their actions and their prowess. "I, for my part," said one, "killed twenty men." "And I," said another, "killed as many, and took two general officers prisoners!" "I," said a third, "cut my way through two or three squadrons, and carried off all the colours!" "And you," said the bystanders to a Gascon officer of much bravery, "say nothing!—what have you done?" "I," replied he, "why—I was killed!"

• MAGNANIMITY IN A COMMON SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER having been mal-

treated by a general officer, and having received several stripes of a cane for some disrespectful words which had escaped him, answered with great *sang froid*, that he would some time or other make him repent such usage. Fifteen days after, the same general commissioned his colonel to select from his regiment a man bold enough to execute a daring project he had in view, promising him a handsome recompense. The soldier in question, who passed for the bravest in the regiment, offered himself, and taking with him thirty of his comrades, the choice of whom had been left to himself, he accomplished the hazardous enterprise with incredible skill and courage.—The attempt was to discover whether the enemy were undermining a sloping hill, of which he brought back ample proof by returning with the hat and pick-axe of a miner he had himself slain. The general, after bestowing many praises, ordered him the promised reward; he received it, but immediately distributed it among his comrades, saying, that he did not serve for money, and only requested, that if the action he had performed merited a recompense, that he might be made an officer—"In short," added he, addressing the general, who did not recognise him—"I am the soldier whom you so severely maltreated fifteen days since; and I told you truly that I would make you repent it." The general, struck with admiration, and moved even to tears, shook him by the hand,

asked his pardon, and on the same day raised him to the rank of ensign.

SASHING BEFORE SLASHING.

WHEN George II. was to dress on the morning of the battle of Dettingen, two sashes were laid on his dressing-table, the one crimson, belonging to the British uniform; the other yellow, for the Hanoverian. The king took up the yellow one, which Lord Stair seeing, cried out, "Does your Majesty mean that all the English should desert? If you do, the putting on that sash is sufficient." The king, then, very reluctantly put on the crimson.

ANECDOTES OF MARLBOROUGH.

THIS great English general learned the rudiments of the art of war, during his service with the English auxiliaries in the employment of France against the Dutch, under Marshal Turenne. He afterwards turned the arts of his teachers against themselves, for he proceeded in an uninterrupted course of success, and completely humbled the military pride of Louis XIV. Such was his skill, that Marlborough never fought a battle but he won it; and never laid siege to a town, but he took it. So little indebted was he to the aid of learning for his pre-eminence, that he could scarcely write; and yet so various were his talents, that his influence

was felt in the council as much as in the field.

It was a saying of his, "Give me ten thousand half-starved Scotchmen, ten thousand half-drunken Irishmen, and ten thousand well-fed Englishmen, and in spite of all the Grande Monarque can do, I will march from Boulogne to Bayonne.

In the war of the allies with France, the deputies of the states of Holland presented many obstacles to the plans of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. The Duke was once asked how it happened that Alexander the Great, and many other heroes of antiquity, had, in a very short time made such considerable progress in their conquests, and that now all that the greatest generals could do, was to take two or three towns in the course of a whole campaign. "The reason," he replied, "is sufficiently obvious: Alexander and the other great heroes of antiquity, had never any deputies from the States-general in their camps."

He conducted his army from the Low Countries to join the Imperialists upon the banks of the Danube. The great Eugene, astonished at the excellent condition of his troops after so long and difficult a march, exclaimed, "My lord, I never saw stronger horses, or soldiers better clothed and equipped. All this, however, can be done for money; but money cannot purchase the courage which shines in the countenances of your men." "If what you remark be true," replied the Duke, "it is easily

accounted for: my soldiers know before whom they stand: their intrepid looks are inspired by your presence."

Great men are never angry at little things. The Duke riding out with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and the Duke called for his cloak. Marriot had his put on by his servant immediately. The Duke's servant not bringing the cloak, he called for it again, but found he was still puzzling about the straps and buckles; at last, it raining very hard, the Duke called again, and asked his man what he was about. "You must stay," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The Duke turned patiently round to Marriot, and quietly said, "I should be sorry to be of that fellow's temper."

Marlborough, at his death, left Prince Eugene his sword. Lord Orford, the Minister's son, was with the Prince when this mark of his great rival's esteem was brought and presented to him. He immediately drew it, and, making a flourish with it, said in French, "Behold the sword which I have followed through the whole of this long war."

TAILORS NOT MEN—MARES NOT HORSES.

A COURTIER came running out of breath to humorous old Queen Bess, with a face full of dismay and perspiration, and a mouth full of news and summer-dust, and addressing her in a very important manner, said,

"Madam, I have bad news for you. The party of tailors mounted on mares, who attacked the Spaniards, are all cut off to a man!" "Courage, friend," said the cool old Queen; "although this news is bad indeed, yet when we consider the description of the soldiers, and the nature of the quadrupeds, it is some consolation to think that we have lost neither *man* nor *horse*."

MARSHAL BOUFFLERS.

THIS renowned soldier distinguished himself by his brave defence of Lisle against Prince Eugene. When the place surrendered, and the Marshal was taken prisoner, "I have too much glory," said Eugene, "in this achievement: had fortune given me my choice, I would rather have defended the place in the manner you have done, than have taken it."

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

CALLIMOTTE, the faithful friend and follower of the great Schomberg in all his fortunes, and who commanded the French Protestants, was rode down desperately wounded. Schomberg hearing of his friend's distress, and perceiving that of the centre, hastened from his station to their relief. Callimotte and his friend passed each other in the river unknown, and at a distance, one mortally wounded, carried off by his soldiers, and calling out to all that passed him, "A la gloir mes enfans."

la gloir!"—the other on horse-back, in the deepest of the river, rallying the French Protestants, and pointing out to them their countrymen in the Irish army, exclaiming, "Voilà, Messieurs, vos persecuteurs!" In the meantime, that part of Hamilton's dragoons which had entered the river, finding their career stopped, returned, and, in doing so, again broke through the French Protestants, wounded the gallant and venerable Schomberg, who, in the confusion, was borne on with them; and his own men, ignorant that he was among them, fired at the troop, and killed their own noble leader.

The English army was immediately involved in tumult and disorder, while the infantry of James rallied and returned to their posts with renewed resolution. They were just about to fall upon the centre, when King William having passed with the left wing of his army, composed of the Danish, Dutch, and Inniskilling horse, advanced to attack them on the right. The troops of James were seized with a sudden panic, and retreated towards Dunmore; they there made such a vigorous stand, that the troops, though headed and animated by William, recoiled. In this action, General Hamilton, who had been the very soul of the Irish army during this memorable engagement, having nearly succeeded in recovering the battle, was wounded and taken. James seeing this, and hearing that Count Schomberg was still

making his way to Dunleek, quitted his station while the armies were yet fighting, leaving orders for the army to retire, and defend the pass of Dunleek, and afterwards to fall back to the Shannon: he himself, with his principal officers, fled. On hearing this, William asked General Hamilton, then his prisoner, if he thought the Irish army would fight any more. Hamilton answered, "Upon my honour I believe they will." The king, with that emphatic undertone which so peculiarly distinguished him, muttered, "Your honour! your honour!" alluding to Hamilton's former breach of it towards himself, and then ordered a pursuit in all quarters, in the confusion of which, the orders of the monarch who had abandoned them were totally unobserved, and the defeat was complete. Two thousand of the Irish were killed; the English lost not more than a fourth of that number.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN NORTH AMERICA.

IN the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the English army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers,

"you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army—surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment

was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonish-

When the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again to their unutterable wonder they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter: but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery!"

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved

my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance ; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes ; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees ; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig ! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated : I took my aim ; discharged my piece ; and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian ! He had en-

veloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely ; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice ; watched the moment when they could throw it off ; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

FORESIGHT.

ON the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, "I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray's movements ; they are all I could

Wish. To-morrow we will take from him 40,000 prisoners." Moreau took 40,000, besides a great many flags.

DEATH OF MOREAU.

BOTH the movements beyond the passes and the attack on Dresden were undertaken against the advice of Moreau. His conduct and demeanour, since his arrival at the army, had been generally spoken of in the highest terms; and he was the greatest loss the army could then have sustained. His heroism was truly great; after the fatal shot, he spoke to the Emperor Alexander with the most perfect self-possession, never uttered a groan, and smoked a cigar the moment after the shot had struck him.

GOOD SPIRITS.

LATOUR MAUBOURG lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

THE DUKE OF YORK.

At the siege of Valenciennes it was impossible to make the Duke of York cautious. He once came round to look at the works carrying on, so far as to

be within reach of a gun of the enemy. Count Jarnac perceiving this, went up to him and said, "Your Royal Highness's coat has attracted attention. Let me advise you not to continue your walk this way." He then pointed out a path by which he might retreat in safety. The Duke took the warning very good-humouredly, but said, "I came with the intention to go this way round, and I cannot go back for fear of a cannon ball." He had passed the point of danger but a moment, when the ball reached the sentinel within a few yards of him.

The Duke of York remarked to Colonel W——, at the mess of the 11th Regiment, that the Colonel was uncommonly bald, and, though a younger man than his Royal Highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The Colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his Royal Highness that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his Royal Highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W—— replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant Colonel obtained promotion a few days afterwards.

PRECEDENCE.

GENERAL MEADOWS, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconnoitring party in the Mysore country, a twenty-

four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger, had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled on, good-humouredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

REASON FOR BEING LATE.

COLONEL GREEN (says the Duchess of Abrantes) was to dine with us one day. After waiting for him a long time, we sat down to dinner. He arrived at the second course. "It seems, my dear Green," said Junot, "that your watch is too slow." "Oh, no, General," replied Green; "but as I was passing through the Rue Vivienne, I had the misfortune to break twelve guineas' worth of an old woman, and that delayed my arrival." His carriage had, in fact, thrown down an old woman, who uttered such dreadful yells, that Green thought she must be seriously injured. He, therefore, got out, and examined her, and finding that she was not much hurt, gave her some money and was about to proceed; but she again cried out that she was about to die, had him arrested by the guard, and he only got off by giving her three or four hundred francs for an accident by no means serious.

ADVENTURE OF AN OFFICER IN ITALY.

A BRITISH officer travelling in Italy, arrived one evening at a small village, much fatigued and in need of refreshment. Applying for it at the door of a *capanna*, provisions were set before him, and a bed prepared for the exhausted wanderer, for which hospitalities he paid little or nothing. Next day, his host offered to put him in the right road to the place he next intended to visit; and, during their walk, the officer asked him several questions respecting the state of Italy, Italian towns, Italian government and police, &c., concluding by inquiring the profession of his guide, and how he maintained himself and family:—"Signor," replied the man, "*Sono rubatore—bandito*"—and he plucked from his vest a concealed stiletto, advising the astonished traveller to hasten forwards, lest he should meet with *ladri* less honourable than himself; assuring him, however, that all who confided in him for protection and kindness, were safe, and certain of receiving it.

THE SOLDIER'S BOUQUET.

A FEW years since, a young officer in a Maltese regiment, who had but lately entered the service, and was not much accustomed to the smell of gunpowder, appeared one morning on parade with a rose in his button-hole, with the fine perfume of which he ever and anon

regaled his olfactory nerves. Upon observing this, his commanding officer, Count G——, a veteran who had seen much service, ran up to the young man, tore the rose from his bosom, and trampled it under foot, exclaiming, as he broke one of a soldier's cartridges under his chin, and actually thrust the powder into his nostrils—"That, sir, is the only *bouquet* for a soldier!"

IGNORANCE OF MILITARY TERMS.

THE lady of the late Dr. H—, of Eton, having a son in the army, and in a regiment part of which was ordered to one of the Indies, consoled some friends and herself with the assurance, that "they were not likely to lose the young man, since only two *redoubts* of his regiment were ordered on foreign service, and he was not in either of them."

KOSCIUSKO.

THOSE who wished to make acquaintance with Kosciusko, when at Paris, in 1798, procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer, the widow of his former adjutant. One evening, as Kosciusko entered the apartments of this lady, she met him with the information that he would have an opportunity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish was to make his acquaintance. "With all my heart," said Kosciusko, "provided it is not a learned lady;

for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy." Madame Fiszer replied, that it was a learned lady; Madame de Stael Holstein, one of the most celebrated in the French literary world. At these words, he snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of earnestness for the anticipated pleasure of the evening, the Polish countess frankly told her what had passed. Madame de Stael invited herself for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciusko. Next evening, Kosciusko came as usual, found several of his countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When the established forms of presentation were over, she went up to Kosciusko, and with her innate, vivacious eagerness, loaded him with flattering speeches, and concluded with the following address: "General, tell me your history; pray relate to us the principal events of the Polish revolution."—With perfect composure and self-possession, he laconically replied, "Madame, I made, but cannot relate, it."

MIRABEAU.*

ONE day, my grandfather (says Mirabeau) arrived at a review the very moment it had taken place. Alighting from his horse, he went directly to the major, who instantly said to the

commissioner, "There, sir, is M. Mirabeau, whom I told you would not fail to be here in the course of the day." The commissioner replied, that he was very sorry, but his duty was to review the troops, and make a report of the men missing; that the troops had passed before him, and the captain was not present; that he had nothing to do with any other circumstance, and, consequently, the review was closed, for M. Mirabeau would be reported absent. Mirabeau allowed the major to plead his cause, and exclaimed against the commissioner's severity; but the inspecting officer, who strictly adhered to his instructions, refused to alter his decision. The young captain, who till then had remained silent, now approached the commissioner, and with the utmost coolness said to him, "I am then absent, sir?"—"Yes, sir," replied the commissioner.—"In that case," said Mirabeau, "this takes place in my absence," and attacked the commissioner with his horsewhip, and gave him, in the middle of the parade, a singular dilemma to solve.

GILLIES MAC BANE.

IN the battle of Culloden, the heroism of Gillies Mac Bane was most eminently displayed, and worthy of a better fate. This gentleman was major of the regiment of Clan Mac Intosh; and when the Argyle militia broke down the park wall, by which means they were enabled to attack the High-

landers in flank, the brave Gills lies stationed himself at the gap, and, as the enemy entered, they suffered severely from the irresistible strokes of his claymore. At last, finding himself opposed singly to the whole troop, he set his back to the wall, and defended himself with the fierceness of desperation, keeping the enemy at bay, and killing several of them. Some officers, admiring his valour, endeavoured to save his life, but Gillies fell, when he had slain thirteen of his foes.

TOMAHAWKING.

DURING the American war, Captain Gregg, and a brother officer, returning from hunting, were fired upon by an ambush of Indians. Both fell, and the Indians coming up, struck them on the forehead with the tomahawk, and scalped them. Captain Gregg, in describing the operation, said, he felt as if molten lead were poured on his head; yet he had the hardihood to lie still, suppressing his breath, to make them suppose he was dead. When they had left him, he felt as if something cooling were applied to his burning head: this was caused by the coldness of the tongue of his dog, which was licking it. The dog, after fawning upon him, left him and disappeared in the woods. Captain Gregg, in attempting to rise, found he was wounded in the back by a musket-shot, and severely bruised on the forehead by the stroke of a tomahawk, which

would have killed him, had not its force been broken by his hat. He crawled to his brother officer, who lay dead near him, and opening his waistcoat, laid his throbbing head upon his warm bosom; for the sticks and stones among which he lay were torture to him. Here he expected death to put an end to his sufferings. In the meantime, the dog hastened home to the captain's friends, and by his manner showed that some accident had befallen his master. They followed the dog, which guided them to the scene described, where they arrived just in time to save the life of Captain Gregg, who, under the care of a skilful surgeon, ultimately recovered.

GROG MAKING.

WHEN the British soldiers landed at Trinidad (says a recent writer), they broke open a boiling-house and distillery, and made grog in a most original manner, and on a very extensive scale. They rolled out three hogsheads of sugar, and seven puncheons of rum, which they emptied into a well of water, drew up the mixture in buckets full, and drank it. This singular mode of making grog was introduced by the regiment under the command of Colonel Picton, who, during his government, endeavoured, but without success, to make the Colonial Department reimburse the proprietor for the damage sustained.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

PICTON had an original way of treating those debtors who had the means, but wanted the will, to pay. Instead of undergoing the heavy delay of a Spanish law process, creditors were in the habit of going to the Governor, who would then summon the debtor before him, and ask him if the plaintiff's claim was just. If the defendant answered in the affirmative, Picton desired him to pay him immediately. Perhaps the defendant would remark, that he had not the money at the moment; when the Governor would ask him, by what time he would have it. If the defendant said, he should have it in a week, the Governor paid the plaintiff himself, and then turning to the defendant, he would desire him to take care that he produced the money within ten days. This was enough, for few men would venture to trifle with the Governor.

QUEER SOUP.

DURING a campaign in Germany, Lord Townsend, who commanded one of the brigades, gave a dinner to his officers, as is usual with generals on a march. When the soup was served up (says Sir J. Campbell), a universal complaint was made of its horrid taste. An inquiry was instantly made into the cause, when it was found that the French, by whom the place had been occupied as an hospital but two days before, on

retreating, for the purpose of expediting the interment of their dead, had thrown many of them into the wells. The company instantly broke up in disorder : but old Major Hume, of the 25th Foot, who had been a soldier from his infancy, and often, no doubt, fared on viands not the most delicate, proceeded with characteristic indifference to finish his dinner, exclaiming that the soup was good, and that it would have been better if the whole French army had been in the water of which it was made.

BOLD SPEECH.

CHARLES XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipzig, when a peasant came and knelt before him to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?"—"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injustice as your majesty has done my master; you have taken from him a *kingdom*, and I have taken only a *turkey* from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his *bon mot*, saying to him, "Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

FRITZ'S LIBRARY.

FREDERIC THE GREAT had

five libraries, all exactly alike, and containing the same books, ranged in the same order; one at Potsdam, a second at Sans Souci, a third at Berlin, a fourth at Charlottenburg, and a fifth at Breslau. On removing to either of these places, he had only to make a note of the page at which he left off, to pursue it without interruption on his arrival. Accordingly, he always bought five copies of the books he chose to read.

DICTION.

COLONEL KEMYSS, of the 40th Regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelvemonth, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. "Take him," said he to the corporal, who was an Irishman, "take the man, and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana." After some time, the corporal returned. "What have you done with the man I sent with you?" inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of the cap—"Sure an't please y'r honnur, and didn't y'r honnur tell me to *lave* him in the river? and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r honnur's orders." The bystanders, and even the colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the facetious mistake of the honest corporal, who looked innocence itself and

wondered what there could be to laugh at.

*A DINNER LOST BY
LAUGHTER.*

AN old colonel, who used to be invited with us to dine at Luna's house (says Mr. Hardy), had such a propensity to laughter, that, after having once yielded to its influence, he could not restrain himself as long as anything remained to excite it. I used to make him burst into a horse-laugh whenever I chose, only by winking at him ridiculously. Upon one occasion, when a great number of persons were assembled at table, a fancy came across me to try whether a grin and an odd remark would have the same effect upon him in company. It answered marvellously well. He could not restrain a burst of laughter, which rather startled the rest of the party; to whom, however, I managed to convey a hint, and they immediately entered into the spirit of the joke. Each, in his turn, told some extraordinary anecdote, or made some odd remark, at which the colonel burst out anew, till at last his laughter became quite alarming. The consequence was that he did not swallow one mouthful during dinner; for, no sooner did he attempt to introduce a bit of food into his odd mouth, which even then was distorted by a suppressed grin, than some one made a laughable observation, which again excited the poor man's risible propensity, and the meat was suffered to return to

his plate untasted. He afterwards complained that, in addition to his having lost his dinner, his sides were quite sore with the exertion.

A MAN OF NO TITLE.

GENERAL SCOTT and two or three others, were sitting one evening in a log-tavern, when in came a well-dressed stranger, from the New England States, and called for half a pint of whisky. The landlord informed him that he did not sell it in such small quantities. The general, who was very fond of whisky, said, "Stranger, I will join you, and pay half; therefore, landlord, give us a pint of your best." The whisky was brought, and the general, who was to drink first, began by saying to the stranger, "Colonel, your good health."—"I am no colonel," replied the stranger.—"Well, then," said the general, "Major, your good health."—"I am no major," replied the New Englander.—"Then your good health, captain," said the general.—"I am no captain, sir," said the stranger, "and, what is more, never held a commission in my life."—"Well, then," said the general, "you are the first man in Kentucky that ever wore a cloth coat and was not a commissioned officer."

CLANSHIP.

A HIGHLAND officer (says Sir J. Campbell) on perambulating a camp, observing two of his

men lying dead drunk in the rear of a tent, called out, "Sergeant, whatna twa rascals are thae?"—"It's Shon Macdonald and Donald Cameron." Officer: "Puir Donald Cameron! Tak' him into his tent, and throw a planket o'er him, for fear he should get cauld; but tak' that scoundrel Shon Macdonald to the rear-guard." The officer's name was Cameron.

THE BARLEY BREE.

MAC NAB, of Mac Nab, the chief of that ancient clan, commanded, during the war, a fencible regiment, which, upon one occasion, he was ordered to march from its head-quarters in the highlands of Perthshire, to Cupar-of-Fife, for some months of permanent duty. The colonel, with a regard truly paternal for the comfort of his men, to say nothing of himself, had taken care to secure a respectable supply of genuine whisky among the baggage, from a conviction that the right sort was not to be had in the low country. All went off smoothly; the wagons were sent forward a couple of hours' march in advance of the column, under the escort of a sergeant's guard, and had safely passed the bridge of Dunkeld, when the party was suddenly surprised by an ambuscade of gaugers, who declared the convoy "seized in the king's name." The sergeant protested he would never surrender the charge committed to him by his commanding officer, and the gaugers were fain to be satisfied

with a compromise, and wait till the regiment and Mac Nab should come up. This duly happened in process of time, and the laird having been informed of the situation of affairs, dived into the recesses of his waistcoat pocket, which always stood him instead of a snuff-box, and having inhaled a pinch, felt himself strengthened for the performance of his arduous duty, and exclaiming, "This is a creetic affair, lads; chairge wi' pouter an' ba'!" was instantly obeyed with instinctive Highland subordination, to the no small dismay of the gaugers, who lost no time in effecting a hasty retreat. The regiment reached Cupar without further interruption, and the gallant Colonel was not the most backward to refresh himself with the disputed whisky. A few hours, however, only had elapsed, when Mac Nab received a summons to answer a charge of having "deforced the King's officers in the execution of their duty;" and having presented himself before the tribunal, the evidence was taken, and was clearly conclusive against him. He commenced his defence by the usual copious draught on the contents of his waistcoat-pocket, and then assured the Court, that having the care of a King's regiment on its route to a strange country, and the times being "fashous," he had thought it expedient that, in case of accidents, the men should be loaded. "But," he added, "tho' it's varra true I caused them to chairge wi' pouter an' ba', I am sure they

na'er haard me gi' the word 'fire.'" The colonel's distinction was pronounced good in law; without firing no deforcement could take place. A triumphant acquittal was the consequence.

THE FORTY-SECOND.

BEFORE the Forty-second Regiment disembarked in Egypt in 1801, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, orders were given not to fix their bayonets, nor to load their muskets, till they were all on shore, although the enemy's shot were falling in and around the boats like hail. After the regiment had formed into line on the beach, which was done in the coolest manner, under the destructive fire from a French battery and a battalion of infantry on the heights in front, Major Stirling gave the word, "Fix bayonets." In a moment every bayonet was fast to its musket. The major next followed with "Prime and load;" but the words had scarcely escaped his lips, when an individual in the ranks vociferated, "No prime and load, but charge bayonets immediately." The entire regiment, as one man, instantly obeyed this energetic command, ascended the heights at a charge, and carried the French position with cold steel in the most gallant style. But the question immediately arose, who was the individual that ordered the charge, when the commanding officer had only given the word to prime and load. On inquiry, it was found that the person who had assumed

the command was Donald Black, a private soldier and an old smuggler from the Island of Skye. On General Moore arriving on the spot, he told the Forty-second their bravery was beyond all praise; but that not obeying their commanding officer was a great breach of discipline, and on the present occasion, the movement might have had a fatal termination; at the same time, turning round to the colonel, he admonished him for the irregularity of his men. Colonel Dickson replied, "I might have held one man, but it was impossible for me to hold a whole regiment." Donald Black, being quite indignant at what he thought unnecessary loss of time, his impatience to close upon the foe in the Scottish manner made him lose sight entirely of the humble station which he occupied in the corps.

A CRIMEAN HERO.

THE colonel being wounded, Champion took the command of the regiment. He was a man of great gentleness and piety; and if he was not highly endowed with intellectual gifts, he was able to express the feelings of his heart with something of a poetic force. His mind was accustomed to dwell very much on the world that lies beyond the grave; and in the midst of this scene of carnage he gained, as it were, a seeming glimpse of the happy state; for when the younger Eddington fell at his side, Champion paused to see what ailed him, and looking

upon his young friend's pale face, he saw it suddenly clothed with a "most sweet expression." It was because death was on him that the blissful look had come. In the mind of Champion the sight had a deep import; for he was of the faith that God's providence is special, and to him the beautiful smile on the features of the dead was the smile of an immortal man gently carried away from earth by the very hand of his Maker.

Yet this piety of his was of no unwarlike cast. Nay, he was of so noble a sort that, though he had willingly chosen the profession of arms, yet, when he prayed, he was accustomed to render thanks to his Creator for vouchsafing to make him a hardy soldier; and being, he said, very strong in the belief that he could die as piously on the battle-field as in a downy bed, he pressed on content, with his soldiers, to face the great redoubt.—*Kinglake's Crimea.*

LORD RAGLAN.

AT that moment affairs were going ill with the French. The appearance of our head-quarters on the knoll had been marked by our allies as well as by the enemy; for now a French aid-de-camp, in great haste, came climbing up the knoll to seek Lord Raglan. He seemed to be in a state of grievous excitement; but perhaps it was the violence of his bodily exertion which gave him this appearance, for he had quitted his horse in

order the better to mount the steep, and he rushed up bare-headed to Lord Raglan, to ask that he would give some support to the French, and as a ground for the demand, he urged that the French were hardly pressed by the enemy. "My lord," he said, "my lord, my lord, we have before us eight battalions!"

. . . . Bending in his saddle, Lord Raglan turned kindly round towards his right—towards the side of his maimed arm—and his expression was that of one intent to assuage another's pain, but the sunshine of the last two days had tanned him so crimson, that it masked the generous flush which used to come to his face in such moments. He did not look at all like an anxious and vexed commander who had to listen to a desponding message in the midst of a battle. . . . In his comforting, cheerful way, he said: "I can spare you a battalion." But it was something of more worth than the promise of a battalion that the aid-de-camp carried back with him. He carried back tidings of the spirit in which Lord Raglan was conducting the battle. At a time when the French were cast down, it was of some moment to them to learn that the English head-quarters, strangely placed as they were in the midst of the Russian position, wore a scene of robust animation, and that Lord Raglan looked and spoke like a man who had the foe in his power.—*Kinglake's Crimea.*

PETER THE GREAT.

WHEN the battle of Pultowa, so fatal to the Swedish monarch, was over, Peter invited the principal of his prisoners to dine with him in his tent; and after dinner, rising gravely from his seat, he gave the health of "his masters in the art of war." One of the Swedish generals said, "Pray, sir, to whom does your Majesty give that honourable title?" "To you, gentlemen," replied the Czar. "Then your Majesty has just treated your masters with great ingratitude," said another of the Swedish officers. "I will repair that," said the Czar, "as well as I can," and instantly restored their swords to them, and treated them with the most marked attention all the time they continued his prisoners.

ALEXANDER I., OF RUSSIA.

THE Emperor Alexander was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion, his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Emperor was attired in his usual travelling costume, a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military-looking personage who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's

questions, the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley, "Allow me to ask," said Alexander, "what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?"—"Higher, if you please."—"Captain?"—"Another step."—"Major?"—"Go on, go on."—"Lieutenant-Colonel, I presume?"—"You have hit it at last, though not without effort." These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance, and several answers in the preceding dialogue were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. "Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller," said the officer: "Pray what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Well, then, at the first glance I should say Captain."—"Higher, if you please."—"Major?"—"Go on, if you please."—"Lieutenant-colonel?"—"Pray, go on."—"Colonel?"—"A little higher, if you please."—"The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar."—"Major-general?"—"Another step, if you please."—"The officer now stood immovable "at attention."—"Your Excellency is then Lieutenant-General."—"You are not quite up to the mark."—"In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field-marshal?"—"Do me the favour, Lieutenant-colonel, to make another effort."—"Ah, sire!" cried the officer, with emotion, "will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But

could I imagine that the Emperor—"I am not offended," replied Alexander, "and to prove it, if you have any favour to ask, I will grant it with pleasure."

A POLISH GENERAL.

AT the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder-barrels, and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated in a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades were cut down, when drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation—"So dies a Polish General!" fired the other through his own heart.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ONE evening, after a great battle, Frederick approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. "Generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you,

and it is not right to abandon us so." The King, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great coat, and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great coat and coat was perceptible. Upon this the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun: "You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us—we will all die for you!" and the conversation concluded with three cheers, and their entreaties to the King to take more care of his own safety.

Frederick wrote one day to General Salmon, commander at Cleves: "My dear Salmon,—If the Austrians come into my territories, tell them they have mistaken their way; if they begin to argue, make them prisoners; and if they make any resistance cut them in pieces."

AN ESCAPE.

VISCOUNT DE BEAULIEU having declared Antwerp in a state of siege, and ordered all the wine-houses to be closed, on the very first day a grenadier was found on his post desperately drunk,

The commander, who, before condemning him to be shot, gave him an opportunity of explaining. The muddled soldier stammered out, "Why, General, your proclamation says, the refractory are to be fired on with *grape-shot*, and as I had none, I thought it my duty to *provide myself with ammunition*." Beau-lieu laughed, and the grenadier escaped with a reprimand.

' DREADNAUGHT.

LEWIS BIRTO GRILLON, a gentleman of Avignon, was as remarkable on account of the peculiarities in his temper as his intrepidity, which had procured him the name of Dreadnaught. Having been sent to the Duke of Guise after the reduction of Marseilles, the Duke resolved to try his courage, and agreed with some gentlemen to give a sudden alarm before Grillon's quarters, as if the enemy had taken the place; at the same time he ordered two horses to the door, and going up into Grillon's room, told him all was lost; that the enemy were masters of the post and town: that they had forced the guards, and broken and put to flight all that opposed them; that, finding it impossible to resist any longer, he thought it was better for them to retreat, than by suffering themselves to be taken, add to the glories of the victory; that he had, therefore, ordered two horses to be brought, which were ready at the door, and desired he would make haste, for

fear they should give the enemy time to surprise them. Grillon was asleep when the storm began, and was hardly awake whilst the Duke of Guise was saying all this to him; however, without being at all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, they ought not, on too slight grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and even if the account should prove true, it was more becoming men of honour to die with swords in their hands, than to survive the loss of the place. The Duke of Guise not being able to prevail on him to change his resolution, followed him out of the room, but when they had got halfway downstairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out laughing, by which Grillon discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thereupon assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought he was going to fight, and squeezing the Duke of Guise's hand, said to him, swearing at the same time, "Young man, never make a jest to try the courage of a man of honour; for had you made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger into thy heart!" and then left him without saying a word more.

AN EPISODE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

ON Saturday, during the armistice, I came upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Ma-

melon.* The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about, saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariable long grey coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all in full uniform, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed Balaclava fashion, and wore uncouth head-dresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots.

Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in "style" of face and bearing. One tall, fine-looking old man, with a long grey beard and strangely-shaped cap, was pointed out to us as Hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea, but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternise with the French better than with ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front.

* A hill forming one of the Russian defences.

While all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—shattered gabions and sandbags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home.

I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes, each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced, and seemed ill-fed, though many of them had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet, and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts, was remarkable. Several sailors of the "equipages" of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the

attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces.—*Armistice*, March, 1855.

AMONG THE ASHANTEES.

SOME of their customs possess a curious interest, and it is worth while to glance at them. If the Ashantee king is well disposed to the stranger—especially the European stranger—whom he learns to be approaching the confines of his dominions, he confers upon him the distinction of a public and ceremonious welcome. On one occasion an English visitor was thus honoured in a notable manner. He was conducted by two Ashantee nobles to an open space, a common in the centre of Coomassie. There, upon an artificial mound fantastically shaped, sat King Koffee Kalkalli, surrounded by the principal personages of his court. Over his sable majesty was a very wide umbrella, fifteen feet in circumference, made of various coloured cloths, of which the most conspicuous was very fine silk velvet. Each noble was provided with a similar umbrella, with a gold handle. From some of the umbrellas hung pieces of cloth to which small mirrors, turned towards the faces of the nobles, were attached. On the tops of the umbrellas were roughly carved and gilded figures of animals and other objects, designed as the armorial bearings of the chiefs. Two jet black slaves fanned each noble as he sat. The visitor advanced into the aristocratic semicircle, put out his right hand, and, when he came opposite the king, took off his hat and made a low obeisance. Then he passed round to the extremity of the assemblage, and took his place upon a seat which had been set for him. King Koffee thereupon ordered the guest to be served with palm-wine; then the chiefs rose, passed the guest in turn and saluted him, while one, stopping directly in front of him, pulled a gold-handled sword from his belt and began to execute a war-dance. Last of all the king passed, bowing and smiling, and then the stranger rose and followed the procession. This was really an imposing pageant. Nobles bore upon their shoulders the gold and silver mounted thrones of the former kings; slaves carried richly inlaid boxes, vases of silver, and banners. The king and each of his nobles were surrounded by a body-guard armed with muskets and spears, while a band, with gongs, cymbals, and drums, awoke the echoes with a rude, clashing, martial music. In this way the visitor was escorted through the principal streets of the city, until the royal palace was reached. Here Koffee bid him good-bye, the procession broke up, and he was permitted to go.

THE FORTY-SECOND IN ASHANTEE.

With reference to the gallant behaviour of the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch) at the battle of Amoafu, with the 23rd

(Welsh Fusiliers) and Rait's field artillery, comprising the foremost column of attack, under command of Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Alison, C.B., we quote the following account by an eye-witness :—

"The 42nd and the eighty men of the 23rd Regiment, now up with us, were under Sir Archibald, and to them was entrusted the task of forcing the enemy's position in the direct front. As the Ashantee tactics are always the same, and consist of a trap to draw on the enemy in front while they push on one or both his flanks through the dense bush, preparations had been made for this. Half the Naval Brigade and Russell's regiment were to clear and protect the left, while the other half of the Naval Brigade and Wood's regiment guarded the right. The Rifle Brigade was retained as a reserve in the General's own hands. Rait's two guns, under his own orders, were with Sir Archibald, and a rocket was with each of the flanking parties. These arrangements, however, were some time in developing themselves, because of the slow progress which alone can be made in moving out from a narrow path. The first line of Sir Archibald Alison's column in front was sent out in skirmishing order through the bush, and had soon to be supported by the second, and not long after by another company. The Engineer labourers moving with them cut down the bush partially to aid their advance. The resistance offered to them by

the Ashantees, completely concealed in the bush, and knowing the ground perfectly, was ~~even~~ at the first 'considerable'; but it was not till a marshy piece of ground about 800 yards from Insarfu was reached that the really serious opposition was experienced. By this time five companies were already skirmishing, the slugs were dropping thick and fast, and there was a moment or two when the men's nerves were certainly in a very ticklish condition. There is something very unpleasant about shots that come suddenly out, sometimes singly; sometimes in loud and continually repeated bursts, from places that a moment before gave no indication of human life; but when, in addition to this, the ground became so marshy and slippery that in the movement forward every step served to disclose the position of the men to the perfectly-concealed foe, the situation was trying. Fortunately, the enemy were pitching in slugs, and not bullets, or scarcely a man of the Black Watch would have lived to tell the tale. As it was, there were few of the officers who did not receive a scratch. Major Baird was seriously wounded whilst in active command of the regiment; and, although few of the officers' wounds were of a disabling character, several were by no means pleasant. Major Macpherson, among the number, was hit in several places. The greater part of the 105 wounded men of the regiment were struck during the pause

and delay, whilst it seemed impossible to subdue the fire of the Ashantees, and equally impossible, to advance over the marshy ground and through the dense bush with such a rush as was necessary to make them give way. It was at this critical moment that Captain Rait's gun—there was no room for two—came into action on the direct line of advance. The shells, fired at that short distance with deadly effect, soon forced the enemy to clear the road in the front, and as they gave way upon their own left upon the road the 42nd pushed them on from that point along the whole line, and they began to yield. About fifty yards or more farther up, Rait's guns again came into action against the enemy, who had at once taken up a fresh position, as the bush prevented the Black Watch from forming quickly. Again the enemy perforce gave way before the shells along the road; again the 42nd took instant advantage of it, and the enemy rolled back. The men were now in such high spirits that the terrors of the bush were no more. Sir Archibald saw that the moment had now come. He ordered the pibroch to sound. Down altogether, with a ringing cheer, went the splendid regiment under his orders, straight at the concealed foe. No enemy could have withstood such a charge when the opportunity for delivering it had fairly come. Away bolted every Ashantee in front of them, away down one hill and up another, on which stood the

village of Amoaful itself. Along the road Rait's little guns pelted after the enemy as often as he tried to turn. Up the hill the guns went hardly less quickly than the flying enemy, though each had to be carried on by the Houssas and placed again for action. By twenty minutes past eleven the village was in our hands, and Rait had put telling shells after the retreating enemy as he was racing along the broad expanse of ground which had formed a portion of the Ashantee camp."

ENTRY OF THE FORTY-SECOND INTO COOMASSIE.

AT 5.30 p.m. on February 4, says the *Times*' correspondent, the gallant 42nd Regiment entered the famous city, where scarcely a dozen Europeans had been before. Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Alison rode in on a fine white mulc. The sergeant who marched at the head of the column fired at an armed Ashantee, whereupon the hostages cried, "Dabbi O!" (No! oh!) to the men in the bush, signifying that they should not return the fire. At some cross roads a number of Ashantees met us. Some of them had guns, which they held with their butt ends towards us. Those who seemed of the most importance had only large knives in their hands. None of them were perfectly unarmed. They greeted us, saying, "Thank you! thank you!" which they suppose is our form of salutation.

They earnestly begged that we should not enter the town, and promised to send out hostages. Just as we were passing through the filthy marsh of Coomassie, Captain Butler came up with orders to press on. We ascended a broad street, or rather road, on rising ground, with a few detached houses on either side, and then, turning to the left, saw before us a spacious street. But first we had to pass a large tree, near which was an enclosure filled with thicket and grass. This was the execution place, and in that enclosure the dead bodies of the sacrificed were thrown. The stench was abominable. I forgot to mention that near the town a dead man lay across the road, with the head recently severed from the body. This was done to prevent the 42nd Regiment from entering the town. A number of people came up to the soldiers, shook hands with them, and afterwards brought them water to drink. The people near us seemed to be highly delighted at the spectacle of several hundred white men; but when all the troops had assembled, and Sir Garnet rode along the line, and the men gave three cheers, the Ashantees ran away in a scare, thinking it was the prelude to attack.

THE CAPTURE OF COOMASSIE.

INCH by inch, says the *Telegraph's* correspondent, we fought our way up towards the village of Adansi, which lies about half

a mile from the river. Companies of the 42nd gradually advanced as the enemy beaten back, until at length, about 2 p.m., word came up that all the Naval Brigade had crossed, and lay along the road. Meanwhile, the Ashantees had tried both flanks, moving down first to left and then to right, with fearful din of drums, and horns, and war-songs. Everywhere they met the crashing volleys of the Snider. Our column had, indeed, no rear, and no weak place, or these undaunted savages would surely have found it. Then news came that the village was carried, and Sir Garnet made one of those bold movements which decide a battle. "Send all the baggage up," he ordered to Colonel Greaves. The command was a happy inspiration. With all speed it passed down the line, and our convoy hurried across the bridge and up the road between two lines of sailors firing volleys. Not an instant's halt or pause was suffered. Slugs flew amongst the carriers all along, dropping several, and wounding many; but the panting, terrified wretches were thrust on. Not two minutes after the last of these had passed the creaking timbers Ashantees were seen crossing the road in our rear. Five minutes earlier they had been in the thick of the convoy, and no man can guess what the result would have been. But it got safe through, though with loss, into the tiny village, and then halted, a monstrous heap of men, boxes,

and hammocks. Then the 42nd were ordered to clear the road, and in a moment afterwards the wounded began to return. At 4 p.m., Sir Archibald Alison sent back a letter announcing that the enemy were panic-struck, in full flight, dropping chairs, litters, and umbrellas. This news, passing down the line, caused a general cheer. "On to Coomassie!" was the cry. The heap of baggage disentangled itself as the bearers rose to their feet. Half an hour more saw us *en route* again.

HOMEWARD FROM COOMASSIE—CROSSING THE DAH.

THE white troops all crossed by the bridge over the Dah, while the native carriers waded over with their burdens on their heads. This operation proceeded until five in the afternoon, when it became evident that it would be impossible for all the white troops to cross the bridge. Before nightfall the river was still rising, and it was a matter of importance that none should be left behind. At night Sir A. Alison gave the orders for the white troops to strip and wade across, taking only their helmets and guns. The clothes were to be made up in bundles and carried over by the natives. It was an anxious time for the officers in charge, as the stream was up to the chin of tall men, and up to the foreheads of short ones, but fortunately the water was of this depth for a few paces, the rest being only chest deep.

Some good native swimmers were posted below, ready to save any men who might be swept from their feet, but happily the whole passed without any accident whatever. One result, however, was a laughable incident next morning—one indeed which it might be safely asserted has never before occurred in the British Army. It was quite dark before the last party was over, and the natives packing up the clothing did not notice those of one of the men, who left his at the foot of a tree; consequently he had to pass the night—a very wet one—in his blanket, and absolutely paraded with his regiment in the morning in nothing but a helmet and rifle—a second edition of Achilles in Hyde Park, minus his shield. The incident caused immense laughter, but happily the clothes were soon afterwards found, and brought

TROPHIES FROM ASHANTEE.—UMBRELLA.

THE Ashantee war yielded a trophy of Sir Garnet Wolseley's victorious arms in the state umbrella of his Majesty King Koffee Kallali. This article was brought to England by Lieutenant the Hon. H. Wood, 10th Hussars, aide-de-camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley. It was presented to her Majesty the Queen by Lieutenant Wood, at Windsor Castle. The umbrella is not for use, to keep off rain or sunshine, though shelter against both is needful in a tropical clime; but it is an em-

blem of pomp and dignity, held over the King's head on all ceremonial occasions. Its material is velvet, partly dark crimson, partly black, with gold trimmings. The size is about 7 ft. in diameter. The umbrella has a number of appendages, cut of leather and cloth, with square and round knobs. These are fetish charms, to ensure the good luck of the Royal owner. A lion's claw, fastened to the ribs of the umbrella, inside and outside, is likewise a kind of charm or talisman. The umbrella was taken at Coomassie on Feb. 4, when our troops entered that city.

Another trophy is a massive footstool, made of handsome wood, highly polished, and ornamented heavily with silver. The umbrella was presented to her Majesty, and the footstool to the Prince of Wales.

ANIMALS WITH REGIMENTS.

THE goat of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, which died in the Ashantee campaign, would have been the most travelled of all the military animals specially known in connection with certain regiments—English and foreign. The bear adopted by the officers of one of our regiments of Life Guards has, doubtless, never made a longer expedition than from Knightsbridge to Windsor, or from Windsor to the Regent's Park; nor can the dog which sometimes performs, or perhaps we should say manœuvres, in com-

bination with the companion regiment have any greater experience in the way of campaigning to boast of. A pointer which accompanied one of the officers of the Leib Regiment of the 1st Bavarian Corps during at least a very considerable portion of the campaign in France has (if still alive) seen as much hard fighting as any dog living. But the dog who, probably without once going under fire, has seen more men and more cities, and been in the neighbourhood of more general actions, than any other military animal of the day—dog, goat, deer, or elephant—is the band dog of the 43rd Prussian Regiment, who, surrounded and made prisoner, with the big drum to which he was attached, at Sadowa, found himself compelled (contrary to the laws of modern warfare) to quit the Austrian for the Prussian service. He is said to have done his duty well under his new masters, for whom he marched (with certain intervals of railway travelling), dragging his Austrian drum after him, from some town in East Prussia to the neighbourhood of Metz, from Metz to Amiens and Rouen, and from Rouen back again in safety, we trust, to not a hundred miles from Königsberg. If he could but find a Thackeray for his spokesman, what a "chronicle of the drum" that dog might write! A dog who is entitled to have inscribed on his collar the names of Sadowa, Bormy, Gravelotte, Metz, Amiens, St. Quentin!—*Daily News*.

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“ ‘ Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !’
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high. ”

The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.”

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THE POETICAL SAILOR.

THE captain of a certain British frigate, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition:—

"By your honour's command
A culprit I stand—
An example to all the ship's crew;
I am pinion'd and stript,
And condemned to be whipt;
And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due.

"A cat, I am told,
In abhorrence you hold;
Your honour's aversion is mine,
If a cat with one tail
Makes your stout heart to fail,
O save me from one that has *nine*."

GOOD ADVICE.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S address to the officers of his fleet, when they came on board his ship for his final instructions, previous to the memorable engagement with Admiral De Winter, was couched in the following laconic and humorous manner:—"Gentlemen of my Fleet, you see a very severe WINTER fast approaching; and I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

THE SAILOR KING.

ON William the Fourth being consulted as to which of his three horses, as connected with Goodwood Races, should be made the winner of the cup, or, to use the phraseology of the turf, *pressed*, his Majesty quickly answered, "Let them all do their best—I'll have no reefed topsails."

A SAILOR'S OPINION OF KING SOLOMON.

TWO sailors were one day disputing on board his Majesty's ship *Abundance*, off Woolwich, respecting the wisdom of King Solomon; and after having made some original and very singular remarks on this mighty monarch, one of them closed his argument as follows: "Why, Jack, you may talk till the tongue drops out of your wooden head; but I'll tell you what perhaps neither you nor King Solomon ever knew; that is, that, shiver my timbers, but the times are so altered, that if he was now alive, he would not know a jib-boom from a poop lantern."

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

SAILOR ON SHORE.

SOON after the conclusion of the war in 1815, a sailor, who had lately been paid off, and who had been riding in a coach about the streets with a fiddler playing, strolled into Covent Garden Market, when he was asked by one of the basket-women, if he wanted anything carried for him? He replied, that he wished to be carried himself to a place where he could get some breakfast. The woman, who wanted to go home to her lodging in St. Giles's, agreed to take him in her basket to a coffee-shop at the corner of High Street; the sailor, after getting his pipe lighted, took his seat in the woman's basket, which was set upon her head by others of her own fraternity, and off she went, followed by a great concourse of spectators of every description. Without once resting, the poor creature took her load to its destination, when the sailor rewarded her with a pint of rum and a £1 note.

A FRENCHMAN'S PRONUNCIATION.

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an ironclad he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war-sheep?"—"No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

A NAUTICAL INCIDENT.

A NOISE was heard on deck, the dog-watch sprang from his caboose, seized the gig-whip and laying it over the dead eyes of the buoy, made him shin up

the bowsprit, catch hold of the sky-scraper, which he used so freely on the kelson, that he rubbed off the shoe of the anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who commenced to spanker with the boom, till she burst through the stays, cutting the topsail ties, grappled the monkey's tail, which knocked the Jew's eye out of the Turk's head; caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook cried, and the captain applied the leaches of the fore-sail to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.

"STIMULATING" A SHIP'S CREW.

AFTER one of Sir Edward Hughes's drawn battles with M. Suffrein, in the East Indies, the British admiral sent to the captains of the fleet, desiring them to stimulate their respective crews previous to the next day's expected encounter. As his commander was desperately wounded, it fell to the lot of the late Captain C. H. Lane, then a lieutenant, to carry this into effect: and he did it irresistibly.

All hands were immediately piped on deck; when Mr. Lane, holding in his hand Sir Edward's order, in *hoc modo loquitur*—"My brave fellows, I have received the admiral's commands to *stimulate* you. I do not clearly understand his meaning; but if it is that I am to tell you to beat those *parley-vous* to-morrow, I am sure he might have saved himself the trouble; but, my lads, I am ordered to

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stimulate you, and you must therefore consider yourself stimulated accordingly."

Roars of hearty laughter, and three tremendous cheers attested that the lads enjoyed the humour of the address, though they had fought severely, and passed the day dinnerless; and we must give them full credit for their cheerfulness.

A SAILOR ASHORE.

A SAILOR on board one of her Majesty's ships, who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and accordingly proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. He was evidently very much surprised at the ceremonial, and when he returned on board at night could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpses ashore!" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know?" said the other. "Why, then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they put 'em up in boxes and directs 'em."

SUPERSTITION.

CAPTAIN STUART, when cruising off the Italian Coast, had passed several days without seeing a ship. The men ascribed this inauspicious circumstance to the captain's having taken a black cat on board from the last port they touched at. He immediately called the men aft, and asked them if it really were so?

They, without hesitation, confirmed the report. "Overboard with the black cat."—"That," exclaimed an old seaman, "is worse still—she must be landed." "Then lower away the jolly-boat," said the captain. The cat was safely landed, with much formality, on an island in sight; and that same night they took the best prize which they had captured in the Mediterranean.

JACK'S PARISH.

"As you do not belong to our parish," said a gentleman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "I cannot think of relieving you."

"Sir," replied the tar, with an air of heroism, "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes."

A SAILOR IN DIFFICULTIES.

THE following anecdote is related of a tar who once had a narrow escape from imminent peril. He was in a ship frozen in, in the Arctic Regions, and, like young Nelson, had strayed on the ice, heedless of danger. He was far from the vessel when he saw, coming round a block of ice, a huge polar bear making directly towards him. Totally unprovided with any defensive weapon but his knife, he bethought himself of an old-world weapon for extreme cases—Prayer. But how? And what? There was no time to deliberate, the monster was near, and delay would be fatal to the poor fellow. So he opened his knife and grasped it firmly—hurriedly uttered a few words—how earnestly can, hardly be

imagined, but their ruggedness speaks forcibly, of a mingled terror, desperate courage, and dim-tinkling faith: "O Lord, I dinna trouble ye aften; but ye see me, an' ye see this beaf. O Lord, an' ye winna help me, dinna help the beaf. An' if ye'll help neither the ane nor the ither, stan' by an' see fair play: for this'll be a maist awfu' fecht. Amen." His prayer was answered, for he lived to tell it.

JACK IN A LAND STORM.

A PARTY of sailors having landed at Portsmouth, were on a cruise of observation in the town, when they were overtaken by a severe storm; the wind blew a hurricane, and tiles, slates, and chimney pots came rattling down. One of the latter fell down among them, but did no injury. Eyeing the shattered fragments which had threatened them with danger, one of them exclaimed,—"My eyes, brother shipmates, here's a pretty rig; shiver my timbers if ever you catch me ashore again in a gale of wind."

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, after his discovery of America, was persecuted by the envy of the Spanish courtiers, for the honours which were heaped upon him by the sovereign; and once at table when all decorum was banished in the heat of wine, they murmured loudly at the caresses he received, having, (as they said), with mere animal resolution, pushed his voyage a few leagues

beyond what anyone had chanced to have done before. Columbus heard them with great patience, and taking an egg from the dish, proposed that they should exhibit their ingenuity by making it stand on an end. It went all round, but no one succeeded. "Give it me, gentlemen," said Columbus, who then took it, and breaking it at one of the ends, it stood at once. They all cried out, "Why, I could have done that."—"Yes, if the thought had struck you," replied Columbus; "and, if the thought had struck you, you might have discovered America."

LORD BRIDPORT.

TALKING of the threatened invasion by the French in 1798, Admiral Lord Bridport dryly observed, "that they might come as they could; for his own part he could only say, that they should not *come by water*."

A SEA SURGEON.

A SEA officer, who for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman, thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do this time."

IRISH SAILOR.

DURING the operations of the Orders in Council, an American merchantman was boarded by a

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British frigate, and a strict examination of the crew of the former was of course ordered. As the search proceeded, an Irishman belonging to the merchantman came forward with all the confidence imaginable, to establish his claims to a Yankee origin upon knowledge derived from conversations with his messmates. "Where were you born?" asked the English officer. "In *Charliston*, please your honour."—"Charleston! where's that?"—"It is handy on to Boston, please your honour."—"And do you know where Nantucket is?" asked the officer. "Och! Nance Tucket is it you mean? I know her very well, and, a big jade she is; but what has become of her I'm not able to say." This reply brought poor Paddy into the long boat.

RODDAM'S TRIAL.

WHEN Captain, afterwards Admiral, Roddam was tried by a court-martial for the capture of a ship, he gave directions to the printer at Kingston to publish the minutes, and give copies to each member of the court-martial, to his brother officers, and some other friends, and then to sell the remainder. It was some time afterwards that he again saw his publisher; when in order to settle accounts the book was referred to, and the man stated, that according to order, so many copies had been disposed of. "Why, that is the number I ordered you to give away in my name; how many have you sold?"—"Not one," was the reply, "though I adver-

tised in all the papers."—"That is strange!" said Captain Roddam, "for Admiral Byng's trial went through three editions in a week."—"That is a different case," said the printer; "if you had been condemned to be shot, your trial would have sold as well; but the public take no interest in an honourable acquittal."

CLOSE ACTION.

IN the memorable victory gained by Earl Howe over the French fleet in the Channel, on the 1st of June, 1794, Sir Allan Gardner served as Rear-Admiral of the White, and contributed by his intrepidity to the success of the action. On the morning of that day, the English and French fleets being in order of battle, when the British admiral threw out the signal to bear up, and for each ship to engage her opponent, Rear-Admiral Gardner desired his crew not to fire until they should be "near enough to scorch the Frenchmen's beards."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FEAR.

WHEN the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleets off Trafalgar, the first-lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun: so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the

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utmost disdain, "no : I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money, the greatest part among the officers."

When the brave Corporal Caithness was asked after the battle of Waterloo if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid ! why I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula !" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that ; I was only afraid we should be a' killed before we had time to win it."

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

An Old Ballad.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.
But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.
The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.
"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."
So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.
"Ahd is he gone, and is he gone ?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."
A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."
"Alas ! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow ;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see ;"
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be !"
"Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him ;
But Oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.
"Alas ! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."
Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were fur'd.
But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.
"Oh, Sally Brown, Oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a brice before,
But never such a blow !"
Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.
And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried ;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.
His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befel :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

T. HOOD.

A HINT TO CRITICS.

A SAILOR who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed home by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his

frequently having seen flying fish. "Stop, Johnny," says his mother, "don't try to impose such monstrous improbabilities upon me, child; for in good truth I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; *for cows, you know, John, can live out of the water. Therefore, tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, John." Jack felt himself affronted, and turning his quid about, when pressed for more information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, "mayhap, mother, you won't believe me, when I tell you that once casting anchor in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again; which was occasioned do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, do you mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered that it was one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Aye, aye, Johnny," cried she, "I can believe this, for we read of this in the Bible; but never talk to me of flying fish."

PIETY RESPECTED.

IN an action with the French fleet in 1694-5, Captain Killigrew on coming up with the French vessel *Content*, discovered that the whole of the crew were at prayers. He might have poured in his broadside with great advantage; this, however, he re-

fused to do, saying, "It is beneath the courage of the English nation to surprise their enemies in such a posture." Poor Killigrew fell in the action.

CAIN AND ABEL.

SOME time since one of our shipowners, in despatching a vessel, had a good deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got very topheavy on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" rejoined the merchant. "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, with a knowing wink, and giving his trousers a hitch, "I am the man that was *slewed*."

THE SHORT BLANKET.

AN Irishman who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they, "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was always naked and cold. "That there purser's a terrible rogue! He serves out blankets that don't fit a man; they are too long at the top, and too short at the bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and

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my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed them on the bottom, and the devil a bit longer is it."

A GOOD TURN OFF.

WILLIAM IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when, at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "Take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty!" inquired a colonel of marines, "Do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"—"Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him; "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

VALUE OF LIFE.

IN the West Indies, a colonel was ordered to disembark his corps to attack one of the islands. In stepping into a boat he fell overboard, the current carried him rapidly from the ship, when an honest tar jumped after him, and kept him afloat till a boat was despatched to his assistance, and put him safely on board. One of Jack's messmates observing the colonel put something into the hands of his deliverer, stepped up to him, exclaiming, "Damme, Jack, you are in luck to-day;" and eagerly opening his hands, expecting to share in a can of grog; but on discovering his reward, a sixpence, the tar uttered a prayer, and whispered his messmate, "Never mind, Jack, every man knows the value of his life best."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAILORS.

IN Admiral Hotham's naval victory off Genoa, in 1795, when the surviving officer of a line-of-battle ship which was taken, had, some days afterwards, his sword returned to him, he congratulated himself upon receiving it, and at the same time observed, that he had been obliged to thrust that sword through the bodies of several of his seamen to make the remainder stand to their guns; he, at the same time, asked the first lieutenant of the admiral's ship, on board of which the Frenchman was prisoner, "How the English officers contrived to keep their men to their guns?"—"We have no necessity to keep them to their guns," replied the lieutenant, "for the devil himself could not drive them from them."

NOT AFRAID.

ADMIRAL LORD HOWE, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning exclaimed, "You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished." "Afraid," exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life;" and looking the lieutenant in the face, he added, "Pray how does a man feel, sir,"

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when he is afraid? *I need not ask how he looks.*"

• NO END OF IT!

AN Irish sailor on board one of the emigrant ships to America, who was a "green" hand, was the day before leaving Liverpool engaged in hauling in a very long rope, which had been employed in fastening the ship to her moorings, after pulling a considerable time, he stopped, and with a shrug of his shoulders, at the same time wiping the sweat from his forehead, in great excitement he exclaimed: "Be jabers, but somebody has *cut the end off!*"

MIDSHIPMAN AND TAILOR.

IN Capt. Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels, and Anecdotes of a Naval Life," the following anecdote is recorded:—"A tailor at Halifax, on being sadly provoked by some of the scampish band amongst us, for not paying his abominable long bills, said in a rage in the cockpit, before us all, that after having tried his son in half-a-dozen professions, without any chance of success, he was now resolved, as a last resource, to make a midshipman of him! This sarcasm was uttered during the short peace of Amiens, when we first visited Halifax—a period when the mids had so little real business to attend to, that they seized eagerly upon any opening for a joke. As soon, therefore, as the tailor had quitted the ship it was resolved to punish him for his uncourteous speech. It had not escaped the notice of his

tormentors, that this vulgar fraction of his species prided himself, in a most especial degree, on the dignity of an enormous tail or queue, which reached half way down his back; and it was resolved that this appendage should be docked. Nothing, I must fairly own, could be more treacherous than the means devised to lower the glory of the poor tailor. He was formally invited to dinner with us; and being well-plied with grog, mixed according to the formidable rule for making what is called a North-wester, which prescribes that one half of each glass shall consist of rum, and the other half of rum and water, our poor guest was soon brought under the table. Being then quite incapable of moving, he was lifted in noisy triumph out of the berth, and placed on the tier, across the bends of the small bower cable, where, after many a grunt and groan at the rugged nature of his couch, he at length fell asleep. His beautiful tail, the pride of his life, was presently glued, by means of a lump of pitch, to the strands of the cable; and such was the tenacity of the substance, that in the morning, when, on the daylight gun being fired directly over his head, poor Snip awoke, he could no more detach himself from the spot on which he lay, than could Lemuel Gulliver in like circumstances. His noddle was still so confused that he knew not where he lay, nor what held him down. After tugging at his hair for a minute or two, he roared out lustily for help.

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One of the mids, seized with the brilliant idea of making the tailor the finisher of his own fate, hurried to his assistance, and, handing him a knife, roared out, 'By all means make haste, as the devil has got hold of you by the tail!' The poor tradesman, terrified out of his wits, instantly did as he was desired, and cut away lustily, little dreaming that his own rash hand was shearing the highest and most cherished honours of his house! on turning round, he beheld with dismay the ravished locks, which, for half a century and more, had been the joint delight of himself and his tender partner, Rebecca. As the thought of returning tailless to his home, crossed his half-bewildered brain, he exclaimed in agony of spirits to his malicious tormentors—'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I am a lost man to my Becky!' The revenge of the malicious middies was now complete, and this expression, of being 'a lost man to my Becky,' became a byword in the ship for many years afterwards, to denote the predicament of any one who got into a scrape and came out of it with loss."

THE GHOST.—A YARN.

"THE carpenter of the ship, old Hawkington, fell sick one day, and after a short illness died. He was a man very much respected on board, and every one was sorry for him. As the ship was ordered into port, where we expected to arrive in a few days, the captain allowed him to be kept, so that he might be buried on shore; and a sentry was

placed, as usual, over the cabin-door in the cockpit. The old gentleman had been dead three or four days, I do not rightly remember which; but, as contrary winds had kept us out longer than we expected, it was decided that he should be committed to the deep on the following day. It so happened that I was sentry over the dead body, the night before it was to have been buried * * * *—My lantern was hanging to a beam, through the discoloured horn of which, a purser's dip was throwing a very poor light; and I stopped to endeavour to improve it by snuffing, or lighting a new candle as might be necessary. While I was thus employed, not having finished my job, the door of the dead man's cabin was thrown back with a loud bang, which could only have been effected by a very powerful hand, and I distinctly heard a gruff, hollow voice, roar out, 'Give us a light, sentry!' The horrid voice and noise so startled me, that I clutched hold of the lantern—when the nail on which it was hung gave way—the lantern fell from my grasp, the light was extinguished, and with two long strides and a spring I reached the upper step of the cockpit ladder. * * * At length the noises, and some rather heavy footsteps approached the foot of the ladder, whereon I had been standing for some considerable time, without moving hand or foot. It now appeared to me only prudent to move on, and I accordingly walked a little forward on the

lower deck. I had sufficient courage to look behind me, and I distinctly saw—it's quite true I assure you—I distinctly saw, as plain as I see you now—"I believes you," said Tim, in whose countenance the most painful interest was manifest. "—the ghost!" continued the sergeant, "that is, the tall, gaunt figure of the carpenter, (he was near seven feet high, I'm sure), rising slowly up out of the cockpit, and then he walked forward after me. So I walked faster, and so did Mr. Hawkington's ghost; I went up the fore ladder, and the ghost followed me: so I walked aft, and it seemed I doubled upon the apparition for I saw it go up the ladder on to the fore-castle."—"And did the men on the fore-castle see it too?"—"Oh yes," answered the sergeant. "The weather was warm, and the watch on deck were lying about the fore-castle, and gang-ways, some asleep, and some looking at the moon, that was shining as bright as could be. The ghost appeared to take no notice of any of them, but took the walk the old gentleman, Mr. Hawkington, was accustomed to take when alive, and still kept his hands behind him, and his chin upon his breast, like as if he was in deep thought. So presently one of the men makes him out, and he roused his nearest watch-mate, and pointed out the ghost to him, saying, 'I say, Tom, I'm blest if there ain't the old carpenter! here he comes—I shall be off,' and he got up and walked aft. The whisper went the rounds rapidly, and in a few

minutes the fore-castle was as clear as if it had been raining, or the men had heard the pipe, 'wash decks,' and the carpenter's ghost had it all to himself."—"Did anybody speak to it?" asked Tim again. "You shall hear presently," said the sergeant. "'What do you all want here?'" said the officer of the watch to the men, as they crowded aft to the quarter-deck. No one seemed inclined to answer this question at first; but on the question being repeated, accompanied with an order for them to go forward again, the captain of the fore-castle, a sturdy old tar, who used to say 'he would sooner face the devil himself at any time than his ghost,' muttered something about the carpenter's ghost. 'What! What's that you say?' asked the lieutenant. 'The carpenter's ghost! the carpenter's ghost!' reiterated half-a-dozen voices at once. 'What about the carpenter's ghost, you blockheads,' replied the lieutenant; 'be off forward, and don't be stopping up the gangway in this manner.'—"He's walking the fore-castle?" exclaimed the men, still keeping their station, notwithstanding the orders of the officer of the watch. 'Nonsense, men, nonsense!' said the officer; 'Mr. Hawkington's dead; I am astonished at you.'—"He is walking the fore-castle *now*, sir," again urged one of the half-dozen of voices. 'He has got on the very same hat as I covered for him,' rejoined another. 'And the same old monkey-jacket,' added a third. 'With the end

of the chalk-line hanging out of his pocket,' continued a fourth. 'Only go forward and see,' exclaimed a fifth. 'Parcel of fools!' said the lieutenant, enraged; 'make a lane there, and let me go forward.' A lane was speedily made, and the lieutenant went on very boldly until he got to the bow of the barge, and there, sure enough, as the men had said, he saw the apparition taking his ease, walking backwards and forwards. The lieutenant's courage then began to fail him———"I don't wonder at that," said Tim. "And he did not think it prudent to go any nearer," continued the sergeant. "I thought how it would turn out," said Tim again. "So he stood still at the bow of the boat," resumed the sergeant, "and after a great effort, he managed to call out, 'M-i-s-t-e-r H-a-w-k-i-n-g-t-o-n, i-s i-s i-s i-s tha-tha-tha-t yo-you?'—"Sir,' replied the apparition, raising his head.'—"The devil he did!" exclaimed Tim. "Yes," continued the sergeant, "and he touched his hat, and advanced towards the lieutenant. 'Tha-that will d-do, M-i-s-t-e-r Hawk-Hawk-Hawking-ton,' ejaculated the perfectly satisfied lieutenant, retreating a few steps as the ghost advanced, as though unwilling to lessen the distance between them; and he walked very briskly aft to the quarter-deck, and went into the captain's cabin, to report the remarkable circumstance to the captain. 'The carpenter is on the fore-castle, sir,' said the lieutenant to the captain. The captain, just

awakened out of a sound sleep, did not appear to hear what was said. 'Well, sir,' responded the captain, rubbing his eyes, and waiting further particulars—"Mr. Hawkington, sir, is walking the deck, sir," said the lieutenant again. 'Oh, is that all, sir?' said the captain, turning himself in his cot, and resuming his slumbers, 'then, sir, let him walk, and be d——d.' It appears," continued the sergeant, "that the old carpenter had been all the time in a trance; the doctor only considered him dead———" "Pshaw!" exclaimed the mortified Old Tim, who evidently had not made up his mind to such a conclusion; "and so it was no ghost after all?"—"No, no," replied the sergeant, appeasingly. "He came to his senses in time to prevent being drowned. It seems he was quite unmindful of the time which had passed away, and waking and hearing two bells strike, he thought it was the morning watch, and time for him to turn out, and so he roused out, called for a light as usual, fumbled about and found his clothes, and, giving a curse or two to me for putting out the light, *bundled on deck as was his custom.*"

THE ADMIRAL'S DUT.

AT a grand review by George III., of the Portsmouth fleet in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility, as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have

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heard much of your agility; let us see you run up after that boy."
—"Sire," replied Lord Lothian, "it is my duty to follow your Majesty."

HOW THE DUTCH CAPTAIN DEFEATED THE PIRATES.

DE RUYTER was returning from Ireland with a cargo principally consisting of butter, and had anchored not far from the Isle of Wight. A large number of other merchantmen were already riding at anchor in the same place. A few of these were waiting for a favourable wind, but the greater part, terrified by the pirates that were cruising up and down the Channel in great numbers, dared not go out. The November storms were raging, winter was at hand, and every day became precious. Moreover, butter was scarce in Zealand at that moment, and so, though his ship was small and badly armed, De Ruyter determined to risk it. He had not been out very long when a pirate was descried bearing down on him. In vain all sails were spread to the rushing winds—every gust, every wave, brought the pirate nearer. The men were at their wits' end, but our captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and a score or so of butter barrels were brought on deck. In a very few minutes these had been knocked to pieces, and the butter thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope or a spar that was not glib and slippery. Even

without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs. On came the pirate, not knowing what was in store for him. De Ruyter assumed an air of penitent submission, and allowed them to come alongside quietly. But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttery deck, like so many rats. One fellow shot head foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately sat upon by the boy; another slid all across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole. Not one of them could stand on his legs, and, as these bad men are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil; they hurried back into their own ship, cast loose, and De Ruyter got safely into port at the expence of a few pounds of butter.—*The Great Dutch Admirals.*

POOR JACK.

THE *Britannia* East Indiaman, when sailing to the Brazils, with the expedition to the Cape, in 1806, having on board a large sum of specie, suddenly struck on a sunken rock, then got off, and immediately went down. The narrator tells the following highly characteristic anecdote of a British Sailor: "One poor fellow refused to quit the ship, saying he had lived poor, and he would be d—d if he would not die rich! He went below, where the dollars were stowed,

filled his shirt bosom, and came upon the deck, shouting huzza ! till the ship was nearly under water. He then took off his hat, gave three cheers, and went down with her."

THE IRISH COOK.

A SHIP from Port Glasgow was recently lying in the harbour at New Orleans, when an Irish emigrant came on board, and thus addressed the cook, who was also Irish:—"Are you the mate?" "No," said he ; but I'm the man as boils the *mate* !"

AN HONEST TAR.

JOHN BARTH, the Dunkirk fisherman, rose by his courage and naval skill, to the rank of commodore of a squadron in the navy of France. When he was ennobled by Louis XIV., the king said to him, "John Barth, I have made you a commodore." John replied, "You have done right."

EXPERIENCE.

AN old seaman, at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

SAILORS, though they are the best fighters in the world, are not always the greatest scholars, or theologians. One of these being lately at church, and hearing it read that the *ark was carried on men's shoulders*, left the church in a great passion, affirming with an oath, that

master chaplain there had told a damned lie, "for as how, do ye see," says he, "I have heard that that same *ark* was big enough to stow one Captain Noah, his crew, and a great deal of live stock."

BOOKED FOR THAT PLACE.

A PARTY of sailors who had been in the battle of Trafalgar, were afterwards met in Plymouth Dock by some girls of their acquaintance. "So, Ben," said one of the girls, "you have lost brave Nelson ; the dear fellow ! he is gone to Heaven, I hope!"—"Gone to Heaven," replied Ben, "to be sure he is ; I should like to see the lubber that could keep him out."

ORIGIN OF THE UNION JACK.

ON the 12th of April, 1606, the Union Jack—the flag that has waved in so many bloody and victorious battles by sea and shore—first made its appearance. From Rymer's "Fœdera," and the annals of Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King of Arms, we learn that some differences having arisen between ships of the two countries at sea, his Majesty ordained that a *new flag* be adopted, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced, by placing the latter fimbriated on the blue flag of Scotland as the ground thereof. This flag all ships were to carry at their main-top ; but English ships were to display St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish the white saltire of St. Andrew. The Union Jack, how-

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

ever, was, not adopted by the troops of either country till their Parliamentary union in 1797.—*"British Battles on Land and Sea," by James Grant.*

JACK AT CHURCH.

A TAR coming off a voyage accompanied his sweetheart to church. Previous to their entering the church, Jack was told he must be very particular how he behaved as the parson only was allowed to speak. Upon the clerk giving out the hymns, Jack seemed quite amazed, and when the singing commenced he exclaimed, "Here's a blessed mutiny," and rushing to the clerk, pulled him out of his desk, saying, "Come out of this, you lubber, you're the ringleader."

THE TWO TARS.

TWO tars, just landed, went to see an old acquaintance, who kept what they honourably called a grog shop, in a village near Portsmouth, at the sign of the Angel. On their entering the place, they stared about for the wished-for sign. "There it is!" said one. "Why you fool," replied the other, "that's a peacock."—"Who do you call fool?" retorted Ben, "How the devil should I know the difference, when I never saw an angel in my life."

VICTORIOUS IN DEATH.

A BRITISH sailor, who had both his legs shot off while the *Minerva* lay under fire of the batteries at Cherbourg, in 1803, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed,

he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. He was told that the ship was off the shore, and would soon be clear of the forts.

"Then d—n the legs!" exclaimed the poor fellow, and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in a boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slacked his tourniquets, and bled to death.

IMPORTANT POSTSCRIPT.

"MASSA," said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to the old woman, 'cause I can't write." The good-natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated. As the captain was about to seal up the letter, Pompey reminded him that he had omitted to say, "Please 'scuse de bad writin' and spellin'."

COST OF A WATCH.

DURING the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's shop in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist demanded how much the repairs would come to. The watchmaker, looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh! if that is all, I don't mind that," replied the

sailor; "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." What might you have given for it?" inquired the watchmaker. "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

A VOLUNTEER.

A SAILOR who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, strolled into that of Portlock, in Somersetshire, just as the minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead to battle?" which being twice repeated, the tar with some warmth rose up, and exclaimed, "What! do none of you answer the gentleman? For my part, if nobody else will go, I will go with him myself, with all my heart."

REALITY OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S CHARACTERS.

IN his "Diary in America," Marryat tells the following charming story: "I made this morning a purchase at a store, which an intelligent little boy brought home for me. As he walked by my side he amused me very much by putting the following questions: "Pray, captain, has Mr. Easy left the King of England's service?" "I think he has," replied I; "if you recollect he married and went on shore." "Have you seen Mr. Japhet lately?" was the next query. "Not very lately," replied I; "the last time I saw him was at the pub-

lisher's." The little fellow ^{be of} away perfectly satisfied ^{so} they were both alive and well."

A SEA LAWYER.

WHEN Sir Elijah Impey, the Indian judge, was on his passage home, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blown pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called one of the sailors to tell him what it was. "Why," replied the tar, "I don't know what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them *sea-lawyers*."

OBEYING ORDERS.

A PAINTER was employed in painting a West-India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got alongside, for the purpose of going on shore, ordered the boy to let go the painter (the rope which makes fast the boat); the boy instantly went ast, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "*he's gone, sir—pets and all.*"

JACK AT TRAFALGAR.

A VETERAN at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Britannia*, had his leg shot off below the knee, and observed to an officer, who was ordering him to be conveyed to the cock-pit, "That's but a shilling touch; an inch

My end I should have had
And would I k-teen-pence for it; al-
line by this to the scale of
pensions allowed for wounds,
which, of course, increased ac-
cording to their severity. The
same hearty fellow, as they were
lifting him on a brother tar's
shoulders, said to one of his
friends, "Bob, take a look for
my leg, and give me the silver
buckle out of my shoe; I'll do
as much for you, please God,
some other time."

NEVER ANTICIPATE!

AN officer of one of the ships
at Spithead having occasion to
send to his country house in
great haste, a few days since,
despatched a sailor on horse-
back with a letter, who, after
delivering it and being refreshed,
and the horse fed, went to the
stable to prepare for his return.
A bystander observed to him
that he was putting on the saddle
the hind part before. The sailor
replied, "How do you know
which way I am going to ride."

AN EXPLANATION.

A SAILOR who had been
fighting and making a riot, was
taken, first to a watch-house,
then before a justice, who, after
severely reprimanding him, or-
dered him to find bail. "I have
no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll
commit you," said the justice.
"You will?" said the sailor,
"then the Lord send you the
rope that stops the wind when
the ship's at anchor." "What
do you mean by that?" said the
justice, "I insist on an explana-
tion of that phrase." "Why,"

said Jack, "it's the hanging rope
at the yard arm."

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

DURING an action of Admiral
Rodney's with the French, a
woman assisted at one of the
guns on the main-deck, and
being asked by the admiral what
she did there, she replied: "An't,
please your honour, my husband
is sent down to the cock-pit
wounded, and I am here to
supply his place. Do you think,
your honour, I am afraid of the
French?" After the action, Lord
Rodney called her aft, told her
she had been guilty of a breach
of orders, by being on board,
but rewarded her with ten guineas
for so gallantly supplying the
place of her husband.

NELSON AT YARMOUTH.

YOUNG GOOCH was at Yar-
mouth when the attack upon
Copenhagen took place, and, on
the return of Lord Nelson, the
wounded were placed in the
Naval Hospital. Being ac-
quainted with some of the young
surgeons, Gooch, though then
but a boy, was not unfrequently
at the hospital. "I was (he says,
in a letter written long after-
wards) at the Naval Hospital at
Yarmouth, on the morning when
Nelson, after the battle of Copen-
hagen (having sent the wound-
ed before him), arrived at the
roads and landed on the jetty.
The populace soon surrounded
him, and the military were drawn
up in the market-place ready to
receive him; but making his
way through the dust, and the
crowd, and the clamour, he went

straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors. He stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say. At length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them: Nelson—"Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?" Sailor—"Lost my right arm, your honour." Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully, "Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen. Cheer up, my brave fellow!" And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards."—*"Doctors and Patients," by John Timbs.*

OLD GROG.

THE British sailors had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or rum clear, till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. This innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and, for a time rendered the commander very unpopular among them. The admiral, at that time, wore a program coat, for which reason they nicknamed him "Old Grog;" hence by degrees, the mixed liquor he constrained them to universally obtained among them the name of *Grog*.

A BRAVE BOY

'YOU are too young to be of service; you had better go below," said Lord Howe to a little boy on board his ship, on the glorious first of June. "My lord," replied the blushing boy, "what would my father say, if I were not to remain upon deck during the action."

SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE are some born with their straight legs by the side of the ship. And some are born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their legs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my

"Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hantsfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!
Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
 And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
 Who I kept bowing, bowing at her bow-
 line,
 But always making lee-way to the ditch,
 And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
 The devil sink the craft!
 And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays!
 We couldn't, no how, keep the inn aback!
 Well—I suppose
 We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
 (What will you have on it?)—but off she
 goes,
 Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
 There I am!—all a-back!
 So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
 To heave her head round on the t'other
 But when I saurs, [back;
 The leather parts,
 And goes away right over by the ears!
 What could a fellow do,
 Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in
 the bilboes,
 But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
 And square his yand-arms, and brace up
 In rig all snug and clever, [his elbow,
 Just while his craft was taking in her water?
 I didn't like my burth tho', how so!d'ever,
 Because the yarn, you see, kept getting
 tauter,—
 Says I—I wish this job was rather shorter!
 The chase had gain'd a mile
 A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-
 Now, all the while [drinking:
 Her body didn't take of course to slauking
 Says I, she's letting out her reef, I'm
 thinking—
 And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
 And yet the tackle held,
 Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
 My eyes! but she took in enough to
 founder!
 And there's my timbals straining every lat,
 Ready to split,
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!
 Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
 We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd to-
 gether
 And can't contrive a signal of distress;
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul
 weather,
 Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
 When, looking round, I sees a man a-
 starn:—
 Hollo! says I, come underneath her
 quarter!—
 And hands him out my knife to cut the
 yarn.
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
 And leaves the she-mare to her own con-
 A-standing by the water. [sarn,
 If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got
 bow'd!
 T. HOOD.

STEM AND STERN ALIKE.

WHEN the brave Admiral
 Kempenfelt, who was unhappily
 lost in the *Royal George*, was
 coming into Portsmouth to have
 his ship paid off, one of his
 barge's crew eyed a gold-laced
 velvet waistcoat which his com-
 mander wore, and with great
 earnestness, and in his best sea
 fashion, begged his honour would
 tell him who made it. The
 admiral, guessing his intention,
 gave him the necessary infor-
 mation. When Jack went ashore
 he forthwith applied to the admi-
 ral's tailor, who, knowing the
 humours of such customers, went
 with him to buy the materials, and
 at last asked him what he would
 have the back made of "Made
 of," exclaimed Jack, "why the
 same as the front to be sure."
 The tailor remonstrated, but
 to no purpose, so the waistcoat
 was made and put on with an
 old tarry jacket over it, to the
 no small amusement of his mess-
 mates. The admiral, a few days
 after, passing up the High Street,
 met his man in this curious dress,
 rolling along and singing—

"How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his gain."

The strange appearance of
 Jack caused the admiral to laugh
 most heartily, and the merry fit
 was not a little increased, when
 Jack, coming up to him, lifted
 the hind part of his jacket, and
 showed his gold-laced back,
 roaring out, at the same time,
 "Damme, old boy, no false
 colours for Jack, stem and stern
 alike, your honour!"

SAILOR BOY.

IN a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a violent fit of laughter; being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason for it, "Why," said he, "I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes into the water."

CONUNDRUM.

"TALK of Conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name, "can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"—"I can tell—I can," snapped out little Turtle; "its when she wants to be manned."—"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane; "try again; who speaks first?"—"I do, secondly," answered Lemon; "it's when she wants a mate."—"Not correct," replied Hurricane; "the question is still open."—"When she's a ship of great size" (sighs), modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.—"When she's *tender to a man-of-war*," said the colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boots.—"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.—"When she's struck aback by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.—"Not as yet," said Hurricane; "come, hurry along!"—"When she *makes much of a fast sailor*," cried Smashpipes.—Here there was a great groan. When peace was restored, Old Hurricane "propelled" again:

"You might have said, 'When she runs down after a smack,' or 'When she's after a consort,' or something of that sort; but it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—when she's attached to a *buoy*."

HUMANE SAILORS.

A FEW days since, a gentleman in Shropshire, observed two sailors very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars with true humanity of character, made the following reply:—"Why, lookce, master, we saw this here animal aground without grub, d'ye see, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable, and set him adrift, because we have known before now, what it is to be on *short allowance*."

SPIRIT OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

MR. STENHOUSE, surgeon of the *Glasgow* frigate, when at Algiers, gives the following relation of the undaunted courage of one of the crew. The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the thigh, with a view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope, by which to lower himself upon deck. When he had descended about half-way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he had no control, became so entangled among flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself upward full three

feet, that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, whilst he was still hanging by his arms in the air, with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length, having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon deck. When placed in the cockpit, and waiting till Mr. Stenhouse had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bugleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much composure and *naïveté* called out—"Come, Poll, leave off blubbering; you shall not be a widow long; I will marry you directly I am well!" He has since performed his promise.

SELF-DEVOTION.

AFTER the mutiny at the Nore, in 1797, it was long before the fleet entirely recovered that sound discipline which had characterised the British navy. Partial eruptions frequently occurred on board the ships of the line. Among others, the *Marlborough* was particularly conspicuous for its turbulent spirit. The captain, finding all his efforts vain, repaired at once to the Admiralty, where his conduct not having given entire satisfaction, he was refused an audience. After repeated and fruitless solicitations, he drew his dirk in the waiting-room, and plunging it into his breast, exclaimed, as he expired

—"I have always done my duty!"

THEOLOGICAL.

A STORY is current of a sailor, more disposed to divinity than nautical men in general, who, when in port, formed regularly one of the congregation at the church of a popular preacher. It chanced that during one of the discourses, to which Jack was an attentive listener, the reverend doctor alluded several times, in scriptural phrase, to Satan being "bound in chains for a thousand years." The passage struck the attention of the seaman with peculiar force, and during the week he pondered frequently upon the words, feeling every time an increasing satisfaction that an individual towards whom he had never been over partial, was so securely and for such a lengthy term disposed of. On the following Sunday he went to hear the doctor again, but to his great surprise, and to the complete unsettling of all his recent notions, during one portion of the sermon the preacher asserted that the devil "goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Jack quitted the church oppressed with a host of conflicting thoughts and emotions, and unable after many a tough, soliloquial argument, to reconcile the two statements, he resolved to summon up courage and wait upon the clergyman, in order to have the mystery solved. He did so, and after considerable humming and hawing, and hitching of the trousers, at length

spoke out, told the doctor that he could not make the two sermons fit, and asked if his Satanic majesty was really bound in the way first stated, to know the length of his cable. "Oh," was the dignified reply, "it extends over the whole world."—"Does it," rejoined Jack, "if so, the lubber might as well be loose."

HUMOROUS REPLY.

WHEN the late Earl Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, during a cruise on the coast of France, a heavy gale of wind obliged him to come to an anchor. It was on a lee-shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. After everything was made snug, the ship rode with two anchors a-head, depending wholly on her ground tackle. The captain, at this time, was laid up with the rheumatism and was reading in his cabin, when the lieutenant of the watch came abruptly in, and told his lordship, in a hurried manner, that the anchors came home. "They are very much in the right of it," answered the captain, coolly; "I don't know who would stay out in such a night as this."

THE LAST PIN GONE.

A BRAVE tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Duncan's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was

high time for him to leave off play when his last pin was bowled down."

SAILORS.

THE eccentricity of British sailors is proverbial, and displays itself in the heat of action and the calm of peace. How many interesting anecdotes are already related of these bulwarks of Britain; and how many more a close observer in one of our seaports might record! After the battle of Camperdown, in which the plan of breaking the line was adopted so successfully, it became a favourite amusement with the sailors who came on shore to hire coaches or post-chaises, and mounting the roofs, form a line and cross each other in the streets. The top of a coach is the post of honour with a British tar. A sailor on his way to town some years ago, rode on the top of a post-chaise, until a heavy rain induced him to go inside. He overtook a marine, who asked him to give him a lift. "That I will," said the sailor, getting out, and again mounting the roof of the coach, "go do down below, but shiver my splinters if any marine shall ever board a vessel I am in."—Careless of danger, an English sailor sees nothing but victory and prize-money in an engagement. "There," said a British tar, when his captain did not deem it advisable to attack a Spanish vessel under large convoy, "there goes fifty pounds of my money for ever."—Ever jealous and ever proud of his country, a British sailor will not see

it second in anything. After a severe engagement with the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, which was a drawn battle, the vessels of each fleet lay alongside each other, incapable of further hostility. A Dutchman, anxious to show his agility, ran up to the top of the main-mast, and stood on his head on the summit. A British sailor, jealous for the honour of his country, mounted his mast with equal agility, but in attempting to invert his position, he fell, the ropes broke his fall, and he reached the deck without receiving any injury. Turning to the Dutchmen who had been witnessing his exploit, he said, "there, mynheers, do that if you can."—*Mirror*.

NAVAL SANG-FROID.

AN instance of heroism occurred on board H.M. sloop, *Pilot*, when in contest with *La Légère*, during the action, which has seldom been surpassed, and which is scarcely rivalled by even Greek or Roman valour. The *Pilot* having had her main-top-sail yard shot away, the people were employed aloft in preparing to send up another, and were in the act of reeving the hawser for the purpose, when a voice was heard from the captain's cabin (to which, as is usual in brigs, the wounded were sent, and through the skylight of which the mainmast is visible), exclaiming, "You are reeving the hawser the wrong way!" This proved to be the case; and on looking down to see who had detected the mistake at the mast-head,

it was found to be John Powers, quarter-master's mate, who was at the moment lying on his back on the table under the skylight, undergoing the amputation of his thigh, his leg having just been carried away by a round shot. John Powers was an Irishman, about 25 years of age. It was not likely that his conduct should pass unnoticed: and on his captain's representing it, he obtained for him the object of his ambition—a cook's warrant.

CONTEMPT OF DANGER.

JUST as the *Charlotte* was closing with the *Montague*, Lord Howe, who was himself conning the ship, called out to Bowen to starboard the helm, to which Bowen remarked, that if they did so, she would be on board the next ship, the *Jacobin*; to this his lordship replied sharply, "What is that to you, sir?" Bowen, a little nettled, said in an undertone, "My eyes if I care, if you don't; I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Lord Howe heard him, and turning to his captain, said, "That's a fine fellow, Curtis!"

RELIGIOUS FEELING OF SAILORS.

OLD Benbow, after many years' service, visited Shrewsbury, his native town, and on his arrival, proceeded to the house of his nativity, which was then occupied by people in no way related to him; yet he entered the house as if it had, walked upstairs, went into the room where he first drew breath, fell on his knees, and returned

thanks to the great Disposer of Events, for his protection and support through his past eventful life.

A HAPPY CREW.

A CAPTAIN in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy they have escaped."

THEATRICALS ON BOARD A SHIP.

"PROMPT-BOY, pass the call for the Earl of Westmoreland."—"He's sarving out the wax-candles for the play-night, sir."—"Prince John of Lancaster, stand by."—"He's making a nose for Bardolph, sir."—"Then send the drummer who is to play Dame Quickly."—"She's drunk, sir."

BRITISH ADMIRAL'S ESTATE..

WHEN Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him: "Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seaman's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money in it."

A WITTY BOY.

AN arch boy belonging to one of the ships of war at Ports-

mouth, had purchased of his playfellows a magpie, which he carried to his father's house; and was at the door feeding it when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, "T—T—T—T—Tom," says the gentleman, "can your mag—t—t—t—talk yet?"—"Ay, sir," says the boy, "better than you, or I'd wring his head off."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ENGLISH AND FRENCH FEELING.

THE French carry their complaisance so far, as to say that the English are the politest people on earth: and they give, as a proof, the following anecdote. In one of those cold and misty days, which make an inhabitant of this country wish himself in the warmest part of Africa, two Frenchmen and an English sailor were the outside passengers on a stage-coach from Dover to London. One of the foreigners and the Englishman had good great-coats on; but the other, who appeared to be suffering from the effects of a severe sea-sickness during his passage from Calais, was without this best friend to outside travellers. His fellow passenger, the Frenchman, compassionated his situation, and with many professions of politeness, offered the use of his great coat, observing, that it was so warm and agreeable, that he could not but find it a valuable comfort. The poor shivering fellow could not, however, be prevailed on to deprive the other of a piece of clothing

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

on he spoke so highly, knowing, as he did, that the other was not sincere in offering it, from the expressions he let fall, that he should feel very uncomfortable without it. The English sailor, however, who saw that the one refused from politeness that which he would willingly have received, while the other offered what he desired to retain, threw off his great coat, with "D—n this here lumbering tackle! I am so hot in it I can't breathe. Here, *Monsieur parlez-vous*, do you take it!"

We need not say that it was accepted, the mode of offering it was so sincere, and free from the false politeness of his own countryman.

A PATIENT WITHOUT A HEAD.

WHEN the brave Admiral Benbow was a common sailor, his messmate, who was stationed with him at the same gun, lost his leg by a cannon-shot. The poor fellow instantly called out to his friend Benbow, who immediately took him upon his shoulder, and began with great care to descend with him to the cockpit; but it happened that just as the poor fellow's head came upon a level with the deck, another ball carried that off also; Benbow, however, knew nothing of the matter, but carried the body down to the surgeon, and when he came to the bottom of the ladder, called out that he had brought him a patient, desiring some one to bear a hand, and help him easily down. The surgeon turned about, and ex-

claimed, "D—n ye, what do you do here with a man who has lost his head?"—"Lost his head!" says Benbow; "a lying son of a —! he told me it was his leg; but I never believed what he said in my life, without being sorry for it afterwards."

THE CHRISTENING.— ANOTHER YARN.

"You do right, my friend," said the clergyman, "to have the child named. Pray, are the sponsors ready?"

Oh, yes, yer reverence," replied the coxswain, lugging out a canvas bag of guineas, "the 'sponsibles are all ready."

"No, no, my man, I did not mean that," returned the clergyman, smiling; "I mean the god-fathers and godmother."

The infant looked about him with great delight, and seemed to notice things in a manner that excited astonishment in the minds of the unsophisticated tars; and Will argued that "he should some day or other see him a great man."

In a short time the clerk announced everything prepared: and the minister's wife, carrying the child, entered the church and proceeded to the font.

The ceremony commenced; the clergyman from being apprised of the nature of the case, omitting the opening question. But there was no difficulty in making the godfathers comprehend the subsequent inquiries. They readily promised "to renounce the devil and all his works;" but when the ques-

tion was put, "Wilt thou be baptised in this faith?" Will hesitated.

"You must say, 'This is my desire,'" whispered the clerk, somewhat scandalised at the want of promptitude in the reply.

"Avast, ould gentleman!" responded Will, respectfully; "it arn't me, but the babbly, as is going to be thingumied."

"The infant cannot answer for itself," said Mr. Hector, with patient meekness, "and therefore you, as its godfathers, become sureties."

"It is all a matter of form," chimed in the clerk with self-complacency; "you must make the response."

"Now, yer reverence, I can understand being bound for the babbly," uttered Will; "but I can't disactly make out the argufication of this ould gentleman, here. If so be as Harry and I undertakes the solemn engagement, we consider it as double-bitted round our consciences to hold on by it; but if it's no more than a mere matter of form, why, then I'm thinking——"

"It is not a mere matter of form, my friends," answered the clergyman, "but such as you take it to be—a solemn engagement,"—and his voice assumed a deep pathos—"entered into with the Majesty of Heaven—the King of kings. As godfathers to the infant, wilt thou that it should be baptised in this faith?"

"Yes, yer reverence," answered the coxswain, firmly;

"and may God A'mighty spare our lives—that's Harry and me—to do our duties by the child!"

The following prayers fervently offered up by the divine were listened to with the most earnest attention by the seamen; but when he came to the part "Name this child," the tar again hesitated.

"Why, in the regard o' that, yer reverence," said Will, in a tone of mingled perplexity and determination,—“Why, I must own that it has rather puzzled my education a bit, because d'ye see——”

"You mustn't talk to the minister," said the clerk, interrupting him.

"So I wool, ould gentleman," returned the seaman, rather offended with the interference of the official: "but his reverence, I take it, arn't the person to throw a poor tar slap aback because, mayhap, he hasn't paid out the slack of 'Amen' so often as you have."

"But the name of the infant—the name?" said the clerk, impatiently; "you mustn't keep the minister waiting."

"Avast, again, ould gentleman," uttered Will, rather peevishly; "I'm thinking you're shoving your oar in where it arn't wanted."

"My good man," said the lady, kindly, "if you have not already fixed upon a name, may I be permitted to suggest one? Yours is William, and your shipmate's is Henry: why, then, not have it William Henry, after our gallant young prince, who, like

yourselfes, is in the naval service of his country?"

The coxswain pondered a few minutes, whispered to his brother godfather, who shook his head, and then exclaimed, "Why no, yer ladyship, though it would pleasure us both—that's Harry and me, yer ladyship—to have him named arter a son of our good ould king—God bless him! yet, as names are summut like junk, generally cut up into short lengths when they're wanted, why, if he was to be christened William Henry, it ud soon get shorteped into Will or Harry, and he'd float along without its ever being noticed; so, if yer reverence pleases, you may just christen him Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks;" and the tar gave a knowing hitch to his trousers, and a circumferential twist to his tarpaulin hat.

"Ten thousand what?" inquired Mr. Hector, his gravity temporarily yielding to the excitement.

"Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks," repeated Will, clearly and deliberately; "arn't that it, Harry?" The seaman assented by a nod.

"Are you really serious, my good fellow?" asked the minister, scarcely able to keep his countenance at the apparent sincerity of the tars.

"Why, that's just it, yer reverence."

The clergyman, taking the laughing infant in his arms, he sprinkled its face with water, and to the great surprise of the clerk (who seemed almost scandalised by the transaction),

but to the unbounded delight of the seamen, he was named accordingly, "Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks!"

THE BOXING ADMIRAL.

MANY years since, the barge-men of his majesty's ship *Berwick*, then at Spithead, quarrelled with the bargemen of the ship which Admiral Milbank then commanded as captain, and the latter were heartily drubbed, to the no small mortification of the admiral, who was in his younger days, exceedingly athletic, and as much addicted to boxing heads as to boxing the compass. A few days after, the admiral called the boat's crew, upbraided them for a set of cowards, dressed himself in a common jacket and trousers, and observing the *Berwick's* barge rowing ashore to Portsmouth beach, ordered his own to be immediately manned; and disguised, as we have mentioned, took an oar as one of the crew. The coxswain, as particularly directed, ran the head of his barge against the *Berwick's* barge-quarter, in consequence of which a broadside of oaths were given and returned, which produced a challenge to a boxing-match. Accordingly, to oblige them, the admiral, as the champion of his crew, beat the whole of the crew of the other barge, one after the other, (eleven in number,) to the great joy and admiration of his sailors; and then making himself known to his antagonists, went and visited his friends in Portsmouth, as if nothing had happened.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

"Twas, on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular mirror key :

"Oh, I am a cook and captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I could not help thinking the man had
been drinking,
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, who
Is a trick all seamen learn ;
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

"Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was
drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here !' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the
captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor
drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel ;
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me, was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as'sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be
stowed
In the other chap's hold you see.

"I'll be eat if you dines off me," says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you !"

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped
shalot,
And some sage and parsley too."

"Come here," says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'I will soothe you be if I let you see
How extre'mely nice you'll smell."

"And he stirred it round, and round, and
round,
And he sniffed at the steaming froth.
When I ups with his heels, and smoothers
his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never laugh nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say :

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig !"

W. S. GILBERT.

THE IRISIMIAN'S PRAYER.

WHEN the British ships under
Lord Nelson were bearing down
to attack the combined fleet off
Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of
the *Revenge*, on going round to
see that all hands were at
quarters, observed one of the
men devoutly kneeling at the
side of his gun. So very un-

usual attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the honest tar, "No! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

GONE, BUT NOT LOST.

THE servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea-kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master, "Arrah, and plase your honour, can any thing be said to be lost, when you know where it is?"—"Certainly not," replied the officer.—"Why then, by my soul, and St. Patrick, the tea-kettle is at the bottom of the say."

PUNCH ON POMPEY'S PILLAR.

SOME jolly British sailors had been enjoying themselves on board one of the ships in the harbour of Alexandria, until a strange freak entered into one of their heads. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur to the putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar! This pillar is one hundred and fourteen feet in height. At the spot they arrived and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the

desired point; but their labour was vain, and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was despatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governor of Alexandria was told that those seamen were about to pull down Pompey's pillar; but whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire risen in opposition, it would not at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more

than one man upon it ; but these seamen found that it would contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befell these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, that it would have turned a landsman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment the pillar received, was the loss of a volute, which came down with a thundering sound ; and this was afterwards carried to England. The discovery which these English seamen made, amply compensated for the loss of the volute, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known that there was once a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which are still remaining. The adventurers left to future travellers a token of their bold enterprise, in the initials of their names, which are very legible, in black paint, just beneath the capital.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

"Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—
the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were
mustering at the brim ;
Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if
the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the
light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary
eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the
sea and sky !
Down went my helm—close reef'd—the
tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast-nug—I put about, and scudded
for the land,
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my
little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came
borne upon the blast,
Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the
straining sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and
fierce assaults of hail !

What darksome cayerns yawn'd before,
what jagged steeps behind !
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, and
tossing in the wind,
Each after each sank down astern, ex-
hausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd
in its place ;
As black as night—they turn'd to white,
and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a
sailor's shroud :—
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course
was nearly run !
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows
heap'd in one !
With fearful speed the dreary mass came
rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only
wave at last !
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift
pursuing grave ;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd
its hugeness to a wave !
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in
my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its
swelling base ! [mine !
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an
avalanche of mine !
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think
of wife and home ;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I
shriek'd below the foam !
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any
after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless
as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I ? in the breathing world, or
in the world of death ?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another
birth of breath :
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears
a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a real ship whose tackle
seem'd around ?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining
up aloft ;
But were those beams the very beams that
I had seen so oft ?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before
me watch'd alone ;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that
look'd against my own ?
Oh ! never may the moon again disclose
me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd on that
accursed night !
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot
of fierce extremes
Of fever ; and most frightful things have
haunted in my dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blopd-loving bats—and
 pes with hateful stare,—
 vicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the
 lion, and she-bear—
 Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of
 treachery and spite—
 Detested features, hardly dimm'd and
 banish'd by the light !

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, up
 starting from their tombs—
 All phantasies and images that slit in mid-
 night glooms—
 Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have
 made me all aghast,—
 But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who
 stood beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black
 —his eyes and hair as dark :
 His hand was black, and where it touch'd,
 it left a sable mark :
 His throat was black, his vest the same,
 and when I look'd beneath,
 His breast was black—all, all was black,
 except his grinning teeth.
 His sooty crew were like in hue, as black
 as Afric slaves !
 Oh, horror ! e'en the ship was black that
 plough'd the inky waves !

"Alas !" I cried, "for love of truth and
 blessed mercy's sake,
 Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon
 what dreadful lake ?
 What shape is that, so very grim, and
 black as any coal ?
 It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has
 gain'd my soul !
 Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear
 meadows that beguil'd
 My happy days, when I was yet a little
 sinless child ; —
 My mother dear—my native fields, I never
 more shall see :
 I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the
 Devil's sea !"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and
 loudly in return
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang
 from stem to stern—
 A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were
 crumpled on the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came
 shining out at once : [merry fit,
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well,
 like demons of the Pit.
 They crowd'd their fill, and then the Chief
 made answer for the whole :—
 "Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see,
 because we carry coal ;
 You'll find your mother sure enough, and
 see your native fields—
 For this here ship has pick'd you up—the
 Mary Ann of Shields !" —T. Hood.

THE FORCE OF PERSUA- SION.

WHILE our squadron lay in
 the Scheldt, in the year 1794, a
 curious incident occurred, highly
 characteristic of the cool courage
 and blunt humour of our country-
 men. Captain Savage, of the
Albion, sixty-four, lying at anchor
 before Flushing, in company
 with the Dutch squadron, under
 the command of Rear-admiral
 Van Spangler, a friendly ac-
 quaintance was kept up between
 them. Captain Savage was
 dining with the Dutch Admiral,
 when the latter received a mes-
 sage which occasioned some agi-
 tation ; the admiral went on deck,
 and returning soon after to his
 seat, informed Captain Savage
 that he had caused two of the
 crew to be taken out of his
 (Captain Savage's) barge, and
 to be put in irons, as they were
 found to be Dutch subjects.
 Captain Savage quietly ob-
 served, without interrupting his
 dinner—"You had better put
 them back again into the boat,
 admiral." "Why," demanded
 Van Spangler, with some
 warmth, "had I better do so ?"
 —"Because," rejoined the
 British veteran, "if you do
 not, I shall order my first
 lieutenant (and he seldom dis-
 obeys orders) to lay the *Albion*
 alongside the *Utrecht*, and,"
 (raising his voice just so high
 as to harmonize with the sub-
 ject) "d—n me, if I don't walk
 your quarter-deck till he sinks
 you !" It is scarcely neces-
 sary to add, that the men were
 immediately returned to their
 barge.

IRISH IGNORANCE.

THE captain of a vessel just arrived in the harbour of New York, directed one of the crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into his cabin. On his return, the captain enquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman with great simplicity replied, "Plase, your honour, I could not catch the boy, but I threw overboard the old cook."

BITING SLACKS.

AN English sailor, observing some slaves marched down to the quay to be freighted to New Orleans' slave-market, said to his companion: "I say, Jim, if the devil don't catch them 'ere fellers as drives them poor creturs along, it's no use having a devil, that's all."

CHARLES II. AND A SAILOR.

IN the reign of Charles II. a sailor, having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill-fame in Wapping, where he slept all night, and had his whole substance taken from him by stealth. In the morning, when he discovered his loss, he vowed revenge against the first person he should meet with possessed of cash; and, accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney-fields, to whom he related his mishap, he insisted on having his loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such conduct, but to no purpose; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman, dreading worse

consequences, 'delivered' his purse; but soon after had the sailor taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence Jack sent a shipmate with the following strange epistle to the King:—

"KING CHARLES,

"One of your subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same sum, who has inhumanly sent me to Newgate; and he swears I shall be hanged; therefore, for your own sake, save my life, or you'll lose one of the best seamen in your navy. "JACK SKIFTON."

HIS Majesty, on the receipt of this very laconic letter, wrote this answer, equally laconic, and characteristic of the humorous temperament of that merry monarch:—

"JACK SKIFTON,

"For this time, I'll save thee from the gallows; but if, hereafter, thou art guilty of the like, by G—d I'll have thee hanged! though the best seaman in my navy.

"Thine,

"CHARLES REX."

HIGHWAYMAN & SAILOR.

ONE of the Dover stages on its way to London was stopped by a single highwayman, who was informed by the coachman that there were no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he was a sailor. The robber then proceeded to exercise his employment upon the tar; when, waking him out

off his sleep, Jack demanded what he wanted ; to which the son of thunder replied, "Your money." "You shan't have it," said Jack. — "No, replied the robber ; "then I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away, then, you land-lubber," cried Jack, squirting the tobacco juice out of his mouth ; "I may as well go to London without brains as without money ; drive on, coachman."

THE TAR'S CONSOLATION.

A LADY at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom ; mercy on us, how my head swims !" "Zounds madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom *while your head swims.*"

THE FLOOD.

A WELSH sailor, boasting of the antiquity of his family, averred that one of his ancestors had held a conversation with Noah at the time of the deluge. "And what was the purport of the conversation ?" asked some one. "I can't say exactly," replied David, "but I know he slapped the old fellow on the shoulder and said 'Hazy weather, Master Noah.'"

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

SOME abuse having crept into the navy, more particularly with respect to the horrible impress service, William, Duke of Cumberland, was determined to search into the truth. Accord-

ingly, one morning, being accompanied by a naval officer of rank, both dressed as sailors, they went to Wapping ; and, entering a public house, desired the landlady to furnish them with a private room, which they would liberally pay for, having heard, since they came on shore, that the press was very hot. The treacherous hostess took the money, with a low curtsey ; and, after lamenting the many hardships and oppressions which the poor mariners were obliged to undergo, she retired, and immediately gave information to a gang, observing, however, that one of the men was so fat that he was perhaps scarcely worth the shipping. Upon this the press-gang burst into the room ; when, after a well-feigned resistance, the duke and his friend suffered themselves to be dragged on board the tender. They were very roughly interrogated, and severely reprimanded for daring to resist his Majesty's officers. The duke answered for himself and his companion, and inveighed against them in very severe terms, for using men so cruelly ; upon which they were both ordered down below. This the duke refused to comply with, which so exasperated the captain, that he told them they should soon know who he was, and directly ordered them to be stripped and flogged. The duke exclaimed "Strip me, if you dare !" This was not to be endured ; the captain struck his royal highness with a cane, which was a signal to his men to strip their victim by force ;

this they set about, but they had no sooner pulled off his blue jacket, than they perceived the star on his breast. The tables were now turned: the duke declared who he was, and in a minute the whole opposing party were down on their knees, imploring his forgiveness. He immediately ordered the captain to be secured whilst he went below, where a scene of the most savage barbarity presented itself; some poor creatures were bleeding from the repeated lashes which they had received; and others were gasping for life, from the want of fresh air. The duke, on his return, waited on the Lords of the Admiralty; the brutal captain was dismissed, and a reformation instituted throughout the service.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

ADMIRAL BLAKE, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened, in an engagement, that one of the ships blew up, which damped the spirits of the crews throughout his fleet; but the brave Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful encounter, called out to his men—"Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up, and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation! This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately; and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. "There,

my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

A HORSE FLY.

THE first and second lieutenants of a man-of-war, both great anglers, once disputed concerning the fly in season for a particular month, one arguing that the horse fly was then in season, the other replying that there was no such fly. At the moment an able sailor, who was also a skilful angler, passed, and the disputants agreed to leave the question to Jack. "Jack," said the first lieutenant, "did you ever see a horse fly?" "No, your honour," replied the tar; "but I have seen as curious a thing—I have seen a cow jump down a precipice."

CARING FOR THE SAILOR.

WHILE the preacher at the Mariner's Church, New York, a few days since in his sermon was eloquently asking—"Is there any one who cares for the poor sailor?" a little girl, whose elder sister sat at her side (and who was engaged to a son of the ocean), answered loud enough for the audience to hear, looking archly at her sister, "Yes sir, *beck* does!" The audience were at once thrown into a broad grin, and the minister closed the exercises quickly with prayer.

ANOTHER ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THE late Admiral Montague, when at Boston, in America, walking the streets on a Sunday, was taken up by the *saints* there, and put in the stocks. This in-

dignity he submitted to without any apparent uneasiness; but on the day he meant to sail to England, he sent cards to the mayor and aldermen to dine on board his Majesty's ship; and after dinner he called all hands, and ordered the boatswain to give them a dozen a-piece, which they submitted to, as resistance would have been in vain.—“Now, gentlemen,” said the noble admiral, “adieu! I could not resist the inclination I had to give you my Rowland for your Oliver.”

THE PARSON AND SAILOR.

A SAILOR, about being married, could not find change enough for the parson's fees. The reverend gentleman unwilling to tie the couple without the accustomed fee, demurred. Jack, placing his hand in his pocket, drew out a few shillings, saying; “Never mind, brother, marry us as far as it will go.”

A NAVAL VICTORY NEVER GAZETTED.

A WHIMSICAL cause took place at the *pied poudre* Court of Bartholomew-fair, a few years ago, where the complainant demanded the restitution of nine French sail of the line, of their flags, and of many pieces of cannon, captured by an honest Jack Tar, half-seas over, who had been, with much difficulty, brought to answer for his frolic. The fact was, that the plaintiff had for a show an exhibition of the action of the first of June, to which the sailor went in, and sat for some time with great composure, whilst the British fleet

was cruising; but no sooner was it announced the French were about to heave in sight, than Jack rose up, as he declared, to clear for action, swearing that he would commence firing as soon as the enemy came within gun-shot. To this the exhibitor paid no attention, supposing it merely a nautical joke; but no sooner did the French line appear, and the first *cracker* was fired, than Jack, warmed by the smell of gunpowder, instantly opened his fire also, throwing in his hat and stick, which threw the whole French fleet into confusion, as well as the exhibitor and the audience; when the tar very coolly stretched his arms over the ocean, and captured the whole of the hostile flotilla, cramming them into his pockets, as if carrying them into port, and swearing that he would spend the prize-money like a Briton.

After considerable difficulty on the part of the court, Jack was persuaded to restore his captures as unlawful prizes, and to pay half-a-guinea for wear and tear; when he threw down a pound note, but begged that he might take out his change in another shot at the enemy.

BROTHER CAPTAINS.

CAPTAIN POWNAL, and Captain Sawyer, both serving in the navy, had agreed to share with each other the amount of whatever prize-money they might gain by their separate captures. Putting in at Lisbon, they paid their addresses to two young ladies, sisters, and were favourably received by them; but

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

their father, a merchant of immense property, although sensible of their personal merits, objected to their want of fortune, and desired that they would discontinue their courtship until their circumstances were much improved; which was shortly the case, by the prize-money gained by the capture of the *Hermione* in 1762. Soon after, the earthquake happened at Lisbon, and deprived the merchant of all his property. The generous captains, immediately on hearing it, repaired to Lisbon, where, yielding to the full and noble gratification of love and friendship, they settled an annuity on the father, and married his two daughters.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

ADMIRAL BLAKE, when a young midshipman, on the eve of an engagement, was observed to shake and tremble exceedingly; and being asked the cause, he replied—"My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted heart will lead me."

CAPTAIN TROWBRIDGE.

A HUMOROUS scene occurred on board the *Sans Pareille*, one of the ships of the French fleet, defeated by Lord Howe, on the first of June. Captain Trowbridge, who had recently been taken, in the *Castor*, with his convoy, bound to Newfoundland, was, on the morning of that glorious day, a prisoner on board the above ship, where

Admiral Nieuilly, had his flag flying. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet into a line parallel with that of the enemy, he made the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge, who had observed the signal, and knew the meaning of it, communicated the information to the French admiral, who took the advantage of the time allowed, to indulge his crews with the same repast. Trowbridge, whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions, was helping himself to a large slice from a brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him, by an interpreter (for Trowbridge would never learn their language), that the English admiral shewed no disposition to fight, and he was certain did not intend it. "What!" said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand, something more than emphatically, upon the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, "not fight?—stop till they have had their breakfasts:—I know John Bull d——d well; and when his belly is full you will get it!" — In a few minutes after this, the British fleet bore up to engage. Trowbridge was then sent into the boatswain's store-room, where, for a length of time, he leaned against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring forth invectives against the French, and especially the man who was appointed to guard him. Suddenly he heard the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when, grasping the as-

nished Frenchman with both hands, he began to jump and caper with all the gestures of a madman. The *Sans Pareille* soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in setting her to rights, and taking her into port.

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.

WHEN this gallant man commanded the *Canada*, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in paying before they sailed; in consequence of which the crew signed what is called a round-robin, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on receiving this declaration, caused all hands to be called on deck, and thus addressed them:—"My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return to port; and as to your not fighting, I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see, when the devil himself will not be able to keep you from it!"

BRITISH SEAMEN.

THE practice of boarding ships of war in the face of great guns, small arms, or any other obstacle that may be opposed, is an action so truly British, and so peculiar to British intrepidity alone, that we might search the annals of all nations in vain, either for example or precedent. That these exploits, which some nations would term desperate, are natural to a British sailor, is clear, from the circumstance that he is not forced upon them, but in most cases freely volun-

teers his services, choosing this as the shortest and surest mode of ending the contest. Give him his foothold, and were it the brink of Mount Etna, and his enemy there, he would infallibly venture in. If death stares him in the face, he does not shy him with dejected looks, or await his approach with indifferent, folded arms: whilst he breathes he never despairs. This spirit of defiance to danger, which makes the deck of battle more easy to him than the floor of the ball-room, serves him equally in the hour of storm as in that of conflict; this is well illustrated in an account of a Levant storm, given by Lord Charlemont. A vessel in that sea was so distressed, that the Captain knew there was no resource but to make fast the buoy-rope to the mast-head, which being belayed at the ship's side, might serve as a false shroud; and, though an old sailor himself, was hesitating whether he should, or should not, order any one to go aloft, when he was interrupted by one of his crew who stood near him; this philosophically brave fellow, taking from his cheek the usual plug of tobacco, cried out: "By G—d, master, if we must die, 'tis better to die doing something!" His words accompanied his actions; he was immediately at the mast-head, the buoy-rope was made fast, the mast belayed; and thus by the natural intrepidity of one man, a great and imminent danger was averted, and a valuable ship saved.

It is not only in this strict

and steady execution of orders that his native valour is exhibited, but very frequently in actions purely spontaneous. A circumstance is related, of a British tar swimming a broad moat and attacking a small fort in India. The natives stationed here to defend it, intimidated by his single daring, leaped out, leaving Jack in possession, with his handkerchief flying in token of victory. Though his bold conduct was highly approved of in one sense, it was disapproved of in another; having acted without orders, the rules of the service required that he should be tried by a court-martial. He was of course acquitted, but reprimanded; upon which he muttered: "He would be d—d if ever he took another fort!"

THE BRAVE DAN BRYAN.

AN uncommon instance of intrepidity and good-nature occurred at the memorable siege of Acre, the particulars of which are thus given in the *Naval Chronicle*:—Daniel Bryan was an old seaman, and captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the *Blanche* into Sir Sidney Smith's ship, *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate

officer, and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulture, it in a few days became putrescent—a shocking spectacle—a dreadful memento of the horrors of war, the fragility of human nature, and the vanity of all sublunary ambition, hopes, and expectations. Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to the ship, inquiries were instantly made respecting the state of the deceased general. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him; but the only reply that he received was, "Go, and do it yourself." Dan swore he would, observing, that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, not like the Turks, leaving them to rot above-board. In the morning, having obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore, with the surgeon, in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the general, sir, and now I'll come to see the sick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearful of his catching the plague, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain inquired of the surgeon if he had seen old

an. "Yes, he has been burying the French general." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred. The boat's crew, who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the nobler and the milder virtues, thus related its circumstances:—

The old man procured a pickaxe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him. "No," he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and my loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs. The French now levelled their pieces, they were on the instant of firing at the hero. It was an interesting moment; but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder, ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould* and stones, placing a large stone at its head, and another at its feet. But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no in-

scription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write,—

"Here you lie, old crop!"

He was then, with his pickaxe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney having been informed of the circumstance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. "Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?"—"Yes, your honour!"—"Had you anybody with you?"—"Yes, your honour!"—"Why, Mr. — says you had not."—"But I had, your honour!"—"Ah! who had you?"—"God Almighty, sir!"—"A very good assistant, indeed; give old Dan a glass of grog!"—"Thank your honour!" Dan drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He was in 1805 a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.

A FEW years ago, a ship came into harbour, at Chatham, to be paid off. One of the sailors being ashore, soon prevailed on a young woman of Rochester to accept of him as a husband, and previous to returning to his ship, left money with a friend to pay for publishing the banns, and all other incidental matrimonial expenses. It was proposed that the marriage should take place on the fourth Sunday following; and on the preceding

Saturday the honest tar asked leave of his captain to go on shore, which was peremptorily refused. Jack remonstrated—"Captain," exclaimed he, "I am going to be married to-morrow." The captain told Jack that the business of the ship in his department was most urgent, and positively forbade him going on shore. Unwilling to disappoint the girl, and lose his money, Jack wisely determined to marry her by proxy, and proposed to Will Treadaway, his messmate, to undertake that kind office: "And you, Will," said he, "stay with her on shore, and when the gangway is cleared from stern to stern, I will come to you." Will goes on shore, and informing the girl of his friend's situation and proposal, she instantly consented, and was actually married to Will, as the proxy of Jack: nor did the minister discover the mistake, till Will wrote his name in the book, Treadaway, instead of Salmon. The clerk cried out, "why you are not the man asked in church with this woman?" To which the honest tar replied, first devoting his eyes and limbs to confirm the fact, "I came here to prevent my messmate being cheated, and I only marry the girl for Jack Salmon, my messmate, till he comes on shore."—Three days afterwards, Jack came on shore, when he received his spouse from the hands of his proxy: and lived as much in peace and tranquillity as if he had originally tied the matrimonial knot in *propria persona*.

ADMIRAL KING.

IN the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and *M^{re} de Suffrein*, in 1781, the *Exeter* was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Towards the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the *Exeter*, already a wreck, the master asked the commodore what he should do with the ship: to which he bravely replied, "There is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks!"

DEVOTION TO COUNTRY.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, when Captain Hardy was stationed off Lagos-bay, he received certain intelligence of some Spanish galleons having arrived in the harbour of Vigo, under the protection of seventeen men-of-war; upon which, without any warrant for so doing, he set sail, and gave intelligence to Sir George Rooke, who was then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. In consequence of this information, the admiral made the best of his way to Vigo, where he took or destroyed the whole fleet. Sir George was sensible of the value of the advice communicated; but after the fight was over, and the victory obtained, he ordered Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance, said: "You have done, sir, a very important piece of service; you have added to the honour and

riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are liable to be shot for quitting your station?"—"He is unworthy," replied Hardy, "to bear a commission under her Majesty, who holds his life as anything when the glory and interest of his country require him to hazard it!"—For this intrepid answer, the admiral despatched him with the news of the victory, and a recommendation to the Queen, who immediately conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

VICTORY OF ST. VINCENT.

AT the dawn of day on the 14th of February, 1797, the British fleet, of fifteen sail of the line, under the command of Sir John Jervis, standing to the southward of Cape St. Vincent, discovered the Spanish fleet extending from south-west to south. About ten, it was ascertained that the enemy had twenty-seven ships of the line; and Admiral Jervis immediately informed his officers, that it was his intention to cut through them; Captain Trowbridge, in the *Cutlogen*, being ordered to lead the van. This gallant officer took his station as soon as commanded, and commenced by opening his fire on the enemy to windward, which effectually separated the sternmost and leewardmost from the main body, tacked, and thus prevented their re-junction. Sir John, having his fleet in two lines, sailing in close order, very readily formed it into one to

complete the intended movement. As soon, therefore, as Trowbridge had succeeded in passing through the enemy's fleet, he gave his starboard broadside to the nearest of their ships; and his example being followed by the van of our fleet, the action became nearly general, by the British ships coming in the same tack with those of Spain. The general action began about noon, and continued till five o'clock, P.M., when four sail of the line, two of them first-rates, fell into our possession.

Nelson, who was commodore of the fleet, on board the *Captain*, a seventy-four, having performed prodigies of valour, lost his fore-topmast, and in this situation passed close under the lee of the Spanish ship *San Nicholas*, of eighty-four guns, which was at that time foul of the *San Josef*, of one hundred and twelve guns, both of which ships had been severely beaten by their opponents. As the *San Nicholas* took the wind out of Nelson's sails, with that presence of mind which he seems to have possessed beyond all other men, he ordered the helm to be put a-lee, and with what little way he had, ran on board the Spaniard. A party of the Sixty-ninth regiment doing duty as marines in the *Captain*, Nelson summoned them and his boarders, with Berry, the first lieutenant; and the whole of them, Nelson leading, rushed on board the *San Nicholas*, carried her with some loss, and from her proceeded with the same determination to the *San*

Josef, where the astonished Spaniards called for quarter, and the captain of the ship presented on his knee the sword of his admiral, who, being desperately wounded, could not do it in person.

In the mean time, Sir John Jervis, in the *Victory*, followed by the *Barfleur*, passed close under the stern of the *Salvador del Mundo*, of one hundred and twelve guns, and gave her two or three British broadsides, which effectually silenced and disabled her, when she surrendered. The *Santissima Trinidad* was engaged by many ships of our fleet in succession, and finally struck to the *Orion*, Captain Saumarez: that officer, however, being unable to take possession of her, she ultimately escaped; but as she was known to be dismasted, a squadron of frigates was sent in pursuit of her, and in the course of three days fell in with her, under snug sail, making good way; but from too much prudence on the part of Captain Berkeley, who recalled the *Minerve* and *Niger* just as they were about to bring her into close action, she got off.

This victory, small as the results were, was a great one, when the vast disparity of the two fleets is considered. Fifteen English ships, the two largest of one hundred guns, two of ninety-eight, two of ninety, eight of seventy-four, and one of sixty-four guns, opposed to, and defeating an enemy of twenty-seven sail of the line, consisting of one ship of one

hundred and thirty, six of a hundred and twelve, one of eighty-four, and nineteen of seventy-four guns, was "odds to Hercules." The thanks of the nation were therefore cheerfully voted to the admiral, who was made Earl of St. Vincent; other superior officers baronets; and Nelson had the order of the Bath conferred on him.

After the battle, Sir John Jervis received Nelson on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, took him in his arms, and saying he could not sufficiently thank him, insisted on his keeping the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral, which he had so bravely won: and this trophy Nelson afterwards presented to the city of Norwich.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

THE sun rose bright and clear on the 1st of June, 1794, as if it prognosticated a brilliant day of glory to England: it was Sunday; the weather was more moderate, and the sea smoother than it had been on the preceding days, when daylight disclosed the French fleet lying parallel with ours, about two miles to the leeward, with their ships' heads to the westward, apparently waiting the attack with great resolution, induced, no doubt, in some measure, by the fear of the guillotine. We do not wish to detract from the merit of an enemy, whose valour we always respected; but this being the first instance on record of the French waiting for a general action upon compara-

tively equal terms (their number being twenty-six sail of the line, and ours twenty-five), we are confirmed in our opinion; and we are moreover certain, that many heads would have fallen, on their return to Brest, but for the timely fate of Robespierre: this we say on the authority of Admiral Villaret.

The signal was made that the admiral meant to pass between the ships of their line, and engage them to leeward; or being to leeward to run through, and engage them to windward; but those ships who were not able to effect this intention, were at liberty to act as circumstances required. This was an excuse for a fault before it was committed; the license it allowed was useless to a good officer, and mischievous to a bad one; and it disconcerted, in the end, the plan previously laid down by the admiral, and left him, with the bravest of his followers, to bear the brunt of the battle. Those who nobly disdained to avail themselves of this indulgence, and passed through the line, proved that with them every consideration vanished before the honour and safety of their king and country.

When Lord Howe had taken up his position, he said—"I now shut the signal book, and I trust I shall have no occasion to reopen it to-day." At fifty-two minutes past nine, the *Queen Charlotte* opened her fire. In going down to the enemy, some of our ships had been much disabled from their fire, particularly the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Queen*,

the *Brunswick*, and others. Lord Howe walked on the front of the poop, attended by Sir Roger Curtis, and other officers; the men were falling fast around, which the veteran admiral beheld with perfect composure, and without returning a shot. At length, after much persuasion, he consented that they should fire from the main and quarter deck guns only, meaning to reserve the other guns for closer action. The officers at those batteries hearing the firing over their heads, supposed they were at liberty to begin, and gave the whole broadside, reloading again with the greatest celerity. The *Montagna* was still the object of our admiral, as it was the largest, and perhaps the finest ship in the world. Lord Howe desired Bowen, his master, to lay him as close alongside of her as he could: Bowen did it, like a brave seaman, and conducted his ship so close under the stern of the *Montagne* that the fly of the tri-coloured ensign brushed the main and mizen shrouds of the *Queen Charlotte*, as she poured her larboard broadside into her opponent's starboard quarter. The *Montagne* does not appear to have been prepared for action on that side, for her ports were down, and she returned not a gun, while the effect of the British broadside upon her, was the loss of three hundred men killed and wounded, by their own confession. Jean Bon St. André, a representative of the people, was standing near the French Admiral, Villaret

Joyeuse, when the firing began ; but he instantly disappeared and remained in the cockpit during the rest of the action. At this moment, the *Jacobin*, second astern of the *Montagne*, either by accident or design, ran so close up under the lee of his admiral, that there was not room for the *Queen Charlotte* to take the position intended by Lord Howe, on the lee-beam of his opponent ; and in consequence of this failure, the *Queen Charlotte* was compelled to pass the stern of the *Jacobin* and the head of her second, raking them both at the same time : the *Jacobin* then made sail, and the *Queen Charlotte*, in tacking to engage the *Montagne*, lost her fore-topmast, which fell over her side. The French admiral, seeing this, took advantage of it to move off, leaving the *Queen Charlotte* engaged with the two ships second and third astern of the *Montagne*.

At ten minutes past one, the action had ended with the centre ; and Villaret was forming with his disabled ships to leeward, but the firing did not cease till four o'clock ; when the French admiral, having collected such of his ships as were capable, five sail of which were dismasted, made sail to the north-east ; leaving Lord Howe master of the field of battle, with seven sail of the line prizes, one of whom sunk before the prisoners could be removed ; two hundred and eighty men being all that could be saved out of seven hundred, with which she began the action ; the rest were either

killed or drowned. There was no cry of "Vive la Nation" so falsely stated in the Convention. The French colours were struck, and she sunk with the English jack over the Republican flag. The boats of our fleet were very active in saving the men, who implored their mercy. The ship was named *Le Vengeur*, of seventy-four guns.

At five o'clock, the British ships with their prizes were closing round their admiral ; and there were fifteen sail of the line as ready to renew the battle as they had been to begin it ; and it is to be regretted that the consideration of securing a few old ships to be taken into our ports as trophies, should have been allowed to prevent the pursuit of the flying foes. Had Lord Howe burnt the captured vessels, and followed up his advantage, he might have completed the greatest naval campaign recorded in the history of the world ; for that part of the French fleet which escaped from the hands of Lord Howe, was fell in with by Rear-admiral Montague, off Brest, but his force consisting of no more than seven sail of the line, and theirs of nineteen, he did not dare venture on bringing so superior an enemy to action. But had Lord Howe, instead of losing thirty-four hours in securing the prizes, followed the flying French, he would have driven them into the very mouth of Admiral Montague, and, with his assistance, might have captured the entire fleet. A more glorious opportunity was never

so unfortunately lost. Let us not, however, be ungrateful for the victory achieved, which was glorious enough to make the first of June for ever a memorable day.

FATHER AND SON.

AMONG the cases of suffering by the wreck, in 1686, of the vessel in which the Siamese embassy to Portugal was embarked, few have stronger claims to pity than that of the captain. He was a man of rank, sprung from one of the first families in Portugal; he was rich and honourable, and had long commanded a ship in which he rendered great service to the king his master, and had given many marks of his valour and fidelity. The captain had carried his only son out to India along with him; he was a youth possessed of every amiable quality, well instructed for his years; gentle, docile, and most fondly attached to his father. The captain watched with the most intense anxiety over his safety: on the wreck of the ship, and during the march to the Cape, he caused him to be carried by his slaves. At length all the slaves having perished, or being so weak that they could not drag themselves along, this poor youth was obliged to trust to his own strength, but became so reduced and feeble that having laid him down to rest on a rock, he was unable to rise again. His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at length unable to bend a joint. The sight struck like a dagger to his father's

heart; he tried repeatedly to recover him, and by assisting him to advance a few steps, supposed that the numbness might be removed; but his limbs refused to serve him, he was only dragged along, and those whose aid his father implored, seeing they could do no more, frankly declared that if they carried him they must themselves perish.

The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting his son on his shoulders, he tried to carry him; he could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with his son, who seemed more distressed with his father's grief than with his own sufferings. The heroic boy besought him to leave him to die; the sight, he said, of the father's tears and affliction were infinitely more severe than the bodily pain he endured. These words, far from inducing the captain to depart, melted him more and more, until he at last resolved to die with his son. The youth, astonished at his father's determination, and satisfied that his persuasions were unavailing, entreated the Portuguese in the most impressive manner to carry away his father.

Two priests who were of the party endeavoured to represent to the captain the sinfulness of persisting in his resolution; but the Portuguese were obliged finally to carry him away by force, after having removed his son a little apart. So cruel, however, was the separation that the captain never recovered it. The violence of his grief was unabating; and he actually died

of a broken heart after reaching the Cape.

SAVED THROUGH A DREAM.

IN June, 1695, the ship *Mary*, commanded by Captain Jones, with a crew of twenty-two men, sailed from Spithead for the West Indies; and contrary to the remonstrances of one Adams on board, the master steered a course which brought the vessel on the Caskets, a large body of rocks, two or three leagues S.E. of Guernsey. It was about three o'clock in the morning, when the ship struck against the high rock; all the bows were stove in; the water entered most rapidly, and in less than half an hour she sunk. Those of the crew who were in the forepart of the ship, got upon the rock; but the rest, to the number of eight, who were in the hind part, sunk directly, and were no more seen. Adams, and thirteen more, who were on the rock, had not time to save anything out of the ship for their subsistence; and the place afforded them none, nor even any shelter from the heat of the sun. The first day they went down the rock, and gathered limpets, but finding that they increased their thirst, they eat no more of them. The third day they killed the dog which had swam to the rock, and eat him, or rather chewed his flesh, to allay their thirst, which was excessive. They passed nine days without any other food, and without any prospect of relief; their flesh wasted, their sinews shrunk, and their mouths parched with thirst;

on the tenth day, they agreed to cast lots, that two of the company should die, in order to preserve the rest a little longer. When the two men were marked out, they were willing and ready to stab themselves, as had been agreed on with horrible ingenuity, in order that those who were living might put a tobacco pipe into the incision, and each in his turn suck so many gulps of blood to quench his thirst! But although the necessity was so pressing, they were yet unwilling to resort to this dreadful extremity, and resolved to stay one day more in hopes of seeing a ship. The next day, no relief appearing, the two wretched victims on whom the lots had fallen, stabbed themselves, the rest sucked their blood, and were thus revived for a short time. They still continued to make signals of distress, and having hoisted a piece of a shirt on a stick, it was at length seen by a ship's crew of Guernsey, one Taskard, master, bound from that island to Southampton. They were all taken on board, when each had a glass of cider and water to drink, which refreshed them considerably; but two of them eagerly seizing a bottle, drank to excess, which caused the death of both in less than two hours.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with this shipwreck is yet to be mentioned. It was with great reluctance that Taskard brought his ship near the Caskets, which were out of his course; but he was very much importuned by his son,

who had twice dreamed that there were men in distress upon these rocks. The father refused to notice the first dream, and was angry with his son: nor would he have yielded on the second, if there had been a favourable wind to go on his own course.

LOSS OF THE PRINCE GEORGE.

THE *Prince George* man-of-war, commanded by Admiral Broderick, when cruising off Lisbon, in the year 1758, was destroyed by fire; and out of a crew of 745 persons, 260 only were saved. The fire commenced in the fore part of the ship, in the boatswain's storeroom, to which place large quantities of water were applied, but in vain, the smoke being so violent that no person could get near enough. The powder was immediately floated, to prevent the vessel from blowing up; and an attempt was made to scuttle the decks, to let the water on the fire; but the people could not stand a minute without being almost suffocated. At length the lower gun-deck ports were opened, but the water that flowed in was not sufficient to subdue the flames. The fire soon increased so rapidly, that the destruction of the ship was inevitable, and the preservation of the admiral was first consulted. Captain Payton went on deck, ordered the barge to be manned, into which the admiral entered, with nearly forty more indiscriminately; for now there was no distinction, every man

considering his life equally precious. The admiral fearing the barge would overset, stripped himself naked, and committed himself to the mercy of the waves; and after toiling an hour, he was at length taken up by a merchantman's boat. The boat afterwards sunk, and not above three or four that were in it were saved. The captain kept the quarter-deck an hour after the admiral left it, when he happily got into a boat from the stern ladder, and was put safe on board the *Alderney* sloop; as was the chaplain, who jumped into the sea from one of the gun-room ports, and swam to a boat.

The long-boat was next endeavoured to be got out by those still left on board, and near a hundred people got into it; but as they were hoisting it out one of the tackles gave way, by which she overset, and almost every soul perished. The ship was now in flames fore and aft, spreading like flax; the people ran to and fro distracted, and not knowing what to do, jumped into the sea from all parts; very few of them were taken up. Several who could not swim remained upon the wreck, with the fire falling down upon them. Shortly after the masts went away, and killed numbers; and those that escaped this calamity thought themselves happy to get upon them; but the ship rolling by means of the great sea, the fire communicated to the guns, which, being loaded and shotted, swept off great numbers of those who were struggling amid the water.

The vessel had now been burning four hours, when Mr. Parry, an officer on board, went into the admiral's stern gallery, where he found two young gentlemen, passengers, lashing two tables together for a raft. One of them proposed to make fast the lashing to the gallery, and lower themselves down on the tables, then cut the lashing, and commit themselves to the mercy of Providence. The tables were hoisted over; but being badly lashed, one of them was lost. Mr. Parry ventured first on the remaining table, but a great swell at the instant rendered it impossible for any one to follow him, and he was immediately turned adrift. By the cries of the people from the ship to the boats, he was seen, and afterwards taken up, though nearly drowned. Not less than 485 persons perished. The calamity would not, however, have been so disastrous had the merchantmen, of which there were many near the wreck, behaved well; but they not only kept aloof, but instead of saving the men that swam to their boats, were employed in picking up geese, fowls, and anything else (their fellow-creatures excepted) that came near them. How truly might these wretched sufferers exclaim—

"Man is to man a monster-hearted stone;
With Heav'n there's mercy, but with man
there's none."

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THE *Fanny* galley, commanded by Captain Blakely, was in the year 1747 chased by a French privateer off Rotter-

dam, which ran upon the flats, where she was beat to pieces. The French made all the signals of distress; but Captain Blakely having only nine hands, and seeing two boats put off, one of which was very large and full of men, he did not at first go to their relief. The large boat sunk, and there appearing only eleven men and two women in the other, he lay by, and let them come up to the galley; when, to his great surprise, he saw his own wife, who had been taken four days before in a collier, bound to Rotterdam, where she was bound to meet him. The privateer had one hundred and five men, who all perished, except the ten thus saved.

INVENTIVE ENTERPRISE.

WHEN the crew of the *Wager* man-of-war had escaped from the wreck, to the coast of Patagonia, the boatswain's mate having got a water puncheon, scuttled it, then lashing two logs, one on each side to it, he went to sea in this extraordinary and original ark. He thus frequently provided himself with wild fowl, while all the rest were starving; and weather was bad indeed, when it deterred him from adventuring. Sometimes he would be absent a whole day. Once he was unfortunately overset by a heavy sea, when at a great distance from shore; but being near a rock, though no swimmer, he contrived to scramble to it. There he remained two days, with little prospect of relief, as he was too far off the land to be visible. Luckily, however, a

but happened to go that way in quest of wild fowl, and, discovering his signals, rescued him from his forlorn situation. He was, however, so little discouraged by this accident, that a short time after, he procured an ox's hide, and by the assistance of hoops he converted it into a sort of canoe, in which he made several successful voyages.

PRINCE OF ENTERPRISE.

IF ever there was a man who had a just title to this denomination, it was HORATIO NELSON. We mention him by the name in which he may be said to have "put on immortality." Most truly was it once said, in apology for directing a letter simply to *Horatio Nelson, Genoa*,—Sir, THERE IS BUT ONE HORATIO NELSON IN THE WORLD!

The whole life of this extraordinary man was one continued blaze of heroic enterprise; he was ever panting after deeds of surpassing daring. He was never at ease, but in the midst of the battle and the tempest; he seemed to have no joy but in the mightiest of dangers; he made a sort of child's play of probabilities; and with a giant's strength wrestled with impossibility itself.

From the despatches and letters of Nelson which are extant, a perfect text-work for the philosophy of enterprise might be formed. The many noble impulses, many aspiring resolves, in which they abound—all so pure, so patriotic, so worthy of the dignity of our nature—present lessons which

no commentary could exhaust, nor lapse of time depreciate.

"Oh! how I long," said he in a letter to his wife, while yet only a captain in that navy which he was destined to lead to so many unrivalled triumphs, "to be an admiral, and in the command of an English fleet! I should soon either do much, or be ruined. Mine is not a disposition for tame measures."

In the partial engagement to which Admiral Hotham brought the French fleet in April, 1795, Nelson went on-board the admiral's ship as soon as the firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, when he proposed to the admiral to leave his two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates, to themselves, and to *pursue the enemy*. The admiral, however, much cooler than his captain, observed, "We must be contented; we have done very well." "Now," says Nelson in a letter, in which this interview is related, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the cleventh to escape when it had been *possible* to have got at her, I could never have called it—*well done*."

The broad principle on which Nelson acted through the whole course of his professional career, and which all naval men ought to keep ever present in their memories, is thus emphatically laid down in another letter which he wrote to Count Mocenigo at Corfu. "*In sea affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable.*"

A presentiment of his future

renown was always the predominant passion of his soul. "One day or other," said he, when writing to his wife, 2nd of August, 1795, "I will have a gazette for myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. *I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight.*"

When it was resolved to withdraw our fleet from the Mediterranean, in consequence of the expected junction of the French and Spanish squadrons, the feelings of Nelson were much irritated at the idea of such a retreat; and in another letter to his wife he thus poured them forth. "We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean. They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—*anything and everything.* Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present order in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable is it to the dignity of England, *whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms.*"

A genius of the towering order of Nelson's was fitted to prosper only when left to itself. As his actions were beyond those of ordinary men, so were his notions of what *could* and *ought* to be acted. His mind created for itself opportunities of distinction, in what to others were situations of *forlornness* and despair. We find accordingly, that on the first occasion in which he signalized himself on a grand scale, he was, though in a subordinate command, the entire architect of his own glory.

A great opportunity presented itself to him; and at the hazard of incurring the greatest penalty which a breach of discipline can entail, he had the noble daring to seize it. On the 14th of February, 1797, the signal was flying from the whole fleet to *tack* in succession; when it came to Nelson's turn, as commodore of the rear division, to obey the order, he saw at once that by doing so the whole advantage of cutting the enemy's line would be lost; without hesitation therefore he resolved to disregard the signal; he ordered his ship to be *wore*; and the other ships of his division following the example of their leader, eight of the enemy's ships were thus cut off, forced to come to an engagement, and four of them captured.

The late Mr. Clerk of Eldin, author of the admirable "Essay on Naval Tactics," and the undoubted inventor of the manœuvre of cutting the line, to which the British navy owes so many of its triumphs, used to take great pleasure in quoting this achievement as an unanswerable exemplification of the excellence of his system. Indeed the manœuvre of Nelson was no more than a very exact solution of one of the problems proposed in Mr. Clerk's Essay.

A similar thing occurred in the action off Copenhagen, 1st of April, 1801. Before victory had declared itself in favour of the British, and when to retire would have been discomfiture and disgrace, Admiral Parker made the signal (No. 39) for the en-

gement *to cease*. When the signal was reported to Nelson, then walking on deck, he continued his walk, and appeared to take no notice of it. The lieutenant meeting his lordship at the next turn, asked "Whether he should repeat it?" Lord Nelson answered, "No, acknowledge it." On the officer returning to the poop, his lordship called after him, "Is No. 16 (signal for close action, which had been flying from the beginning) still hoisted?" The lieutenant answered in the affirmative. Lord Nelson said, "Mind you keep it so!" He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two he said to Captain Foote, in a quick manner, "Do you know what's shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39?" On Captain F.'s asking what that meant, Nelson answered, "Why, to leave off action. Leave off action!" he repeated, "No, never while an enemy's flag is flying." He also observed to Captain Foley, "You know, Foley, I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal."

Immediately before the last great engagement, in which God gave us victory, but Nelson died," he asked Captain Blackwood "What he should consider as a victory?" Captain B. answered, "That, considering

the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, he thought if fourteen ships were captured it would be a glorious result." Nelson replied, "I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty." "I was walking with him," continued Captain Blackwood, "on the poop, when he said, 'I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal;' and he asked me 'if I did not think there was one yet wanting?'" I answered, that I thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest to the *Victory* or *Royal Sovereign*. These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well-known signal was made, ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"

EARL HOWE.

EARL HOWE, when not more than eighteen years of age, was lieutenant of a sloop-of-war. An English merchantman had been captured at the Dutch settlement of Eustatia, by a French privateer, under the guns and protection of the governor. Lieutenant Howe, at his own earnest request, was sent with orders to claim her for the owners. This demand not being complied with, he desired leave to go with the boats, and attempt cutting her out of the harbour. The captain represented the danger of so adven-

turous a step ; and added, that he had not sufficient interest to support him in England, on a representation of the breach of neutrality. The lieutenant then requested that he would quit the ship for a short time, and leave the command to him. This being done, the gallant lieutenant went with the boats, cut out the vessel, and restored it to the proprietors.

In 1775, Lord Hawke gave the following seamanlike testimony to the merit of Lord Howe, in the House of Lords : " I advised his Majesty," said he, " to make the promotion (to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue). I have tried my Lord Howe on important occasions ; *he never asked me, how he was to execute any service, but always went and performed it.*"

HEROIC DEATH.

IN the spirited attack on the Boulogne flotilla, on the 21st of September, 1811, Lieutenant C. Cobb, of his Majesty's ship *Castilian*, was mortally wounded by a cannon ball. While carried from the deck in the arms of the surgeon and purser, he directed his eyes towards his shattered arm, and observing it hanging by a small portion of the flesh only, he exclaimed, with the greatest composure, " Never mind, it is only an arm ! " and although in addition to this calamity he had his ribs fractured and his lungs contused, he evinced such spirits and cheerfulness, that it was hoped his arm would have been the only loss the service should have

had to deplore. When suffering under the pain of amputation, it was made known to him that one of the praams had been taken ; he exclaimed, with the greatest fervour, " Thank God ! I hope we shall have more of them ; " but in a few minutes after the amputation was completed, life appeared to be fast ebbing, and in about fifty minutes after he first fell, he resigned his spirit without a sigh.

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

IN the battle of Camperdown, when Admiral Lord Duncan gained so important a victory over the Dutch fleet, there were several women on board the *Venerable*, the English admiral's flag ship. Among these, a sailor's wife was shot by the side of her husband, whom she was assisting at his gun. Another young woman had the lanthorn-bottle shot from her hand, while she was holding it for the surgeon to dress the wounds of her father ; and, perceiving him look terrified, she ran to him and cried, " If you have not received any more hurt, never mind the lanthorn. I am safe and sound, thank God, but how are you ? O, father, how are you ? "

The description of the general bravery of the crew in this brilliant action, can only be surpassed in its effects by the account of the desolation of the victor, as well as the vanquished ships after the battle was gained. The Dutch vessels were a wreck of human nature and human art. The vessels fore and aft, from the stern to the stem, were

clogged with carcasses; the scuppers were running with blood in such torrents, that the foot of caution itself could not move without some sanguinary mark; and finally, multitudes of beings, in the pride of their days, and who never met, scarcely in the same hemisphere, till the moment of battle, were now covered with wounds; and so defaced and disfigured, that the surviving mariner was unable even to distinguish his mess-mate, the father his son, or the child his father.

After the capture of the fleet, as the Dutch admiral was ascending the side of the *Venerable*, to do homage to the British conqueror, a sailor who had been on the watch some time, no sooner saw De Winter mounting the vessel, than he eagerly thrust his head from an open port hole, and exclaimed, "Mynheer admiral, we have been long on the look-out for you, and I am glad to see you with all my heart; you will be kindly received on the quarter-deck, I am positive; so you ought to be, for you fought us like a dragon, and knocked us about with your balls like nine pins, for which I hope you will first let me shake your honour's hand." De Winter presented his hand, and the blunt English sailor received it respectfully.

Lord Duncan's reception of his venerable captive was an interesting sight. He stood ready at the border of the ship to offer him the embrace of a generous victor, fully sensible of the bravery of the vanquished.

De Winter was much affected: and with deep emotion exclaimed, "O, admiral! you see before you the only Dutch naval commander ever taken alive; but why should I droop? a thousand open mouths of my ship, and of yours also, bear witness, and will speak for me. They will certify that I did not quit my vessel till she was a wreck."

ENGLISH VENGEANCE.

IN 1665, the gallant Admiral Blake was sent into the Mediterranean at the head of a powerful fleet to obtain satisfaction for various injuries done to the persons and property of English subjects during the civil wars. He first reduced Algiers to submission; and then entering the Bay of Tunis, demanded reparation for the robberies committed upon the English by the pirates of that place, and insisted that the captives of his nation should be set at liberty. The governor having planted batteries along the shore, and drawn up his ships under the castles, sent Blake a haughty and insolent answer: "There are our Castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino," said he, "on which you may do your worst;" adding other menaces and insults, and maintaining in terms of ridicule the inequality of a fight between ships and castles. Blake had also demanded leave to take in water, which the barbarians refused. Tired with this inhuman treatment, he curled his whiskers, as was his custom when he was angry, and, entering Porto Ferino

with his great ships, discharged his shot so fast upon the batteries and castles that in two hours the guns were dismounted, and the works forsaken, though he was at first exposed to the fire of sixty cannon. He then ordered his officers to send out their long-boats, well manned, to seize nine of the piratical ships lying in the roadstead, while he continued himself firing upon the castle. The order was so bravely executed that, with the loss of only twenty-five men killed and forty-eight wounded, all the ships were fired in the sight of Tunis. Sailing thence to Tripoli, he concluded a peace with that nation; then returning to Tunis, he found nothing but submission. Such indeed was his reputation, that he met with no further opposition, but went about collecting a kind of tribute from the princes of the Mediterranean, from whom it was his business to demand reparation for all the injuries offered to the English during these civil wars. He sent home, it is said, sixteen ships, laden with the effects which he had received from several states. It was after reading one of Blake's despatches announcing these successes, that Cromwell made use of his memorable expression, that "he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been."

GENEROUS INTREPIDITY.

IN August, 1777, a vessel from Rochelle, laden with salt, and manned by eight hands, and

two passengers on board, was discovered making for the pier of Dieppe. The wind at the time was so high, and the sea so much agitated, that a coasting pilot made four fruitless attempts to get out and conduct the vessel safe into port. Boussard, a bold and intrepid pilot, perceiving that the helmsman was ignorant of latent danger, endeavoured to direct him by a speaking trumpet and signals; but the captain could neither see nor hear, on account of the darkness of the night, the roaring of the winds, and the extraordinary swell of the sea. The vessel in the meantime grounded on a flinty bottom, at the distance of thirty toises from the advanced mole.

Boussard, touched with the cries of the unfortunate crew, resolved to spring to their assistance, in spite of every remonstrance, the entreaties of his wife and children, and the apparent impossibility of success. Having tied one end of a rope round his waist, and fastened the other to the mole, he plunged headlong into the boisterous deep. When he had got very near the ship, a wave carried him off, and dashed him on shore. Twenty times successively, was he thus repulsed, rolled upon flinty stones, and covered with the wreck of the vessel, which the fury of the waves tore rapidly to pieces. He did not, however, abate his ardour. A single wave dragged him under the ship—he was given up for lost, but he quickly emerged, holding in his arms a sailor who had been washed

overboard. He brought him on shore motionless and just expiring. In short, after an infinity of efforts and struggles, he reached the wreck, and threw his rope on board. All who had strength enough to avail themselves of this assistance tied it about them, and were successively dragged to land.

Boussard, who imagined he had now saved all the crew, worn down by fatigue, and smarting from his wounds and bruises, walked with great difficulty to the lighthouse, where he fainted through exhaustion. Assistance being procured, he began to recover. On hearing that groans still issued from the wreck, he once more collected the little strength that was left him, rushed from the arms of those who succoured him, plunged again into the sea, and had the good fortune to save the life of one of the passengers, who was lashed to the wreck, and who, in his languid state, had been unable to profit by the assistance administered to his companions.

Mons. de Crosne, the Intendant of Rouen, having stated these circumstances to M. Neckar, then director-general of the finances, he immediately addressed the following letter to Boussard, in his own handwriting:—

“BRAVE MAN,

“I was not apprized by the Intendant till the day before yesterday of the gallant deed you achieved on the 31st of August. Yesterday I reported it to his Majesty, who was pleased to enjoin me to communicate to you his satisfaction, and to ac-

quaint you, that he presents you with one thousand livres, by way of gratification, and an annual pension of three hundred livres. Continue to succour others when you have it in your power: and pray for your good king, who loves and recompenses the brave.”

NELSON.

THIS daring hero of his country, when eighteen years of age, was obliged to return from sea, on account of the bad state of his health, and leave his brother officers then, like himself, beginning their career, in the full enjoyment of health and hope. This depressed his spirits very much; and long afterwards, when the fame of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at that time endured. “I felt impressed,” said he, “that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties which I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. ‘Well, then,’ I exclaimed, ‘I will be a hero; and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger.’” From that hour, as he often declared to Captain Hardy, a radiant orb was suspended before his mind’s eye, which urged him on to re-

noun; and he spoke of these aspirations of his youth, as if they had in them a character of divinity, as if

"The light which led him on
Was light from Heaven."

Although the promotion of Nelson was as rapid as it could be, yet it was much too slow for his ardent ambition. He was ~~never~~ happy for a moment, when not on actual service. In a letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, in 1792, requesting a ship, he adds, "if your lordships will only be pleased to appoint me to a *cockle boat*, I shall feel grateful."

After the sieges of Calvi and Bastia, in 1793, in which Nelson displayed military talents which would not have disgraced a general, his services, by an unpardonable omission, were altogether overlooked; his name did not even appear in the list of wounded, although he had lost an eye. "One hundred and ten days," says he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy; three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my own ship, four boat actions, two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more; I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commanders-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who, at the time, were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice; but, never mind—I'll have a

gazette of my own." How amply was this second-sight of glory realized!

Previous to his attack on Teneriffe, after having failed in an attempt to take it before, he wrote to his commander-in-chief, "This night I command the whole force destined to land under the batteries of the town; and to-morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or cypress." Perfectly aware how desperate a service this was likely to prove, he called his son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, into his cabin, that he might assist in arranging and burning his mother's letters. Perceiving that the young man was armed, he earnestly begged him to remain behind. "Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what will become of your poor mother? The care of the *Thesens* falls to you; stay, therefore, and take care of her." Nisbet replied, "Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night, if I never go again."

The boats landed amidst powerful discharges of forty or fifty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other. Nelson, when in the act of stepping out of the boat, received a shot through the right elbow, and fell; Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat. He then examined the wound, and taking a silk handkerchief from his neck, bound it above the lacerated vessels, which saved his life. One of the barge-men tore his shirt into shreds,

and made a sling for the wounded arm. Nisbet took one of the oars, and collecting four or five seamen, rowed back towards the vessel. Nelson desired to be raised up, that he "might look a little about him;" when a general shriek was heard from the crew of the *Fox*, which had received a shot under water, and gone down. Ninety-seven men sunk with her, and eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion materially increased the pain and danger of the wound. The first ship which the boat could reach, happened to be the *Sea-horse*; but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that the attempt to row to another ship might be at the risk of his life. "I had rather suffer death," said he, "than alarm Mrs. Fremantle, by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings of her husband." He was then rowed alongside the *Theseus*, and peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board: so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes of saving a few more men from the *Fox*. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left hand. "Let me alone," said he, "I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to get his instruments; I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."

It was Nelson's practice during a cruise, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board, and fully

explain to them his plans. He had done this previous to the battle of the Nile; and when Captain Berry, on comprehending the design of doubling on the enemy's ships, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied Nelson, "that we shall succeed, is certain; ~~who may~~ live to tell the story, is a very different question."

In this battle the French had a superiority over the British of one hundred and eighty-four guns, and three thousand one hundred and eighty-two men; yet they lost five sail taken, three sail burnt, one driven on shore and fired, and three frigates. "A victory," said the gallant Nelson, "is not a word strong enough for such an achievement; it should be called a conquest." From Buonaparte it drew this acknowledgment: "The destinies have wished to prove by this event, as by all others, that if they have given us a great preponderance on the Continent, they have given the empire of the sea to our rivals."

Of all the engagements in which Nelson had been engaged, that of Copenhagen was said to have been the most terrible; when it was terminated, and Nelson had landed, some difficulty occurred in adjusting the duration of the armistice. Nelson required sixteen weeks, giving, like a seaman, the true reason, that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet, and return. This not being acceded to, a hint was thrown out

by one of the Danish commissioners of the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" said he to one of his friends, for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language; "tell him we are ready at a moment! ready to bombard this very night!"

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

THIS memorable battle will always be ranked as the greatest of naval victories, as that of Waterloo is of land conquests: for its consequences were a death-blow to the maritime empire of France, as the latter was to its empire on land.

But to our relation. Admiral Villeneuve, having received an accession to his strength, left the port of Ferrol with twenty-seven sail of the line and eight vessels of war of a lower description, and on the 21st of August, 1805, entered Cadiz harbour; the small force under Admiral Collingwood at that station being incapable of offering him any molestation. Intelligence of this movement, however, being immediately sent to England, the command of a fleet able to cope with the united navies of France and Spain was offered to Lord Nelson, and by him unhesitatingly accepted. He now once more hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, and, sailing from Portsmouth on the 15th of September, he took the command of the fleet under Admiral Collingwood, lying off Cadiz. Having stationed a line of fri-

gates to convey intelligence of all the enemy's movements, his lordship cruised off Cape St. Mary, waiting till the combined fleet should venture out. To provoke his adversary to this resolution, Lord Nelson, who daily expected a reinforcement from England, detached six ships of the line, under Admiral Louis, upon a particular service, in so open a manner, that the enemy became almost immediately acquainted with it, and resolved to attack him in the supposed reduced state of his fleet. Besides the numerical advantages which the French admiral believed himself possessed of, his resolution is said to have been decided by personal motives: his conduct in the West India excursion had been contemptuously glanced at in the official paper of his government; and Buonaparte had spoken of him rather sarcastically and impatiently: he was, besides, bitterly upbraided by the Spaniards, for not having better supported them in the action off Cape Finisterre; and it was understood that another admiral was on the road from Paris to supersede him in the command. A victory, therefore, was the only thing that could redeem his character; and he was conscious that a defeat could add little to his humiliation. Influenced by these motives, Admiral Villeneuve, on the 19th of October, left the harbour of Cadiz, with a combined fleet, amounting to thirty-three sail of the line; of which eighteen were French and fifteen Spanish, and steered

towards the Straits of Gibraltar. They were immediately followed by the British fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, which came up with them on Monday, the 21st of October, off Cape Trafalgar, near the southern point of Andalusia. Lord Nelson had previously laid a plan of attack, which was a masterpiece of naval skill, and assured him of success. The enemy, on his approach, drew up in the form of a crescent, and waited for the British fleet, which bore down in a double column, the great commander's last telegraphic signal being, "England expects every man will do his duty;" and nobly indeed was it obeyed and performed on this memorable day, the battle of Trafalgar being without parallel in the annals of naval history.

The dreadful conflict was begun about noon, by Admiral Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, breaking through the combined line, at about the twelfth ship from the rear, in so gallant a manner as to excite the admiration of both fleets; Lord Nelson, at the same time, made his way through about the tenth ship from the van; the succeeding ships breaking through in all parts astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. Nelson, in the *Victory*, ran on board the *Redoubtable*, and his second, Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, did the same by the next ship in the enemy's line; so that the four vessels formed but a single mass, and were so close that every gun

fired from the *Victory* set the *Redoubtable* on fire; whilst the British sailors were employed at intervals, in the midst of the hottest action, in pouring buckets of water on the flames in the enemy's vessel, lest, by spreading, they should involve both ships in one common destruction. Captain Harvey, in the meantime, was boarded by a French line-of-battle ship on the one side, and by a Spanish on the other; but, after a vigorous contest, he obliged both to strike to him. Captain Fremantle also, in the *Neptune*, compelled two of the adversaries' vessels to strike.

The action was equally severe around the *Royal Sovereign* and in several other quarters, the enemy's ships being fought with the greatest gallantry; but the attack upon them was irresistible, and its effect decisive. After receiving the submission of the *Redoubtable*, of seventy-four guns, Lord Nelson was engaged with his old antagonist the *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and forty guns, the ship which escaped, after having struck, in the battle of St. Vincent: after fighting her for an hour in the present battle, Nelson had the *Bucentaur*, of eighty guns, Admiral Villeneuve's ship, on his quarter, to contend with as well. In the midst of this unequal conflict, he was observed upon the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, standing at ease, with all his orders on his breast, and dressed in full uniform. The glitter of these honours fatally pointed him out as a

mark for the vengeance of the enemy: he was showing his satisfaction at the progress of the battle, by his customary movement up and down of the stump of his right arm. Mr. Bourke being near him, he looked steadfastly at him, and said—"Bourke, I expect every man to be upon his station." Mr. Bourke took the hint, and went to his proper situation in the cockpit.

At this time his lordship's secretary, Mr. Scott, who was not, as has been represented, either receiving his instructions from him, or standing by him, but was communicating some orders to an officer in a distant part of the quarter-deck, was cut almost in two by a cannon-shot. He expired on the instant, and was thrown overboard.

Lord Nelson observed the act of throwing his secretary overboard, and said, as if doubtful, to a midshipman who was near him—"Was that Scott?" The midshipman replied, he believed it was. He exclaimed—"Poor fellow!"

He was now walking the quarter-deck, and about three yards from the stern, the space he generally walked before he turned back. His lordship was in the act of turning on the quarter-deck, with his face towards the enemy, when he was mortally wounded in the left breast by a musket-ball, supposed to have been fired from the mizen-top of the *Bucentaur* French ship of the line, which the *Victory* had attacked early in the battle.

He instantly fell. He was not, as has been related, picked up by Captain Hardy. In the hurry of the battle, which was then raging in its greatest violence, even the fall of their beloved commander did not interrupt the business of the quarter-deck. Two sailors, however, who were near his lordship, raised him in their arms, and carried him to the cockpit. He was immediately laid upon a bed, and the following is the substance of the conversation which really took place in the cockpit, between his lordship, Captain Hardy, and Messrs. Bourke and Beatty.

Upon seeing him brought down, Mr. Bourke immediately ran to him. "I fear," he said, "your lordship is wounded."—"Mortally! mortally!" "I hope not, my dear lord; let Mr. Beatty examine your wounds."—"It is of no use," exclaimed the dying Nelson;—"he had better attend to others."

Mr. Beatty now approached to examine the wound. His lordship was raised up, and Beatty, whose attention was anxiously fixed upon the eyes of his patient, as an indication the most certain when a wound is mortal, after a few moments, glanced his eye on Bourke, and expressed his opinion in his countenance. Lord Nelson now turned to Bourke, and said—"Tell Hardy to come to me." Bourke left the cockpit. Beatty now said, "Suffer me, my lord, to probe the wound with my finger—I will give you no pain." Lord Nelson permitted him, and passing his left hand round his

waist, he probed it with the fore-finger of the other.

When Bourke returned into the cockpit with Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson told the latter to come near him. "Kiss me, Hardy!" he exclaimed. Captain Hardy kissed his cheek. "I hope your lordship," he said, "will still live to enjoy your triumph."—"Never, Hardy!" he exclaimed; "I am dying—I am a dead man all over! Beatty will tell you so. Bring the fleet to an anchor; you have all done your duty; God bless you!" Captain Hardy now said—"I suppose Collingwood, my dear lord, is to command the fleet."—"Never," he exclaimed, "*whilst I live!*" meaning, doubtless, that so long as his gallant spirit survived, he would never desert his duty.

What passed after this was merely casual; his lordship's last words were to Mr. Beatty, whilst he was expiring in his arms, "I could have wished to have lived to enjoy this; but God's will be done!"—"My lord," exclaimed Hardy, "you die in the midst of triumph!" "Do I, Hardy?" He smiled very faintly. "God be praised!" These were his last words before he expired.

In the meantime, as if to revenge the loss which England had suffered, our seamen fought with a redoubled fury. The *Achille*, a French seventy-four, was the first victim that was immolated to revenge his death. Having struck her colours, she took fire below, and blew up; but about two hundred of her

men were saved by the British tenders.

About three in the afternoon, the Spanish Admiral Gravina, with ten sail of the line, some of whom had struck, joining the enemy's frigates to leeward, bore away to Cadiz: five more of their headmost ships, in the van, under Admiral Dumanoir, about ten minutes afterwards, tacked and stood to the southward: but the sternmost was taken by one of our ships, and the four others got clear off.

At forty minutes past four, all firing had ceased; and the British remained in possession of nineteen sail of the line, of which two were first rates, and none under seventy-four guns, with three flag-officers, namely, Admiral Villeneuve, the French first in command, and the Spanish Admirals D'Alava and Cisneros: General Contamin, who commanded the troops on board, was also taken on board the *Bucentaur*.

On the return of Admiral Gravina to Cadiz, he was immediately ordered to sea; and Admiral Collingwood, on whom the command of the British fleet had devolved, found it necessary to form a line, in order to protect his disabled hulls: a heavy gale, however, prevented any formal action; and the Spanish admiral's ship being dismasted by the gale, he returned into port, leaving, as the price of his momentary temerity, a twentieth ship, the *El Rayo*, of one hundred guns, in the hands of the British.

Such a battle could not fail of

being bloody, even to the victors, who lost, in killed and wounded, nearly sixteen hundred men, besides their great commander. Of the loss of the enemy no return was ever made; but it may in some measure be judged of, from the loss of the *Bahama* and *Argonauta*, both seventy-four gun ships, which amounted to nearly eight hundred men, killed and wounded by our men.

Of the coolness and intrepidity displayed in this battle, the following fact may be adduced in proof. When five of the enemy's ships were so closely engaged, that the muzzles of their lower-deck guns, and those of the British, touched each other, the Frenchmen let down their pofts, and deserted their guns on that deck; whilst our sailors, on the contrary, maintained their stations, and deliberately continued loading their guns, with two, and often with three, round shot at a time, which soon reduced the enemy's ships to a wreck.

From the tempestuous weather which immediately followed this victory, only four of the prizes were got safely into Gibraltar: of the rest, ten were wrecked (many with their whole crews on board), three were burned by us, and three sank; among the last, was the *Santissima Trinidad*, of one hundred and forty guns, the largest and finest ship of war ever built. The *Santa Anna*, and another ship, being driven near the shore of Cadiz, procured such assistance as saved them from the storm. In

the former ship was the Spanish Vice-Admiral D'Alava, who had been suffered to remain on board of her, on account of his dangerous wounds; but, his sword having been surrendered by his captain, he was reclaimed as a prisoner of war.

The destruction of the combined fleet was as complete as could be expected, considering that it was fought on its own shore. Had the battle been on a more open sea, few, or none, would have escaped. And thus the grand battle of Trafalgar left to Great Britain the dominion of the sea, with the glorious example of the life and death of the greatest of naval heroes, Horatio Nelson, as a beacon of glory to British heroes yet unborn.

The remains of Nelson were buried publicly in St. Paul's; the royal family of England, and the whole of the nobility, following them to the grave; the whole of the houses of this great city being voluntarily shut up from business, to mark the people's admiration and sincere sorrow for the death of him whose loss defeated their exultant rejoicings for the greatest victory in the naval annals of the world.

THE LAST OF A CREW.

THE brig *Tyrrel*, Captain Coghlan, in a voyage from Sandy Hook to Antigua, was wrecked on the 3rd of July, 1759. The crew, consisting of seventeen persons, embarked in the boat, which was only nineteen feet long and six broad. On the 16th,

their whole stock of provisions and water being exhausted, only three persons of the seventeen now survived, the others had all perished by famine; and these were

— “with hunger pinch’d,
Waiting the slow approach of death.”

To them no hope or prospect now remained, since

“All actual nourishment but air was wanting.”

The mate, Purnell, the captain, and the boatswain, the only persons remaining, attempted to eat part of a boy who had last died; but they could not swallow it, and the body was therefore thrown overboard.

Early on the succeeding morning, the 18th of July, Purnell found both his companions dead and cold. Their melancholy fate taught him to anticipate his own dissolution; but though his body was feeble, yet his understanding was unimpaired, and his spirits as good as his deplorable situation would admit; and he never lost hope of making land. On the 25th, having, in the meantime, been relieved by some barnacles on the rudder, he discovered a sail, which proved to be a schooner, commanded by Captain Castleman. Purnell was taken on board, and had a draught of water, the first he had tasted for twenty-three days. He was so weak that his life was despaired of, but by kind treatment and medical advice, he recovered.

THE “ALCESTE.”

It is impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary

difference of conduct in the officers and crew of the ill-fated *Medusa*, and that of the men of the British ship *Alceste*, which was wrecked on its return from China, in 1817. These two frigates were wrecked nearly about the same time—the distance from the nearest friendly port pretty much the same; in one case all the people were kept together, in a perfect state of discipline and subordination, and brought safely home from the opposite side of the globe:—in the other, every one seems to have been left to shift for himself, and the greater part perished.

The *Alceste*, commanded by Captain Maxwell, having taken Lord Amherst on board, after his unsuccessful embassy to China, proceeded to Manilla, and thence homewards; but in passing through the Straits of Gaspar, on the 18th of February, she struck on a sunken rock, and remained immovable. The boats were immediately hoisted out, and Lieutenant Hoppner, with the barge and cutter, ordered to proceed with the ambassador and suite to the nearest part of the island of Pulo Leat, which seemed about three miles and a half distant. Meanwhile, every exertion was made to secure what provisions could be got, which were conveyed to the shore. A raft was also constructed, on which were placed the heavier stores, with some baggage, and towed towards the island. All the crew were saved, and got safely to the island. The spot where the rescued mariners

were situated was romantic, but it seemed at the same time a place of ruin and havoc. Few of its inhabitants, and among the rest the ambassador, had more than a shirt or a pair of trousers on. The wreck of books was spread about in all directions, whilst parliamentary robes, court dresses, and mandarin habits, intermixed with checked shirts and tarry jackets, were hung around in wild confusion on every tree.

On Lord Amherst learning that no fresh water had been obtained from the ship, he desired every person might be called around him, and ordered that a gill of the water that had been sent on shore the day before, with half that quantity of rum, should be equally served out to every man, without distinction, and taking his own share with perfect good humour, afforded to others an example of calm fortitude, and a cheerful readiness to share in every privation, which never fails to have a powerful and beneficial effect.

When Captain Maxwell, who was the last person that left the ship, got on shore, it was settled that Lord Amherst, with about forty of his suite, should go in the barge and cutter to Batavia, as the most probable way of ensuring their own safety and that of their companions on the desolate island, by sending shipping from thence to take them off. After a short and very slender *fête champêtre* in this wilderness, his lordship, with his suite, amounting in the whole to forty-seven persons, waded out to the

edge of the reef, and embarked in the boat and cutter, which were commanded by Lieutenant Hoppner. They only took provisions for five days' limited allowance, and left the remainder with the party on the island, who were in number two hundred men and boys, and one woman.

A new encampment was formed on the top of a hill, and a well dug to the depth of twenty feet, for water, of which it afforded but a small supply. A party was stationed on board the wreck, to endeavour to gain any accession they could to the stock of provisions and arms. On the 21st, the party at the ship found themselves surrounded by a number of Malay proas, apparently well armed, and full of men. Without a single sword or musket for defence, they had just time to throw themselves into the boat alongside, and push for the shore, chased by the pirates, who, finding two other boats pushed to their assistance, returned to the ship and took possession of her. Soon afterwards it was reported that the savages, armed with spears, were landing.

Under all the depressing circumstances attending shipwreck — of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and menaced by a ruthless foe — it was glorious to see the British spirit staunch and undaunted. The order was given for every man to arm himself in the best way he could, and it was obeyed with the utmost promptitude and alacrity. Rude pike-staves were formed by cutting down young trees; small

swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even large spike nails sharpened, were firmly affixed to the ends of these poles; and those who could find nothing better, hardened the end of the wood in the fire, and bringing it to a sharp point formed a tolerable weapon. Even the little boys had managed to make fast a table-fork, or something of that kind, on the end of a stick, for their defence. One of the men, who had been severely bruised by the falling of the masts, and was slung in his hammock between two trees, had been observed carefully fixing the blade of an old razor on a stick, with a piece of rope yarn. On being asked what he meant to do with it, he replied, "You know I cannot stand, but if any of these fellows come within reach of my hammock I'll mark them."

On the Sunday morning, the boats were sent to the ship, which had been set fire to by the Malays, and was still smoking, when some flour, a few casks of wine, and a cask of beer had floated up. This last seasonable supply was announced just at the conclusion of divine service, which was held in the mess tent, and a pint of beer was immediately served out to each man, which called forth three cheers. This seems to be the only style in which a British seaman can give vent to the warmer feelings of his heart. It is his mode of thanksgiving for benefits received, and it equally serves him to honour his friend, to defy his enemy, or to proclaim victory.

Sixteen days elapsed, and there was no relief from Batavia; want stared them in the face on one hand, and on the other, destruction from the savages, who, to the number of six hundred, were closely pressing on them. The example of their leader kept up their spirits; no symptoms of depression had for a moment intruded themselves, and all was vigour and preparation, either for attack or defence. The pirates only once gave an opportunity for the former, when Lieutenant Hay overtook with his barge two proas, one of which was grappled by his crew, who killed three of the savages, while five of them, evidently disdaining quarter, jumped overboard, and drowned themselves. Two were taken prisoners, but such was the desperate ferocity of these people, that one of them, who had been shot through the body, on being removed into the barge, with a view of saving him, furiously grasped a cutlass, which was with difficulty wrenched from his hand while in the very act of dying.

On the last evening of their abode on the island, they had every reason to suppose that the savages meditated a combined attack. On this occasion, when the officers and men were assembled under arms to settle the watches, Captain Maxwell addressed them with great animation in a truly British speech; which he thus concluded:—"My lads, I do not wish to deceive you as to the means of resistance in our power. The savages can-

not, I believe, send up more than five hundred men ; but with two hundred such as now stand around me, I do not fear a thousand—nay, thrice five hundred of them ! I have the fullest confidence that we shall beat them ; the pike-men standing firm, we can give them such a volley of musketry as they will be little prepared for ; and when we find they are thrown into confusion, will sally out among them, chase them into the water, and ten to one but we secure their vessels. Let every man, therefore, be on the alert, with his arms in his hands, and should these barbarians this night attempt our hill, I trust we shall convince them that they are dealing with Britons.”

This animated and truly characteristic speech was received as might be expected from a body of British seamen. “ Perhaps,” says Mr. McLeod, in his interesting narrative of this shipwreck, “ three jollier hurras were never given than at the conclusion of this short, but well-timed address. The wood fairly echoed again, whilst the piquet at the coves and those stationed at the wells, the instant it caught their ear, instinctively joined their sympathetic cheers to the general chorus.

The attack, however, did not take place, and the next day the long-expected relief from Batavia made its appearance in the East India Company's cruiser, the *Ternate*, despatched by Lord Amherst, who, after passing three days and four nights in an open boat, had reached that city. This was on the 4th of March,

and on the 6th and 7th the whole party got safely on board the *Ternate*, where they were most hospitably received by Captain Davidson and his officers. On the 9th they were all landed at Batavia.

The conduct of Captain Maxwell on this trying occasion justly endeared him to all on board the *Alceste*, from the ambassador to the lowest seaman. By his judicious arrangements, the crew was preserved from all the horrors of anarchy and confusion. His measures inspired confidence and hope, whilst his personal example in the hour of danger gave courage and animation to all around him. To adopt the words of the sentence of the court-martial, by which he was afterwards tried, “ his coolness, self-collection, and exertions were highly conspicuous ; and everything was done by him and his officers within the power of man to execute.”

THE “ OSWEGO.”

FEW shipwrecks have occurred of late years attended with circumstances more distressing than that of the *Oswego*, which was stranded on the coast of Barbary, about two hundred miles to the southward of Santa Cruz. The master, Judah Pad-dock, a Quaker, has written an interesting narrative of the sufferings of the crew, which realizes literally the poet's pictures

“ Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of *their* redemption
thence,
And with it all *their* travail's history ;
Of antres vast, and deserts idle.”

The *Oswego*, with a crew of thirteen persons, including two Swedes, two Danes, two negroes, two boys, and a worthless Irishman named Pat, sailed from Cork on the 22nd of March, 1800, for the Cape Verd Islands, but by an error in reckoning, missed the Island of Madeira. On the 2nd of April, when between the latitudes of Madeira and Teneriffe, the vessel struck, and she filled rapidly with water. Surrounded with foaming billows, every surge threatened the crew with destruction. It was now about midnight, when the crew, contrary to the wishes of the master, determined on going ashore, though cautioned that they were wrecked on the coast of Barbary. They took the long boat, and such was their haste to quit the ship, that they neither took water nor provisions with them. With some difficulty they reached the rocks, and crawled over some of them, which were from ten to twelve feet high, to a sand bed, a little beyond which appeared a sand hill above a hundred feet in height.

The crew soon became sensible of their error in quitting the ship: and their first object was to get back to it for a supply of provisions and water, and materials for repairing the long boat, which had been much shattered on the rocks. Several of the crew attempted to swim to the wreck, but failed; and Sam, one of the negroes, was so much exhausted, that he was with difficulty saved by the exertions of two of the men, who

swam after him. A raft was now constructed, by lashing together some pieces of small spars, and the lower yard of a ship which they found lying on shore. But failing to gain the wreck by these means, the mate, at Mr. Paddock's suggestion, determined on trying to reach it, by following the receding water as low as possible, and then darting through the breakers, which alone prevented the sailors from reaching it. He accordingly stripped, and in less than five minutes was at the ship.

A quantity of provisions, consisting of forty pounds of bread, a small quantity of potatoes and onions, a bag of Indian corn, with clothes, bedding, &c., were safely landed. A quantity of water in kegs, and, unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, a case of spirits, and a hamper of port wine and porter, were also brought on shore. Having erected a tent, and made a good supper, at eight o'clock they set the watch, who were to be relieved every two hours, intending to begin early the next morning, and land everything necessary for repairing the boat, so as to render it fit for their departure, which they hoped to do in two days.

Anxious to know whether there were any inhabitants in the neighbourhood, they despatched one man to the eastward, and another to the west, along the coast, to endeavour to discover, if possible, whereabouts, and in what sort of country, they were. In the evening, the man who

had been sent to the west returned with most fearful tidings that he had seen about twelve miles off a heap of human bones near a fire, which did not appear to have been extinguished above a few days; and he was convinced that they were in a land of cannibals. Luckily he told this adventure first to the master, who had gone to meet him, and who prevailed on him not to mention it to the others, for fear it might dishearten them. The man sent towards the east lost his way in the mountains, and did not get back till the following day, when they were all in great uneasiness about him. He had walked a distance of fifty miles without seeing any human being, except a man with a camel travelling westward. In the meantime, an incident took place which led to an entire change of purpose. Pat, and one of the Danes, who was as much addicted to tippling as himself, being unfortunately together upon watch, they made free with the spirits, and fell asleep through drunkenness. This neglect of duty was discovered when their companions awoke in the morning; and what was much more afflicting, it was found by the traces and footmarks left, that during their insensibility, two natives (accompanied by a dog) had walked round, and reconnoitred the party. Dreading the appearance of the natives in force, the idea of finishing the repairs of the boat was now abandoned, and the crew resolved on marching along shore, in the hope of

reaching Santa Cruz, which they supposed to be about a hundred and eighty miles distant. Each man then took five bottles of water and twenty biscuits; and thus slenderly provided, began their sorrowful route. The master had an umbrella; a spy-glass, about the value of six hundred dollars in gold; and a copper tea-kettle full of water, to be first used. His pockets were stored with chocolate and sugar. Pat and the Dane contrived to smuggle a bottle of gin, and pass it for water, which was afterwards the cause of much evil. Mr. Paddock put on a new suit, and the rest of the clothing was divided among the crew. The negro Jack, seeing two pieces of tabinet which Mr. P. had bought in Ireland for his wife, about to be left, seized hold of them, saying, "Master, my mistress shall wear these gowns yet: she shall, master, depend upon it; they are too pretty to leave here;" and singular as it must appear, Jack's declarations were realized.

Having buried all their arms, and hoisted an ensign on the hill, that they might depart "under flying colours," they set forward, agreeing, in case of separation or capture, to call themselves Englishmen. They travelled south-east, over mountains of sand, exposed to the burning sun, and the reflection of its rays from the burning sands. Towards evening they reached a cave by the sea-side, into which they all entered, and passed the night. On the next

day they resumed their toilsome progress, and met with one of those illusions so frequent in torrid climates: at the distance of two miles they thought there was a pond; two men were immediately despatched forward, when they found it to be a formation of pure salt. The disappointed wanderers went on; and not long after a town appeared before them, at a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile. The master caused the men to stop, and advanced alone. He reached a cluster of houses, from twenty to thirty in number, and from ten to twenty feet square, without roofs, each having a door-way on the south side, indifferently well built without mortar. On a signal, the men came up. They walked about the building, conjecturing what they were; when they discovered, on the north side of the northernmost house, several casks, of about one hundred gallons, with one head out. From their appearance they took them to have been French brandy casks. The wooden hoops were mostly left on them, but the iron ones were all gone. In one of them there was a *large quantity of human hair*. Upon looking into that cask, one of the men exclaimed, "O, my God! we are in a savage inhospitable land; these poor fellows, who were lately here, have been murdered." Their lot was however cast, and they had only to submit. They agreed in opinion that these cabins had been erected by a shipwrecked company for their preservation;

but that they had been destroyed by the natives. This conjecture was rendered more probable, by a pile of human bones, which were found about fifty yards from the place. At night, they bivouacked at the foot of a rock, surrounded by wild beasts, which they supposed to be Hyænas, and they did not dare to resort to the usual expedient to keep them off, that of lighting fires, lest it should betray them to the more savage human inhabitants.

Discontent again appeared among the crew, who had now got about fifty-five miles from the vessel, and they came to the insane and fatal determination, to measure back their steps. Remonstrance was in vain; and it was at length agreed that they should all go back, and use every exertion to prepare the boat for sailing, except Mr. Paddock, who would go forward, and if he found the inhabitants friendly, would hire camels and send for them. The two negroes would not quit their master, and Pat also accompanied him. The provisions and the water were divided; those who were going forward being allowed the largest share, namely, twenty bottles of water and a full share of bread.

All things being thus arranged, they separated. "The expressions of every man on this trying occasion," says Mr. Paddock, in his narrative, "can never be erased from my memory, as long as my senses shall remain. Tears gushed from every eye; some of us could scarcely articulate the

word *Farewell*. We shook hands with each other, and all moved in a silent procession at the same signal, which was *go on*."

Mr. Paddock and his little band had not proceeded far, when they encountered seven Arabs, whom he advanced to meet, and held out his right hand in token of friendship. Of this the barbarians took no notice; but passing him as quickly as possible, they rushed upon their prey with drawn daggers, threw them down, and began to cut away their knapsacks, and rifle them of everything about their persons.

The captain was the last exposed to this inhospitable treatment; his spy-glass being mistaken for arms, which rendered the savages more cautious. At length, however, they sprung upon him like tigers, and soon stripped him of his watch, gold, and other property. This done, and the spoil almost fought for in the struggle of appropriation, these religious robbers faced eastward, fell on their knees, and took up sand in their hands as if it were water, and washed themselves with it—hands, arms, face, neck, &c. They next fell prostrate, with their faces on the ground; then rose upon their knees, and said over many words, which, from their looks and gestures, appeared to be prayers, or a sort of *Te Deum* for their booty.

The banditti now re-primed their guns, and made their poor prisoners kneel down with their faces towards them. This done, they inquired for the remainder

of the crew, their number, where the ship was, &c.; and after obtaining this information, though with some difficulty, they gave each of them a load to carry, when they gave the word *bomar*, go on, accompanying it by a blow, and a push forward.

Eager to get to the vessel, the Arabs drove them along with continued blows, and the threat of shooting them. On the ninth, they overtook six more of the crew on their way back to the vessel, the remaining four having lain down to sleep on the road; as soon as these six saw the Arabs approaching, they finished their remaining water, to the great regret of Mr. Paddock and his companions, who hoped, on meeting with them, to have quenched their burning thirst. These men were soon stripped with the same brutality as had been practised on the first party, and added to the band of prisoners. In describing the number of his companions, Mr. Paddock had designated *ten*, meaning ten besides himself, the negroes, and Pat; but the Arabs understood him ten in all, and were now satisfied that they had captured the whole. They thereupon thought of dividing their prisoners,—a difficult task, since ten were to be allotted among seven. With much contention, the chief and his son (a youth of seventeen or eighteen) obtained three; Mr. Paddock, and Jack the black, fell to the share of the worst Arab of the gang, and the rest had each one. Thus disposed of, they travelled, suffering every misery, till they arrived at the

shore on which the vessel lay. Here about two hundred and fifty of the natives had collected, men, women, and children, and nothing but furious contests for plunder and confusion prevailed. The four mariners who had slept on the road, made their appearance in the midst of this scramble, in which some blood was shed, and were immediately seized and stripped by the multitude. Their destiny was thus separated from that of the ten who had been divided among the seven Arabs; and after only half-an-hour's mournful communion, the latter were once more put upon their march, leaving their messmates in the hands of the crowd, who were breaking up the *Oswego*.

They first shaped their course south-west; and having procured a camel to carry their baggage, they turned eastward, and marched over the old ground on the 9th and 10th of April. One of the Arabs now left them, but soon returned with about half a bushel of sweet berries, and an animal about the size of a half-grown goat. Its head, skin, and legs they took off immediately, opened and quartered it, laid it on the sand, and covered it over with hot sand, and a fire of dried sticks to cook it. The entrails in their raw state were thrown to the poor prisoners, who were suffering more from thirst than hunger, having been long without water. This nauseous food being warm and moist, these unhappy men were fain to chew it after picking off the fat. It was destined

to be their meal for five days. After finishing their own repast, the Arabs threw the bones to the Christian dogs, but there was not an ounce of meat on the whole. From the 11th to the 14th was only a repetition and aggravation of miseries. Almost without water during the burning heat of day, without covering (except sometimes drifting sand) during the inclemency of the night, forced onward at the rate of from thirty to thirty-five miles daily, and nearly destitute of food, nothing could exceed the wretchedness of their condition. A pond of putrid water, as thick as common gruel, was a luxury beyond estimation; and the twigs of a shrub, like dwarf thorn, and a patch of barley, which they came to on the 13th, were gratefully acknowledged as blessings from heaven. With the raw grain, the Arabs, for the first time showing them any kindness, assisted them to fill their stomachs. Patches of wild oats were also seen here and there in these desert places, as their journey lengthened. On the 14th, after their long and never-forgotten morning prayers, the Arabs discharged the camel and its owner, and loaded their captives with the luggage; but they now were too faint and exhausted for the labour, and neither threats nor blows had power to urge them on. Parched with thirst, life itself seemed worth no more than a tumbler of water; and their cruel taskmasters were compelled to relieve them from their burthens, the greater part

of which they buried in the sand. Two or three miles further, they arrived at an encampment of several hundred natives, with their wives and families. Here they found in slavery an Englishman, about nineteen, named George, and two boys, Jack, and Laura, a Mulatto, all belonging to the ship the *Martin Hall* of London, cast away on that coast more than a year before. The meeting was of the most affecting kind.

After proceeding onward for some days, and suffering under the accumulated miseries of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, the wretched prisoners were all sold to an Arab chief of the name of Ahomed, except the two negroes, whom the mountaineers would not part with at any price. Ahomed having bought the men on speculation, sent them to Mogadore, where they were received with every kindness by Mr. Gwin, the British Consul, and ransomed by Messrs. Court, Jackson, and Foxcroft, for the sum of 1700 dollars. One incident only remains to be told: while Mr. Paddock was with Mr. Foxcroft, a wild Arab came with the pieces of tabinet, which the poor negro had vowed his mistress should wear. They were immediately purchased, and Mr. Paddock had the pleasure of presenting to his wife a dress which must have been doubly prized on account of its singular adventures.

Wordsworth, with a crew and passengers to the number of upwards of four hundred persons, sailed from Portsmouth on the 1st of February, 1805, for the East Indies. On the 15th, when in Portland Roads, she struck on the Shambles, about two miles from the shore. The water immediately rose so fast in the ship, that it was resolved to run her on the first shore; but all the efforts to keep the water under were vain: and at six o'clock in the afternoon, the loss of the ship began to appear inevitable. The captain and officers preserved the utmost intrepidity, and coolly issued their orders wherever necessity required; while their example animated the men to exertion. As the night advanced the situation of all on board became terrible. It was with the utmost difficulty that the whole ship's company were enabled to keep the vessel afloat; and in order to induce the men to exert their utmost powers at the pumps, the officers stood by cheering and encouraging them, and giving them allowances of liquor. At seven, the ship's company being almost exhausted, signal guns were fired in hopes of obtaining boats from the shore, to save as many of the people on board as possible. Mr. Mortimer, the purser, and six seamen, were sent in one of the ship's boats with a cousin of the captain, and the rangers and despatches.

threatened instant destruction, safely conveyed them ashore. Mrs. Blair, one of the passengers, who was going out to India to settle the affairs of her husband, lately dead, remained on board, in spite of all entreaties. Indeed, many more would have embarked in the boats, had they not dreaded to encounter a tempestuous sea in so dark a night.

It was now about nine o'clock, and several boats were heard at a short distance from the ship; but they rendered no assistance to the distressed on board. Whether they were engaged in plunder, or in the humane office of saving those who had clung to pieces of the wreck, could not be ascertained. The crew still continued pumping and baling without intermission; and the cadets on board, though of tender age, laboured most indefatigably. A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-room, to repress that unhappy desire of a devoted crew to endeavour to forget their miseries in intoxication. The sailors, though in other respects orderly in conduct, now pressed eagerly upon him, crying, "Give us some grog, it will be all one an hour hence." "I know we must die," replied the gallant officer, with the utmost coolness, "but let us die like men;" and armed with a brace of pistols, he kept his post, even while the ship was sinking.

When the carpenter came from below, and told the men who were working at the pumps, that nothing more could be

done, and that the ship must go down, the crew were variously affected. Some gave themselves up to despair, others prayed, and some seeking the means of safety, committed themselves on pieces of wreck to the waves. Mr. Bagot, the chief mate, went to the captain, and said, "Sir, we have done all we can, the ship will sink in a moment." The captain replied, "Well, it cannot be helped—God's will be done." The ship was now nearly full of water, and she gradually sunk in the waves. The cries of the distressed while sinking, which could be heard at a great distance, were awful; the wretched people were seen running about the deck in all the agony and hopelessness of despair, so long as it kept above water. At about eleven o'clock, a heavy sea gave the vessel a sudden shock, and she went down.

At that moment Captain Wordsworth was seen clinging to the ropes; the fourth mate used every persuasion to induce him to endeavour to save his life, but he seemed indifferent about existence, and perished at the age of thirty-five. One hundred and eighty souls had sought an asylum in the tops and rigging, whose situation was truly dreadful, as they were exposed in a cold, dark, frosty night, with the sea incessantly breaking over them. In their struggles to gain places of security, the most distressing scenes occurred. A sergeant having secured his wife in the shrouds, she lost her hold, and melan-

choly to relate, in her last struggles for life, bit a large piece from her husband's arm, which remained dreadfully lacerated. One of the crew having gained a considerable height, endeavoured to climb still higher; but his exertions were frustrated by some messmate, in a perilous situation, seizing hold of his leg; all remonstrance was in vain; and the impulse of self-preservation prevailed so far over the dictates of humanity, that the seaman drew his clasp-knife, and cut the miserable fingers across, until the other relinquished his hold, and was killed in the fall.

Several boats now approached the wreck, but they rendered no assistance; at length two sloops, which had been attracted by the signal guns, came to anchor close by the wreck, and by means of their boats, took all the survivors from the shrouds, by twenty in each boat; and in the morning, conveyed them safe to Weymouth. The men in the shrouds showed great calmness; they did not crowd into the boats, but came down one by one as they were called by the officers.

Several persons had a most miraculous escape. When the awful declaration was heard, that "the ship must go down," Mr. Grimshaw, one of the cadets on board, and two more, went into the cabin, where they stood looking at each other for some time without uttering a word. At length one of them said, "Let us return to the deck;" and two of them did so. Mr. Grimshaw remained behind;

and opening his writing-desk, took out his commission, his introductory letters, and some money, and then went on deck, but without seeing his companions. The ship was now going down head foremost, and the sea rolling in an immense volume along the deck. He endeavoured to ascend the steps leading to the poop, but was launched among the waves, encumbered by boots and a great-coat, and unable to swim. Struggling to keep himself afloat, he seized on a rope hanging from the mizen shrouds. Amidst his exertions to ascend by it, he slipped into the sea, where he resigned himself to that destruction which now appeared inevitable; but by a sudden lurch of the ship, he was thrown into the mizen shrouds, where he remained until taken off in the morning. Mr. Gilpin, the fourth mate, who was at the mizen-top, with about twenty others, continually cheered them, and contributed much to keep up their spirits.

When the ship was going down, William White, a midshipman and coxswain, leaped overboard, although he could not swim, and trusted to save himself by exertion. He got on a hen-coop with two others. After drifting some distance from the ship, it overset, and his companions were swallowed up, while he, in vain, attempted to regain his seat. In the struggle, he caught a piece of wreck, of which some unfortunate person had just lost hold and was drowned; and by

means of it. He reached the mizen rigging. Twenty persons crowded into a boat, which, before advancing many yards, overset, and only one of the number was saved. The captain's joiner was not less fortunate; the same sea which washed Captain Wordsworth over, carried him away along with the launch, which was full of sheep and a cow. The joiner on swimming about a short time, observed the launch, and having got into it among the cattle, he was saved. Mr. Bagot, the chief mate, who much resembled Captain Wordsworth in the mildness of his manners and his cool temperate disposition, made no attempt to save his life, but shared the fate of his captain, and with similar composure.

GREENLAND SOLITUDE.

A GREENLAND whale ship from Archangel, with fourteen men, destined for Spitzbergen, was driven near an island, called by the Russians Little Broun, in the year 1743. The vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and the crew reduced to a very dangerous situation. In this alarming state, a council was held, when the mate, Alexis Himkof, informed his comrades that some of the people of Mesen had formerly intended wintering on this island, and had erected a hut at some distance from the shore. The crew, conceiving that they must inevitably perish in the ship, despatched the mate and three others in quest of the hut. Two miles of ice intervened between the ship and the shore,

and rendered reaching it very difficult. Having provided themselves with a musket, a powder-horn, containing twelve charges of powder, and as many balls, an axe, a kettle, about twenty pounds of flower, a knife, a tinder-box, some tobacco, and each a wooden pipe, the four men left the ship, and soon reached the island, where they discovered the hut alluded to, about a mile and a half from the shore.

Rejoicing greatly at their success, they passed the night in the hut, and next morning hastened to the shore, impatient to communicate their good fortune to their comrades; but what was their astonishment on beholding an open sea instead of ice; and not a remnant of the ship, which they doubted not had been dashed to pieces. This unfortunate occurrence for a while deprived them of utterance:

"The pale mariners on each other stared,
With gaping mouths for issuing words
prepared;
The still-born sounds upon the palate
hung,
And died imperfect on the falt'ring
tongue."

Astonishment gave way to horror and despair; and without the hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut. Their first attention was directed to the means of providing subsistence, and repairing their habitation, which had suffered much from the weather. The twelve charges of powder and ball procured them as many reindeer, with which the island fortunately abounded.

The Russians collected a

quantity of wood on the shore, with several bits of iron, some nails five or six inches long, and an iron hook. They also found the root of a fir-tree bent nearly in the shape of a bow, and of which one was soon formed; but a string and arrows were still wanting. Unable at present to procure either, they resolved to make two lances to defend themselves against the white bears. Tools they had none, and materials very few; but

"The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious."

The iron hook was fashioned into a hammer; a large pebble served for an anvil; and a couple of reindeer horns supplied the place of tongs. By means of such tools two spear-heads were made, which were afterwards fixed on two strong shafts; and thus equipped, the Russians ventured to attack a white bear, which, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed. This was a new supply of provisions, which was much relished. The tendons being divided into filaments, served for strings to their bow, and some bits of iron, which they pointed and fixed on fir rods, for arrows. They now were enabled more easily to obtain food; and during their abode in the island, they killed not less than two hundred and forty reindeer, and a great number of blue and white foxes. They killed only ten white bears, and that at the utmost hazard, for these animals are amazingly strong, and defended themselves with great

fury. Nine of these were killed in self-defence, for they even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut.

To prevent the scurvy, Iwan Hjmkoff, who had wintered several times on the coast of West Spitzbergen, advised his companions to swallow raw and frozen meat in small pieces, and to drink the blood of the reindeer as it flowed warm from the veins of the animal. Those who followed his injunctions found an effectual antidote; but Fedor Wregeu, who was of an indolent habit, and averse to drinking the blood, was soon seized with the scurvy; and under this afflicting distemper passed nearly six years, his humane companions being obliged to attend on him, and feed him like a new-born infant. When they had passed nearly six years in this dismal abode, he died in the winter, and was buried in the snow, which was dug as deep as possible to receive his corpse.

Various were the expedients of these poor men to alleviate their sufferings; a lamp was made of clay, oakum, and cordage, found on the shore; and afterwards, pieces of their shirts and drawers supplied the wick, and reindeer fat served as a tolerable substitute for oil. The skins of reindeers and foxes served for bedding; and some were tanned for clothing, by steeping them in water, until the hair could be rubbed off; and then putting reindeer fat upon them, which rendered them soft and pliant. The want of awls

and needles was supplied by bits of iron which they collected. Of these they made a kind of wire, which being heated red-hot, was pierced with a knife ground to a sharp point, which formed the eye of a needle. The sinews of bears and reindeer, split into threads, served for sewing the pieces of leather together, which enabled them to procure jackets and trousers for summer dress; and a long fur gown; with a hood, for their winter apparel.

After passing six years and three months in this rueful solitude, a Russian vessel, driven from the place of ~~her~~ destination, unexpectedly came in view, on the 15th of August, 1749. As soon as they perceived her, they hastened to light fires on the nearest hills, and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of a reindeer's skin fastened to a pole. The people on board observed the signals, and coming to an anchor, took the wretched sufferers on board. Tears of gratitude trickled down their cheeks at such a deliverance; for true it is that

“plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.”

When they embarked, they took on board about two thousand lbs. weight of reindeer fat, many hides, the skins of the blue and white foxes they had killed, and all their tools and weapons, which had become sanctified in their misfortunes. The vessel then set sail; and on the 25th of September, 1749, arrived safe at Archangel, where

they were received with transports of joy by their friends and relatives, who had abandoned all hope of ever seeing any of them again.

DISASTERS AFTER WRECK.

IF there is any situation in life, in which the wise dispensation of Providence, in concealing the future from us, is more strikingly manifested than in another, it is in cases of shipwreck; for if the wretched mariner could foresee, that in escaping the fury of the elements at sea, he would have to encounter still greater and more protracted miseries on shore, he would scarcely be induced to make the efforts necessary for his preservation. But the sailor in venturing on a voyage, learns

“To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods;
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid *his* better days come forth at once;
A long and shining train.”

The whole records of disasters at sea do not perhaps furnish such an instance of protracted sufferings and perilous adventures, as those which the crew of the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, encountered, during a period of one hundred and seventeen days. This vessel sailed from Trincomalee, in the Island of Ceylon, for Europe, on the 13th of June, 1782. On the 3rd of August, Captain Coxon, her commander, considered himself a hundred miles from the nearest land; but on the following day the

ship struck on some rocks within three hundred yards of the shore. To save her, was impossible ; destruction and despair were seen in every countenance, and the utmost confusion prevailed. Those most composed were employed in devising means to gain the shore, and set about framing a raft of such masts, yards, and spars, as could be got together, hoping by this expedient to convey the women and children, and the sick, safe to land. In the meantime, a Lascar, and two Italians, attempted to swim ashore with the deep sea-line ; one of the latter perished in the waves, but the others succeeded. By means of a small line, a large one, and afterwards a hawser, were conveyed to the shore : the natives, who had crowded to the water's edge, assisting the sailors. The raft being finished, it was launched overboard ; but a nine-inch hawser, by which it was held, broke, and the raft driving on shore, was upset, by which three men were drowned. The yawl and jolly boat were no sooner hoisted out, than they were dashed to pieces. Several seamen gained the land by the hawser, and others were left on board, when the vessel rent asunder fore and aft. In this distressing moment they crowded on the starboard quarter, which happily floated into shoal water ; by which means every one on board, even the women and children, got safe on shore, except the cook's mate, who was intoxicated, and could not be prevailed on to leave the ship. When they had assembled on

shore, they got some hogs and poultry, which had floated from the wreck, and made a repast. Two tents were made of two sails that had been driven ashore, under which the ladies reposed for the first night. Next morning, the natives, who were quite black and woolly-headed, came down, and began to carry off whatever struck their fancy ; but plunder seemed to be their only object. A cask of beef, one of flour, and a leaguer of arrack, were found and delivered to the captain ; who, on the morning of the 7th, called the survivors of the shipwreck together, and having divided the provisions among them, said, that as on board he had been their commanding officer, he hoped that they would still suffer him to continue his command. An unanimous cry of, "by all means," was the reply. He then informed them, that from the best calculations he could make, he trusted to be able to reach some of the Dutch settlements in fifteen or sixteen days, as he intended to make to the Cape of Good Hope. Thus encouraged, they set off cheerfully ; for

"hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook ;"

and they were therefore unwilling to damp their courage by melancholy forebodings. Mr. Logie, the chief mate, having for some time been ill, was carried by two men in a hammock, slung on a pole ; and in this laborious occupation, all the men cheerfully shared. A man of the name of O'Brien, being very lame, re-

mained behind, saying, it was impossible to keep up with his shipmates, and he would therefore endeavour to get some pewter from the wreck, and make trinkets to ingratiate himself with the natives. The whole company now set forward, and soon met about thirty of the natives; among whom was one Trout, a Dutchman, who had committed murder, and had fled from justice. On learning the course they were travelling, he recapitulated the difficulties they would meet with, and gave them some good advice; but could not be prevailed on to conduct them to the Cape. The next day they were stopped by about four hundred of the savages, who, after pilfering and insulting, at last began to beat them. Concluding that they were marked for destruction, they determined to defend themselves to the last extremity. After placing the women, children, and the sick at some distance, under the protection of about a dozen of their number, the remainder, consisting of eighty or ninety, engaged their opponents for two hours and a half; when getting possession of a rising ground, they forced the natives to a sort of compromise. Several of the company cut the buttocks from their coats, and gave them, with other little trinkets, to the natives, who then went away, and returned no more.

In the night they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and to make a fire, in order to keep off the wild beasts, whose howlings continually disturbed them. A

fresh party of the natives came and plundered them, seizing the gentlemen's watches, and examining the hair of the ladies, to see if diamonds were concealed in it. They also took away what was then of more value than diamonds, or the gold of Ophir, the tinder-box, flint, and steel, which was an irreparable loss, and obliged them to travel in future with fire-brands in their hands.

After journeying together for some days, the provisions brought along with them were nearly expended; and the fatigue of travelling with the women and children being very great, the sailors began to murmur, and seemed every one determined to take care of himself. Captain Coxon, with the first mate and his wife, Colonel and Mrs. James, the purser, and several other officers, as well as seamen, with five of the children, agreed to keep together, and travel slowly as before. Captain Talbot, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Trotter, second and the fourth mate, with the remainder of the seamen, including John Hynes, being in all about forty-three, went on before. A young boy, Master Law, a passenger, seven or eight years old, crying after one of the men, it was agreed to take him with them, and to carry him by turns, whenever he should be unable to walk.

Both parties felt great pain at the separation, as they had little hopes of meeting again; but next morning early, the advancing party having waited all night by the side of a river for the ebb

tide, were overtaken, and the whole company once more united, to their great satisfaction. Two days afterwards they again separated, thinking that by travelling in separate bodies, they would be less likely to excite the jealousy of the natives. The party with the second mate, which may be designated Hynes's party, as from him the narrative is principally derived, travelled several days through untrodden paths, crossing rivers two miles broad, and frequently obliged to climb the trees to explore their way. Wild sorrel and shell fish, of which the supply was often very scanty, were their only food; until a dead whale, the liver of which could only be ate, furnished them a more substantial, though not more agreeable meal, and a supply for some days. The party now resolved to proceed inland; and after advancing, during three days and nights, through a fine pleasant country, in which they saw many deserted villages, they came to a river which they were unable to cross. Captain Talbot was so much fatigued, that he could not proceed with the rest of the company; and his faithful coxswain remained with him behind. Neither of them were ever heard of after. Master Law was still with Hynes's party, having borne the fatigues of the journey in the most miraculous manner.

Another dead whale having been discovered, the party, with the assistance of two spike nails which they had borne out of a plank, cut part of it, which they took in bags along with them; a

dead seal was another seasonable supply, and was carefully husbanded. This party had been severely treated by the natives, and had lost five of their number, including the carpenter. The command of the company now devolved on the steward, as well as the care of the child, whom he treated with great tenderness.

On arriving at a village, they obtained a young bullock, in exchange for the inside of a watch and a few buttons. They killed it with one of the lances belonging to the natives; and dividing it in pieces, distributed them by lot. The skin was also cut in pieces, and those obtaining portions of it, made them into shoes. This was the only instance of the party being able to get any sustenance from the natives, except that the women sometimes gave the boy a little milk. A sandy desert next occupied them ten days in passing, during which no natives were seen; but they afterwards came to a small village, where they got a little milk for the boy, and afterwards part of the flesh of some sea crows and sea lions, which were hung up to dry in one of the huts. Two rivers were crossed, and they now reposed two days, in hopes of their companions coming up. But ten days afterwards they discovered by some small pieces of rags scattered here and there on the way, that they were before them. Entering a large sandy desert, where little wood or water was to be seen, they observed written on the sand at the en-

trance of a deep valley, "*Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water.*" This direction they hastened to obey, and saw from the remains of fires and other traces, that their companions had rested in a recess.

The sight of thirty or forty elephants terrified them; and they were continually harassed by the natives, who killed one of their party, and wounded John Hynes. The cooper died with the fatigue; and soon afterwards the little boy Law, whose tender frame, which had borne so much suffering, at length sunk under it. This was an afflicting circumstance for the whole party, who shed a tear of sympathy over the youthful victim. They now began to suffer much from thirst, as no water could be obtained, and several of them died. Their number was now reduced to three, Hynes, Evans, and Wormington, the boatswain's mate, who earnestly importuned his companions to determine by lot who should die, that by drinking his blood, the other two might be preserved; but this the others refused. They soon after came up with four of the steward's party, who appeared to have suffered as much as themselves. One person soon afterwards died; and the remaining six journeyed onwards, until they at length reached a Dutch settlement, where they were hospitably entertained by one Roostoff, who lived about three or four hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope. Roostoff immediately ordered a sheep to be killed, on which they breakfasted and

dined; and then another Dutch man, named Quin, who lived about nine miles distant, brought a cart and six horses to convey them to the Cape. It was on the 29th of November, that they reached Roostoff's dwelling, having been a hundred and seventeen days occupied in their weary journey.

They were now forwarded in carts from one settlement to another, to Zwelendam; and during the whole way, wherever they passed the night, the farmers assembled to hear their melancholy story; and moved with compassion, supplied them with many articles of which they stood in need. As a war then existed between Great Britain and Holland, two of the men were sent to the governor of the Cape, while the rest remained at Zwelendam. The governor hearing their story, humanely sent a party, consisting of one hundred Europeans, and three hundred Hottentots, attended by a great number of waggons, each drawn by eight oxen, in order to save such articles as could be secured from the wreck; and to rescue such of the sufferers as might be discovered, or in the hands of the natives. Beads and trinkets were sent to ransom them, if necessary. The party met with no interruption from the natives for some time; but they afterwards obstructed the progress of the waggons, and the Dutch were obliged to travel further on horseback. Only twelve of the wretched sufferers, including seven Lascars and two black women, could be found; and

these, with the six sailors who had first reached the Cape, were sent to England in a Danish ship.

The fate of this unfortunate company, and the belief of their being alive, excited great commiseration; and in 1790, another expedition was fitted out to go in quest of them; but without success, although the reports of the natives induced the belief that some of them were still living.

CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

THE national vanity of the Americans never received a rebuke more severe or merited, than in the engagement between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. This action was fought off Boston, and was witnessed by thousands of the inhabitants; and so confident were these good citizens of the success of their countrymen, that a supper was ordered, to welcome them on their victory, to which the captured British officers were to be invited, no doubt to give additional grace to the triumph.

The commander of the *Shannon*, Captain Broke, had long been anxious to engage the *Chesapeake*, although she was superior in tonnage, number of guns, weight of metal, and complement of men. Accordingly, while laying off Boston, in June 1813, Captain Broke sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, to meet "ship to ship, to try the fortune of their respective flags." The letter was written in a very gentlemanly style, with great candour and

spirit; it concluded in the true spirit of a British sailor anxious only for a battle:—"Choose your terms, but let us meet."

Before the challenge reached the *Chesapeake*, she was observed to be under weigh. She came down upon the *Shannon's* quarters with three ensigns flying. She had also flying at the fore a large flag, inscribed with these words: "Free trade and sailors' rights;" upon a supposition that this favourite American motto might paralyse the efforts, or damp the energy of the *Shannon's* men. The vessels were soon in action; the shot of the *Shannon* was very destructive. After ten minutes' fighting, Captain Broke perceived that the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck division were deserting their guns; he instantly called out, "Board!" and accompanied by the first lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck. Here not an officer or a man was to be seen; upon her gangways about twenty Americans made a slight resistance. These were instantly driven towards the fore-castle, where a few endeavoured to get down the fore hatchway, but in their eagerness, prevented each other; a few fled over the bows, and reached the main deck, and the remainder laid down their arms. The *Chesapeake's* fore top was now stormed by Midshipman Smith and his topmen, about five in number, who either destroyed or drove on deck all the Americans there stationed. This gallant young officer had deliberately passed along the *Shan-*

non's fore-yard, which was braced up to the *Chesapeake's*, also braced up, and thence into her top.

After those on the fore-castle had submitted, Captain Broke ordered one of his men to stand sentry over them ; and sent most of the others aft, where the conflict was still going on. He was in the act of giving them orders to answer the fire from the *Chesapeake's* main-top, when three treacherous Americans seeing they were superior to the British then near them, had aimed themselves afresh. Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face ; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right, a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull and stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man cut him down with his broadsword ; and at that very instant, was himself cut down by one of the *Shannon's* seamen. Captain Broke and his treacherous foe now lay side by side ; each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword, when a marine despatched the American with his bayonet. Captain Broke was severely wounded by this affair ; and while a seaman was tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, he called out (pointing aft), "There, sir, there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours." The captain saw it hoisting, and was instantly led to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade slides.

Even after the British colours were flying on board the *Chesapeake*, some of her men kept firing up the main-hatchway, and killed a British marine. It was then, and not till then, that Lieutenant Falkiner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke told him to summon them to surrender if they desired quarter. He did so, and they replied, "We surrender," and all hostility ceased. Between the discharge of the first gun, and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed ; and in four minutes more, the *Chesapeake* was completely his.

THE BRAVE PILOT.

THE hero of this tale, James Maxwell, was one of a family famous for courage and hardihood. He was a native of Stirlingshire, in Scotland. He and several of his brothers took to a seafaring life, and being intelligent and industrious, rose in time to be masters or pilots of steam-vessels. In the year 1827, James was acting as pilot on board a steamer called the *Clydesdale*, which sailed between the Clyde and the west coast of Ireland. One evening, after setting out on the voyage, a smell of fire was perceived on board by Maxwell and the master, both of whom tried hard to discover whence it proceeded ; but in vain. Still it increased, and about eleven o'clock the master sprang on deck, exclaiming hastily, "Maxwell, the

flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" James asked quietly in what direction he should steer the vessel, and with one earnest prayer for strength, and for his family at home, he turned all his attention to his work. At first, fearing they might be driven on the rocky coast of Galloway, the master was anxious to press forward; but with nothing but the wide ocean before them, this soon appeared such a hopeless course that he resolved to put the steamer towards shore at all risks. Notwithstanding the active efforts of the men, the fire increased, till it was raging furiously. All the passengers rushed to the fore-part of the vessel—the safest place, as the flames were swept by the wind back towards the stern.

There the brave pilot stood, his eyes fixed on the spot he meant to reach, firmly resolved in his heart to keep at his post through all. Had he left the wheel, the ship would have drifted helplessly about, at the mercy of the wind and waves, and the flames would soon have spread to all parts of the ship. By keeping her going the flames were driven in one direction; and if they could only reach the land they might be saved. The master and some of the sailors did all they could to throw water on the spot where Maxwell stood, but soon the fire seized the cabin below him, heating his standing-place to a burning glow. He was shut off from the number assembled on the other end by a roaring mass of smoke

and flame. Now and then the wind swept this aside, and they caught sight of him for a moment, keeping his awful watch. The people on shore saw the blazing ship coming fast towards them in the darkness of the night, and by waving lights they tried to point out to those on board the best place for landing.

Now the fire grew hotter and spread further. Maxwell's feet were almost roasted, yet still he kept his post. In another moment he ran the vessel into an opening among the rocks, and alongside a ledge, on which all the crew and passengers escaped safe to shore. The pilot's noble work was done. Even at that instant he could listen to the voice of distress. A man who had reached the shore exclaimed that without his trunk he should be ruined, and offered five pounds to any one who would save it. Maxwell seized the burning trunk and threw it on shore, but so hot was the handle that his skin actually stuck to it. Then he left the ship himself. It seems almost impossible to believe that the man for whom he had done this forgot to pay the promised reward; but so it was; and James was not likely to ask for it. He never recovered this awful burning. Not only his feet had suffered greatly, but his hair; and his great coat and cap were in such a state from the heat to which he had been exposed, that they crumbled into powder at a touch. During that dreadful night, his face came to look ten years

older; his handsome features were wasted, and what hair remained on his head was changed. All these signs showed plainly how intense and agonizing was the trial he had passed through: and bravely, indeed, had he done his part. After a time he was able, though much weakened by his past sufferings, once more to take up his occupation of pilot. At different times in his life sums of money were raised among those who had heard his story, to enable him to bring up his family. In the year 1840 he died.—*Hoare's "Brave Deeds."*

THE RESCUE.—A STRANGE YARN.

MR. ROBERT BRUCE, originally descended from some branch of Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1828, he was first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway, descending to it ran athwart

ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state-room. The desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round—

"I make our latitude and longitude so-and-so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose; and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

attracted the captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there is a stranger there."

"A stranger? Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world I saw him."

"Him? Whom?"

"Heaven knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated.

"I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing colour; "but if it's all the same

to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah, writing on the slate! Then it should be there still. And the captain took it up.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce!"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters stood the words, "Steer to the nor'-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it towards Bruce, he said—

"Write down, 'Steer to the nor'-west.'"

The mate complied: and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said—

"Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and at the captain's

request he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled in any degree the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought.

"Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity,—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor'-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly

ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

If proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept; in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate catching a glimpse of his face started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems

that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir: the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate,—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and

examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him again with the other up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman" (pointing to the passenger), "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke and said to me, 'Captain,

we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig: and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged in some incomprehensible way by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for His goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably south of west, and I altered my course to nor'-west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection, whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; and yet I am very

sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances before detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated to me by Captain I. S. Clark, of the schooner *Julia Hallock*, who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for seventeen months, in the years 1836 and 1837; so that Captain Clark had the story from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is yet alive. All he has heard of him since they were shipmates is that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became the master of the brig *Comet*, and that she was lost.

I asked Captain Clark if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of man he was.

"As truthful and as straightforward a man," he replied, "as ever I met in all my life. We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can't be together, shut up for seventeen months in the same ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstance in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and to another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie."—*Robert Dale Owen*,

SUFFERINGS OF TWELVE MEN IN AN OPEN BOAT.

THE *Thomas* was a slave ship belonging to Liverpool, trading from Barbadoes to the coast of Africa, for slaves; and after taking in a cargo sometime in August 1797, sailed for that island. War having broken out between France and Britain, afforded an opportunity for the depredations of French privateers, and so many frequented the coast of Africa, that Captain M'Quay, commander of the *Thomas*, judged it expedient to teach his slaves the use of fire-arms. He was the more induced to it from having had frequent encounters with the French in the course of his former voyages. The slaves did not fail to avail themselves of his instructions, particularly as they might be the means of enabling them to regain their liberty, an object which is never lost sight of by mankind. A secret conspiracy was formed amongst them, and early in the morning of the second of September, having taken possession of the arms-chest, about 200 suddenly appeared on deck. They fired on the crew, some of whom quickly fell, others, unprovided with the means of defence, or rendered incapable of resistance by the surprise, leapt overboard, while a third portion, escaping by the cabin windows, took refuge in the boat which was astern. The captain and the remainder still continued exerting themselves to quell the insurgents; but being few in number, and provided with no

other arms than those usually kept in the cabin, the former could entertain little hope of success. Nevertheless, when he observed some of the crew about to leave the ship in the boat, which they had cut from the lashings at the stern, he remonstrated so warmly on their conduct, that they were induced to return. Yet again convinced that they were overpowered by the insurgents, that they could not recover the vessel, and that this was the only means of escaping the threatening danger, twelve once more made their way to the boat, and forsook the vessel. It was too soon evident, however, that the survivors of the insurrection had only evaded one calamity to encounter another equally dreadful; they found themselves at the mercy of the elements, and exposed to the pain of hunger and thirst. This they endured for several days, when they accidentally descried a small turtle floating on the surface of the water asleep, and were so fortunate as to make it a capture. This, however, was not long of being consumed among so many, when the unfortunate men were reduced to great necessity for want of food. They soaked their shoes, and two hairy caps, in water, and when sufficiently softened ate portions of the leather. All these being finished, and a protracted length of time elapsing without relief, they were compelled to resort to the horrible expedient of devouring each other. But to obviate all contention concerning who should escape, or who

should be the first sacrificed, they cast lots to determine the sufferer. It is not said who was the unhappy person, but with manly fortitude he resigned himself to his miserable associates, only requesting that he might be bled to death. The surgeon of the *Thomas* being among those preserved, had his case of instruments in his pocket when he quitted the vessel; and his request was not denied. Yet scarce was the vein divided when the operator, applying his own parched lips, drank the stream as it flowed, and his comrades anxiously watched the last breath of the victim, that they might prey upon his flesh.

This new source of relief, however, was productive of the most terrible consequences. Those who indulged their cannibal appetite to excess, speedily perished in raging madness, teaching the survivors by an awful example their probable fate on recurring to a similar expedient. But some who had refused participation in the repast still preserved their senses.

At length, on Tuesday, the tenth of October, the thirty-eighth day from the time of forsaking the ship, the survivors descried the shore of Barbadoes; but having no means of directing the course of their boat, they abandoned themselves to despair. Providence, however, was their guide; though, when reaching the land, they were reduced to such a state of weakness as to be scarce able to

leave the boat, and one of them, a boy, fell into the surf, and was drowned, his strength being utterly exhausted.

The survivors of the unfortunate company exerted themselves to crawl on their bellies to the mouth of Joe's River, on the north-east coast of Barbadoes, where they quenched their thirst. Then being discovered by a Mr. Mascoll, they received from him and another person, all the assistance and hospitality which their deplorable situation required.

GALLANT INTERPOSITION.

IN the battle between Lord Hawke and the French, the gallant admiral finding so much to depend on the capture of the French admiral's ship, the *Soleil-Royal*, desired to be laid alongside her; but the pilot hesitatingly replied, that he feared to do so, from the rocky shoals of the place off which the battle raged. Hawke, however, was not to be dissuaded, and bore down upon her, with every gun doubly-shotted. The captain of a French seventy-four gunship, the *Surveillante*, aware of Hawke's design, gallantly threw his ship between Hawke and the French admiral, in time to receive Lord Hawke's fire, which saved the French admiral, but sent the *Surveillante* and every soul on board, to the bottom.

CHALLENGE GALLANTLY ACCEPTED.

CAPTAIN TINKER, who commanded his Majesty's ship the *Argo*, a frigate of eight-and-twenty guns, being stationed

with some cutters off Ostend in 1760, to observe the motions of Thurot, sent a messenger to the governor of the place, importing, that as the king, his master, was not at war with the house of Austria, he expected to be supplied with refreshments from Ostend, although it was garrisoned with French troops; otherwise he would make prize of every vessel belonging to the place that should presume to come out of the harbour. No notice being taken of this message, he proceeded to put his threats into execution, and detained three fishing boats. The governor, finding he was in earnest, sent out a flag of truce, with a compliment, assuring him he would comply with his request; and the captain received daily supplies from shore. In the course of this correspondence, the commander of a French frigate of thirty guns then lying in the harbour, sent notice to Captain Tinker, that if he would dismiss his small craft, and give his word of honour that none of the squadron under Commodore Boys should interfere in the contest, he would next day come out and give him battle. Captain Tinker desired the messenger to inform him that he would dismiss the cutter; and not only give his word, but even an officer as an hostage, for the performance, that he should not be assisted by any ship of the commodore's squadron, which lay seven or eight leagues to leeward, but that he would engage him singly at a minute's warning. He ac-

cordingly made the ship ready for the engagement next morning when he weighed anchor, hoisted the British ensign, and stood inshore to the mouth of the harbour, where he brought to with his courses clewed, and his maintop-sail to the mast. In this posture he lay with flying colours, as long as the tide would permit him to remain, almost close to the fortifications of the place, in sight of all the French military officers who were assembled to witness the combat; but the Frenchman did not think proper to keep the appointment, though it was of his own making.

EXPLOSION OF THE FRIGATE *AMPHION*, IN HAMOAZE, 1796.

IT is to be remarked that the suddenness of the catastrophe, when vessels perish by explosion, in general precludes us from obtaining any distinct and connected account of what has happened. Indeed it may well be conceived that the irresistible violence of the incident, and the confounding consequences which attend it, are sufficient to deprive the survivors of a correct remembrance of their misfortune in detail.

The *Amphion* frigate, commanded by Captain Israel Pellew, after having cruized for some time in the North Seas, got an order to join a squadron of frigates, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, the captain's brother. A hard gale of wind, occasioning some injury to the foremast during her passage,

obliged her to put into Plymouth. She lay close alongside of a sheer-hulk, taking in her bowsprit, with the *Yarmouth*, an old receiving-ship, close to her, and both within a few yards of the dock-yard jetty.

All of a sudden, on the 22nd of September, about half-past four afternoon, a violent shock, like an earthquake, was felt at Stonchouse, the Royal Hospital, and town of Plymouth, by which the windows were shook in the houses. The *Amphion* appeared to rise altogether upright from the surface of the water, until her keel almost came into view; her masts, by the explosion, seemed to be forced up into the air, and her hull instantly sunk. To the spectators at a distance, the sky towards the dock was red, as from the effect of a fire, and the streets of the town were crowded by people, all running about in a state of the utmost consternation. Few could explain the cause of it; but, after the confusion had somewhat subsided, it was at length discovered that the *Amphion* frigate had blown up. Though the shock was felt at a very considerable distance, it is wonderful that, surrounded by the ships in the harbour, close alongside of the jetty, and even lashed to another vessel, no damage was done to any thing but herself.

There, however, the effect was dreadful. As the ship was to put to sea next day, there were nearly an hundred men, women, and children above her complement on board, taking leave of their friends; and besides that,

there were two dinners given that day.

Two successive explosions most probably took place; the first threw Captain Pellew, Captain Swaffield, and the first lieutenant, who were drinking wine together, from their seats, and struck them against the carlings of the upper-deck, by which they were in a manner stunned. Captain Pellew, however, had sufficient presence of mind to fly to the cabin windows, and, seeing the two hawsers, one slack in the bit and the other tight, threw himself, with an amazing leap, which the sense of danger alone enabled him to take, upon the latter. He was taken up by the boats, his face much cut by being struck against the carling, and scarcely sensible. The first lieutenant saved himself in the same manner, being a remarkably good swimmer, by leaping out of the cabin window. But Captain Swaffield perished. It was conjectured that he had been more stunned by the blow, and incapacitated from escaping. His body was found a whole month afterwards, with his skull fractured, appearing to have been crushed between the sides of two vessels. Captain Swaffield was to have sailed next day with his own ship, the *Overyssel*; and his brother, Mr. J. Swaffield, on the day of the accident was also to have dined on board the *Amphion*, but some person following him on business, he returned when on the way, and thus escaped.

About half-an-hour before the

explosion of the *Amphion*, one of her lieutenants, and Lieutenant Campbell of the marines, got a boat at the dockyard stairs and went off to the ship, intending to return to the officers at the marine barracks immediately, but the unhappy catastrophe took place in the interval.

The exact number of individuals that perished is unknown, and the few survivors could give little or no account of the accident; they did not exceed ten in number. The fore-magazine had taken fire; and three or four men, who were at work in the tops, were blown up, and fell into the water without much injury from the explosion. These, the boatswain, another seaman, the captain, two lieutenants, one of the seamen's wives, and a child, were all who were saved. The fate of this child was singular. The terror of the shock having made its mother grasp it fast, the under part of her body was blown away, while the upper remained with the child fast locked in her arms.

In an instant the hulk to which the ship was lashed, exhibited a horrible spectacle; the deck was covered with blood, mangled limbs, and entrails, blackened with gunpowder; shreds of the *Amphion's* pendant, her rigging, and pieces of her shattered timbers, were strewed all around. Most of the sufferers belonged to Plymouth and the neighbourhood, from which the ship had originally been manned; and now arms, legs, and lifeless trunks,

mangled and disfigured, were collected in sacks, and carried to the hospital to be owned. Thither bodies still living, some with the loss of limbs, and others having just expired, were also conveyed; while men, women, and children, whose sons, husbands, and fathers, were of the number, flocked round the gates beseeching admittance.

At the moment of the explosion, the sentinel at the cabin door happened to be looking at his watch; he felt it dashed from his hands, after which he became insensible; how he escaped he was altogether ignorant, nevertheless, he was carried on shore very little hurt. The boatswain was standing on the cat-head, directing the men in rigging out the jib-boom, when he suddenly felt himself driven upwards, and fell into the sea. He then observed himself entangled among the rigging, from which he had some difficulty in getting clear; and being taken up by a boat belonging to a man-of-war, it was found that his arm was broken.

One of the surviving seamen declared, that he was below when the frigate blew up, and went to the bottom in the hull; that he recollected having a knife in his pocket, with which he cut his way through the companion of the gun-room, already shattered by the explosion, and letting himself up to the surface of the water, swam unhurt ashore. He showed the knife to the officer to whom he related the fact, and declared that he had

been full five minutes under the water.

Amidst the many conjectures formed respecting the cause of this unfortunate event, few were attended with probability. Suspensions arose that the gunner had been abstracting gunpowder to sell, and had concealed what he could take by degrees; that thinking himself safe on a day that all on board were entertaining their friends, he had neglected to use the necessary precautions when among the powder. He was observed in liquor in the morning, and a sack was afterwards dragged up, filled with gunpowder at the bottom, and biscuit at the top.

Next day, about a foot and a half of one of the *Amphion's* masts appeared above water at low tide, and for several days the dock-yard men were occupied in collecting the shattered masts and yards, and dragging up what could be recovered from the wreck. On the 29th of September, part of the fore-chains, shattered and splintered, was hauled up, all the bolts being forced out; also the head and cut-water. Soon after an attempt was made to weigh the *Amphion* between two other frigates, the *Castor* and *Iphigenia*, which were moored on each side of her. But only a few pieces of the ship could be got up, one or two of her guns, some chests and cabin furniture. Several bodies, and among the rest a midshipman's, floated out, which were all towed by boats to the Royal Hospital stairs, to be interred in the burying-

ground there. It was shocking to behold the putrid bodies which, for weeks, were washed out of the vessel, and when towed round by the boats, they would scarce keep together. Even so late as the 13th of November, above two months posterior to the melancholy event, when the *Amphion* was dragged round to another part of the dock-yard jetty, to be broke up, the body of a woman was washed out from between decks.

LORD NELSON'S PRAYER FOR VICTORY.

THE most splendid example of piety in a profession generally supposed deficient in it, was undoubtedly that of the immortal Nelson; particularly previous to the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, in August, 1798. His despatch, conveying that welcome intelligence, began with the words which have been so generally and justly admired: "My Lord—Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms by a great victory." An entry in the hero's diary. October 21, 1805, breathes still more devotion: thus—"At day-light saw the enemy's combined fleet from E. to E.S.E.; bore away; made the signal for order of sailing, and to prepare for battle; the enemy with their heads to the southward—at seven, the enemy wearing in succession. May the great God whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory! and may no misconduct in any

one tarnish it! and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my king and country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend.—Amen."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

THE Battle of the Nile, as it is generally called, was not a common sea-engagement between two fleets: there were many circumstances combining with the locality to render it one of a very peculiar nature and interest.

Nelson having hunted the French fleet from post to pillar, to use a landsman's phrase, but without falling in with them, though it is known that they passed each other in the night, the French steering east for Candia, and the English south-east for Alexandria; the enemy, at last, slunk into the bay of Aboukir, and arriving first, took up a secure position, as they thought. Their force consisted of one ship of one hundred and twenty guns, two of eighty, ten of seventy-four, and four frigates: one of forty-eight, one of forty-four, and two of thirty-six guns. The fleet was moored in a compact line, extending across the bay, in a north-west and south-east direction; their van, which was to the westward, was protected by a water-battery, on a small island (now called Nelson's island), and supported by some

gun and mortar boats; their rear by the frigates, and other gun-vessels; the ships of the line occupying an extent of about two miles and a half, leaving a space of about two hundred and fifty yards from one ship to the other.

Nelson, whose intuitive knowledge led him to the mouth of the Nile, had forewarned his captains of the nature of the contest they were to expect; and he proposed to anchor his ship by the stern, a practice till then unknown by modern seamen, though it seems, from sacred history, to have been common among the ancients. This new tactic being prepared for performance, at three o'clock on the first of August, 1798, the signal was made to prepare for action, and the fleet stood in under a crowd of sail; but as they approached within two miles of the enemy, the *Culloden* grounded on a reef, and stuck fast.

The best description of this famous day is given by the Rev. Cooper Willyams, the chaplain of the *Swiftsure*, in his work, called "The Voyage up the Mediterranean." That author, being present in the fight, says, that the *Goliath*, commanded by Captain Foley, led the fleet, and by a quarter past six in the evening, the French began the engagement: but the *Goliath* did not return their fire until she had doubled their line, and came to an anchor alongside *Le Conquerant*, second ship in their van, and in ten minutes shot away their topmasts. Hood, in

the *Zealous*, followed; and having anchored on the bow of *Guerrier*, the van ship, in twelve minutes dismasted her. Next came the *Orion*, under Saumarez; *La Sérieuse*, a frigate, lying within the line, gave him a broadside, which Sir James returned with his starboard guns, and she instantly sunk. He then proceeded to take his station on the bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of *Le Souverain Peuple*, engaging both. The *Audacious* came next, and let go her anchor on the bow of the *Conquerant*; having passed between that ship and the *Guerrier*, Captain Gould instantly began a destructive fire. The *Theseus*, commanded by the lamented Miller, was the fifth and last ship that came inside of the line. Passing between the *Zealous* and her opponent, *Le Guerrier*, he poured in a broadside as he brushed her sides: for this friendly act, the *Goliath* gave him three hearty cheers, which the *Theseus* returned: the French also attempted to imitate the animating sound; but the effort produced loud peals of laughter aboard the *Theseus*, as she passed on to her proper opponent, in the order of succession; this was the *Spartiate*. The captain of *Le Guerrier* owned, that those strong-throated British cheers did more to damp the ardour of his men, than the broadside of the *Theseus*.

Nelson having seen his five van ships begin the action, "to his heart's content," now came himself to their support. Sau-

marez says, that the plan of placing the enemy between two fires, was *not* preconcerted, but originated with Nelson himself, probably but a minute or two previous to its being executed. Nelson took his station without, or on the starboard-side, and within pistol-shot of *Le Spartiate*, then engaged with the *Theseus*; the French ship could not support their united cross-fire, and very soon surrendered. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, followed his admiral, and brought *L'Aigillon* to action, which soon terminated by her surrender. Then came Captain Darby in the *Bellerophon*: his orders were to anchor on the bow of *L'Orient*, the flag-ship of Admiral Bruies, and this he fully intended to do, but unfortunately having too much way, his cable was not stopped in time, and he brought up exactly abreast of that tremendous ship, whose broadsides very soon killed and wounded two hundred of his men (among the former three of his lieutenants): and about eight o'clock he was obliged to cut his cable, and stood out, or rather drifted out of the bay. The *Defence*, Captain Peyton, came to an anchor ahead of *Le Minotaur*, and engaged *Le Franklin* of eighty guns, laying on her starboard bow, which bore the flag of Blanquet du Chelard, the second in command of the French. Next came the *Majestic*, with the gallant Captain Westcott, who fell afterwards in the action. He engaged *L'Heureux* on her

starboard bow, while he received the fire of *Le Tonnant*, which lay astern of *L'Orient*: the heavy fire from her two powerful opponents was almost an overmatch for the *Majestic*, and Westcott fell in the heat of the battle. The command devolved on Mr. Cuthbert, the first lieutenant, who supported his own and his country's honour to the end of the day.

The *Swiftsure* and *Alexander*, under Captains Hallowell and Ball, having been sent early in the morning to look into the port of Alexandria, did not come to action till late in the evening. These ships would inevitably have got upon the reef, but for the accident which had previously placed the *Culloden* there. The unlucky Trowbridge, burning with desire to share in the glorious conflict, beheld the fight from his quarter-deck; and was half inclined to throw himself overboard in despair.

It was eight o'clock at night, and totally dark, when the two ships just named approached the scene of action. The *Swiftsure* had got within reach of the enemy's guns, when she fell in with the *Bellerophon* drifting out of the bay under her foresail, and fore-topsail; and having no fighting lights displayed, it was only by a fortunate application of judgment, that Hallowell was prevented firing into her. At three minutes past eight, says the accurate Mr. Williams, the *Swiftsure* anchored nearly in the spot that had been occupied by the *Bellerophon*, alongside of *L'Orient*.

Nothing could equal the coolness with which Captain Hallowell took his station. Having let go his anchor within two hundred yards of this French first-rate, he clewed up all his sails, and furled them; and then, and not till then, opened his fire upon the bows of *L'Orient* and the quarter of the *Franklin*. About this time the *Swiftsure* received a heavy shot under water, which obliged her to work her chain pumps throughout the whole of the action. The *Alexander*, Captain Ball, passed under the stern of the French admiral, and raking him as he passed, she anchored within-sight, on his larboard quarter: and the battle now raged with a fury that no pen can describe.

The *Leander*, Captain Thompson, had gone to the assistance of the *Culloden*; but finding that she could not help her, he hastened back to the contest; and anchoring his ship across the bows of the *Franklin*, he raked her with great effect, and was in such a position as to be nearly invulnerable, occupying what is technically termed "the point of impunity." Four ships in the enemy's van had now surrendered; the battle had lasted three hours, and continued in the centre with heroic bravery on both sides. At three minutes past nine, a fire broke out in the cabin of *L'Orient*, and, dreadful as it may appear, Captain Hallowell ordered as many guns as could be spared to fire upon that part of the ship, the marines, from

the poop, pouring in, at the same time, volleys of musketry. This we own was a painful duty ; but the enemy was not subdued, and there could be no alternative. The *Alexander*, Captain Ball, kept up his fire on the other side, to the same point : thus situated, valour was unavailing. The gallant Bruics, thrice wounded, still kept his post, and encouraged his men to extinguish the flames, until a cannon-ball cut him in two as he stood on the arm-chest. His Captain, Casa Bianca, fell by his side ; and the ill-fated *L'Orient* was now given up to the flames, which, having spread along the decks, mounted the rigging with uncontrollable and terrific rapidity ; the whole noble fabric was one blaze from the mast-heads to the water ; hundreds of the crew committed themselves to the sea, hoping to escape the severer fate of being burnt alive ; many sank, some swam to our ships ; ropes, spars, gratings, and any buoyant object, were thrown to their assistance, and every endeavour used by our sailors to save their fallen adversaries, a few of whom (the first lieutenant, commissary, and ten men) were drawn into the lower-deck ports of the *Swiftsure*, while her own fate, and that of the *Alexander*, "stood trembling on the balance."

Mr. Willyams says, that the *Swiftsure* was anchored within half-pistol shot of the burning ship ; and, considering that the explosion of the magazine was momentarily expected, it is impossible to describe the dread

ful suspense and awful expectation of the officers and men of the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander*. Captain Hallowell was to windward of the burning ship ; and no persuasion could induce him to move. Captain Ball, being to leeward, was in greater danger, and was twice set on fire by the splinters from *L'Orient*, which still kept firing from her lower deck. At thirty-seven minutes past nine the flames communicated to the magazine, and she blew up with a crashing sound that deafened all around her. What must that crash have been, to tear asunder the oak beams and ribs of a ship of her size, to snap the shrouds and stays which secured her lower masts, and scatter the whole component parts of a first-rate ship, as chaff before the whirlwind ! The vibration of the explosion was felt to the very keels of the ships ; and the burning fragments fell for some moments upon the decks of the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander*. A port-fire fell into the main-royal of the latter, and two large pieces of burning wreck into the main and foretops of the former ; but the whole were extinguished without accident.

There was no British bosom, at that moment, but suffered the deepest sorrow and commiseration for the brave though fallen enemy. Nelson, who was wounded and taken below, was informed by Captain Berry of the sad conflagration, and long before the explosion the hero was again on deck, giving

orders to man every boat for their relief; but after every exertion, not more than seventy could be saved.

During this painful scene, the contending fleets had mutually ceased from dealing destruction to each other; but this cessation lasted but a few minutes, and the firing, recommenced by the French, was instantly returned by the English. The *Franklin*, bearing the flag of the second in command, now senior officer, began to fire on the *Defence* and *Swiftsure*; but these ships and the *Leander* soon compelled her to surrender. The *Alexander*, the *Majestic*, and occasionally the *Swiftsure*, engaged *Le Tonnant* and her seconds astern. All a-head of her had surrendered. At three o'clock in the morning of the second of August, the action was suspended; but renewed at four, when the *Majestic* and the *Alexander* attacked the rear of the enemy's line, consisting of the *Tonnant*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Genereux*, and *Timoleon*. Miller, of the *Theseus*, joined himself to these: he, as yet, had received but little damage, and the *Leander*, at six o'clock, was ordered by signal to assist the ships engaged, which she obeyed instantly. The enemy were now cutting their cables, and dropping to leeward. At eight o'clock the *Goliath* joined the rest of the combatants, when *L'Heureux* and *Le Mercure* were obliged to strike: *Le Tonnant* was a complete wreck, and *Le Timoleon* on shore.

At twelve o'clock Rear-Admi-

ral Villeneuve, in the *Guillaume Tell*, of eighty guns, cut his cable, and made sail; and was followed by the *Genereux* of seventy-four guns, and the frigates *Diane* and *Justice*. Nelson had no ship in any condition to follow them, except the *Zealous*. Hood gallantly went in pursuit; but, after exchanging a few broadsides, he was recalled from the unequal contest.

It was not till the morning of the third, that the action was completely terminated, by the surrender of the *Tonnant*, and the burning of the *Timoleon*. And thus ended the memorable battle of the Nile, in which it appears that every man did his duty, if we look at the results, which were nine large line-of-battle ships taken, two burnt, one frigate sunk, and another burnt, out of seventeen vessels of war, by a British fleet (inferior in numbers and men) of eleven seventy-fours, one fifty-gun ship, and one of fourteen-guns: the *Culloden* being on shore all the time, and the *Bellerophon* put hors de combat, cannot of course be counted as opponents of this very superior force. The brunt of the battle was sustained by a few ships; the highest number of the killed on board of these being but fifty men and one hundred and forty-three wounded; while in eight of those ships less engaged, the whole of their killed amounted to no more than thirty-four men, two of them having but one man each killed, and others none.

The *Artemise* frigate, after surrendering, was set on fire by

her own crew, an act of perfidy which cannot be too severely reprobated. The *Guillaume Tell* and the *Genereux*, the two line-of-battle ships, were, soon afterwards, both captured; not, however, till they had taken, after a long and severe action, the *Leander*, of fifty guns, who was conveying to England Nelson's account of the glorious BATTLE OF THE NILE.

SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

THIS gallant officer, before he was made admiral, had served as captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quartered upon the coast of Essex, where the plague made great havoc among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harassed with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no more words, but the next man that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his hall. This greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who, in the fulness of his heart, sent the captain word, that if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute with him, but would cheerfully bury him and his whole company for nothing.

THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

THE defence of the town of Acre, by Sir Sidney Smith, forms a very particular feature in the history of the Mediterranean war in 1799. It presents

some wonderful instances of courage and desperation, and will remain a monument of British valour and obstinacy, till Fame shall shut her book.

The operations first commenced in the month of May, but went on slowly and undecidedly till May, when Buonaparte, who commanded the French forces, approached his batteries to within ten yards of the Turkish ravelins, which he attacked for many nights successively, but always repulsed with loss. A constant fire was kept up to make a breach; and nine times were the French led into the storm, and as often beat back with immense slaughter. The siege was one continued battle, interrupted only, at short intervals, by the excessive fatigue on both sides. The spirits of the garrison were kept up by the expectation of a reinforcement, in which, fortunately, they were not disappointed: Captain Miller, in the *Thesus*, had intercepted a convoy of French gun-boats, laden with cannon and ordnance-stores, and had captured seven of them, to the great chagrin of the enemy. At this juncture, Hassan Bey repaired to the relief of Acre, by orders from Sir Sidney Smith; and on the fifty-first day of this arduous siege, the fleet of corvettes and transports, with his troops on board, made their appearance.

The approach of this additional strength was the signal to Buonaparte for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes of gaining possession of

the town before the troops could land for its relief.

The efforts of the contending parties increased with the peril on one side, and the hope of victory on the other. The redoubled fire of the French was answered by a British floating battery, which enfiladed their trenches; but they secured themselves from the effects of our shot in the day, by the works which they threw up during the night. A brass eighteen-pounder in the light-house castle, under the direction of Mr. Scroder, a midshipman of the *Theseus*, and a party of seamen, and a twenty-four pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*, and commanded by Mr. Jones, gave the greatest annoyance to the enemy. These guns being within the distance of grape-shot, added to the Turkish musketry, did great execution. Two sixty-eight-pound carronades, mounted on flat boats, threw shells into the centre of the French column, which still advanced, and made a lodgment in the second storey of the north-east tower, the upper part of which had been beaten down, and its ruins falling into the ditch, formed the acclivity by which they mounted. Daylight exposed to the besieged the extent of their danger.

The enemy's flag was now flying on the outer angle of the tower; the fire of the town was much abated, but that of the enemy still undiminished; and they had covered themselves from our flanking fire by two traverses in the ditch, composed of sand bags, and the bodies of

their slain. This had been their night's work; and at daylight, the points of their bayonets only were visible above the parapet.

At this moment the troops of Hassan Bey were in the boats, but not landed: this, however, was soon effected, and Sir Sidney having awaited their arrival on shore, instantly led them into battle, greeted by the enthusiastic cheers of all the inhabitants of St. Jean de Acre, who owed their safety to this timely reinforcement, animated and inspired by the presence of a British naval officer. The breach was defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missiles were large stoves, with which they struck their assailants on the head, overthrowing the foremost down the slope, and impeding the progress of the rest. A succession of troops ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two parties serving as a breastwork for both; the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spear-heads of their standards locked in each other. Ghezzar Pacha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station where he was sitting, to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hands. "This energetic old man coming behind," says Sir Sidney, "pulled us down, saying, 'if any harm happened to his English friends, all was lost.'"

The Pacha objected to admitting any troops but his Albanians into the garden of the scraglio, now become a very im-

portant post; and there were not two hundred of these men left out of a thousand. His struggles were, however, overcome by necessity; and the Chifflick regiment, of one thousand men, armed with bayonets, and disciplined, after the European fashion, under the eye of the Sultan Selim, were admitted to the sacred asylum. This body of men had been placed by the Pacha under the immediate command of Sir Sidney, who now proposed to him to make a sally with them, and to take the enemy in the flank. This was carried into effect, but failed, with mutual loss. The gate of the town was protected by Mr. Bray, the carpenter of the *Tigre*. The breach was cleared, and those who had made a lodgment in the tower were destroyed by our hand-grenades. The enemy then began a new breach to the southward of the old one, and found the wall more practicable.

Buonaparte and his generals now formed a semicircle on Richard Cœur-de-Lion's tower. The chief was very conspicuous, and, by his gestures, indicated another attack: he appeared only waiting for a reinforcement: the light ships of Hassan Bey, were therefore stationed in the shoal-water, and the *Thesens* and *Tigre* were placed to the northward.

A little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing with a solemn step. The Pacha had determined to admit them, to a certain number, within the walls, and to close with them according to the manner of the Turks.

The column mounted the

breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pacha's garden, where, in a few minutes, the bravest amongst them fell by the sabre and the poignard of the Turks, one of these deadly instruments in each hand proving an overmatch for the bayonet. The enemy was now compelled to retreat with great loss, leaving General Rombaud among the dead. Thus ended the final contest, which had lasted twenty-four hours, and a siege of many months; for on the 20th of May, Buonaparte withdrew his forces, and returned to the banks of the Nile. The result of this gallant defence is supposed to have disconcerted Buonaparte, and to have induced him to return to Europe.

An unfortunate accident at this siege disabled the *Thesens*, and deprived England of one of "the bravest of the brave:" Captain Miller, with many of his crew, was killed on board his own ship by the bursting of some shells which were very imprudently laid on the quarter-deck, and set on fire by a young midshipman, who had amused himself by driving the fusees with a mallet and nail. The ship was on fire in five places; but by the exertions of the officers and men, she was saved. Besides her gallant Captain, eighty men were either killed or wounded.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

"Oh! many a dream was in the ship,
An hour before her death,
And sighs of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul."

THE sudden manner in which the *Royal George* was lost, has prevented any minute relation of the melancholy accident ever being published. Some few particulars have indeed been developed by time, and from such imperfect documents, coupled with the leading facts as known at the period, is formed the following narrative, which, it is trusted, may prove as interesting as can be expected under the circumstances.

At the time of the calamitous disaster, which precipitated hundreds into an awful eternity, the *Royal George* was the oldest first-rate in the service: she was built at Woolwich; her keel was laid down in 1751, and she was hauled out of dock in July, 1755, it being unusual to build such large ships on slips to launch. She was pierced for one hundred guns, but having afterwards had two additional ports, including carronades, she mounted one hundred and eight guns. She was rather short and high, than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down; but still so good a sailer, that she had more flags on board of her than any vessel in the service, Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen, Lord Rodney, Lord Howe, and several other principal officers, having repeatedly commanded in her. Lord Hawke commanded in her the squadron which defeated the French under Conflans, when the *Superbe*, of seventy guns, was sunk by her cannon, and the *Soleil Royal*, of sixty-four guns, was driven on shore and burnt. She carried

the tallest masts, and squarest canvas of any English-built ship in the navy, and originally the heaviest metal, viz., fifty-two, forty, and twenty-eight pounders; but they were afterwards changed, on account of her age, to forty, thirty-two, and eighteen pounders.

The *Royal George* had just returned from a cruise, in which she had more water than usual; and as it did not decrease after she came into harbour, an order was issued on Saturday, August 14, 1782, for her to go into dock; but after a strict survey by the carpenter and others, they found that the leak was not more than two feet below the water-mark, and supposing it to have been occasioned by the rubbing off of the copper sheathing, it was resolved, in order to save time, to lay her down at Spithead, by what is called a parliament heel. In the meantime it was discovered that the pipe which occasionally admitted the water to cleanse and sweeten the ship, was out of order, and that it was necessary to replace it with a new one. As the ship required to be heeled very much for this purpose, the greater part of the guns were removed from one side to the other; but as they did not expect the vessel to heel so much as she did, the crew neglected to stop the scuppers of the lower decks, so that the water coming in on the deck, she, for some time, stole down imperceptibly. The greater part of the crew were, during this time, at dinner; but the carpenters and caulkers continued at

their work, and had almost finished it, when a sudden squall took the ship on the raised side, and the lower deck ports to leeward being open, the water rushed in. As soon as the crew discovered their dangerous situation, they beat to arms to right the ship, but in vain: in less than eight minutes she fell flat on one side, filled with water, and the guns, shot, &c., falling from the other side, accelerated her descent, and she sunk to the bottom so rapidly, that the officers, in their confusion, made no signal of distress; nor indeed could any assistance have availed if they had, for after her lower ports were in the water, no power on earth could have prevented her from going to the bottom.

At this fatal moment there were nearly twelve hundred persons on board, including about two hundred and fifty women and several children, chiefly belonging to the seamen, who had been permitted to visit the ship, and remain on board until the order arrived for her sailing. The people who formed the watch upon deck, amounting in number to about two hundred and thirty, were mostly saved by the boats, which the ships lying near the *Royal George* had manned and sent to their assistance, with the utmost expedition, when they observed the vessel was sinking. Their assistance was, however, for some time necessarily delayed, as the swell occasioned by the sinking of such a large body produced a temporary whirlpool. The boats also picked up about

seventy more, who rose to the surface after the ship had disappeared, among whom were four lieutenants, eleven women, and the remainder seamen.

Among the officers thus snatched from the brink of eternity, was Lieutenant Durham, who, fortunately, was officer of the watch, and upon deck at the time when he observed the vessel going down. He had just time to throw off his coat and scramble on the beam, from which he was soon washed as the ship sunk, and left floating about among men and hammocks. A drowning marine caught him by the waistcoat, and held him so fast, that several times he was drawn under water. It was in vain to reason with a man struggling for life; and conscious of the certainty of neither being saved if he did not disentangle himself from his burden, he clung with his legs round a hammock, with one hand unbuttoned his waistcoat, and sloping his shoulders, committed it, with the unfortunate marine, to the remorseless waves. He then got to some of the top rigging, where a boat soon afterwards came to him, but he nobly declined the assistance offered, and pointing out to them where Captain Waghorne was in great danger, he desired them to go to his relief: the gallant youth was at length taken up and conveyed in safety to the shore.

The preservation of Mr. Henry Bishop, a young man of about nineteen years of age, was effected in a very extraordinary manner. He was on the lower

deck at the time of the fatal accident, and, as the vessel filled, the force of the water hurried him almost insensibly up the hatchway, when, at the instant, he was met by one of the guns which fell from the middle deck, and striking him on his left hand, broke three of his fingers; however, in a few seconds, he found himself floating on the surface of the water, and was luckily taken up by one of the boats.

By this dreadful and unlooked-for accident, nearly nine hundred persons lost their lives; among whom was Admiral Kempenfelt, whose flag was then flying on board the *Royal George*, and whose loss was universally lamented. Besides the admiral, who was in his cabin writing when the sudden disaster happened, every one who was between the decks perished with her. Captain Waghorne, the admiral's first captain, was, fortunately, on deck; but his son, who was a lieutenant on board, was drowned. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more distressing scene than this disastrous accident presented; a multitude of gallant men, many of them in the company of their wives and families, in a moment of inactivity, in the midst of amusements and the height of enjoyments, anchored on their own coast, and riding in fair weather and in smooth water, and yet in a moment overwhelmed in the gaping flood, and, with scarcely time to utter an ejaculation for mercy, precipitated into an awful eternity.

A great number were saved by going out on the topsail yards, which remained above water after the ship reached the bottom.

Every effort was made by the boats of the fleet, to save the crew; but they were able to pick up only Captain Waghorne, a few officers, and about three hundred people! As the vessel was lying at Spithead, it happened that, on the one hand, several of the seamen and some of the officers were on shore, while, on the other hand, a great many women and children were on board. To the honour of the British public, a large sum of money was raised by subscription for the relief of the widows, children, and relatives of those who perished by this fatal accident.

The masts of the *Royal George* remained standing for a considerable time afterwards, and, until she was covered with sand, parts of the hull were visible at low water.

Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt was the son of Lieutenant-colonel Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, whose excellent character was so highly esteemed as to be depicted and immortalized by Addison, in the "Spectator," where it has ever been admired under the well-known appellation of Captain Sentry. He followed the fortunes of King James the Second, and was afterwards invited by Queen Anne to accept a commission in her service: he died Lieutenant-governor of Jersey, during the reign of George the First. The colonel left two

sons and two daughters, neither of whom were ever married. One of the sons, Gustavus Adolphus Kempenfelt, Esq., was a captain in the army; the other, Richard Kempenfelt, Esq., the admiral, whose death we are now lamenting, was born in Westminster, and soon discovering uncommon talents for the profession of the navy, he entered very early into the service. In the year 1757, he was appointed to the command of the *Elizabeth*, and proceeded with Commodore Stevens to the East Indies, where he distinguished himself in three several actions against the French squadron, being in each instance opposed to a ship of superior force; and during the blockade of Pondicherry, his conduct and abilities were of the utmost importance, as well as during the subsequent reduction of Manilla, by Admiral Cornish, in 1761. After serving for some considerable time in the East Indies, he obtained leave to return to England, and during the peace constantly spent the greater part of the year in France, not in the pursuit of pleasure, but in ardent search of professional knowledge, in which if he did not excel, he at least equalled any naval officer in Europe. At the commencement of the American war, he was appointed to the command of the *Buckingham*, and served as first captain under Admirals Hardy, Geary, and Darby; and his gallant conduct contributed in no small degree to the capture of the convoy under

M. Guichen. His character in private life rendered his acquaintance an enviable acquisition, and his skill and ability as an officer made his death a severe loss to his country.

Alongside of the *Royal George*, lay the *Lark* sloop, victualler, which was drawn into the vortex caused by the sudden sinking of such a vast body, and several of the people who were on board of her at the time perished.

There was no great depth of water where the *Royal George* sunk, and very soon after she righted herself. Several attempts have been made to weigh her at different times, but they have invariably proved unsuccessful. As late as the year 1799, the top of her mainmast is said to have been visible, and some few years after her brass guns were seen.

On the 9th of September, a court-martial was held at Portsmouth, on board the *Warspite*, on Captain Waghorne, for the loss of the *Royal George*, when, after an examination of such imperfect evidence as could be obtained, he was honourably acquitted. A carpenter on board who had escaped, declared that the ship went down so suddenly, that he had only time to tell his brother that he was sinking, when she went down. It also appeared that the ship was so old and in so unseaworthy a condition, that when a plank started not a peg would hold together.

The same day, the body of Mr. Saunders, the first lieutenant, was taken up under the stern of the *Montague*, East In-

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diaman, at the Motherbank ; his gold watch was in his fob, and five pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence in his pocket.

On the 21st of November, sixteen guns with cordage, &c., were fished up by the means of a diving-bell ; and shortly afterwards, by the ingenuity of Messrs. Braithwaite and Sons, the main-sheet anchor of the *Royal George* was safely delivered into the King's-yard, Portsmouth. It was, perhaps, the heaviest in the known world, being the immense weight of ninety-eight hundred weight. By means of Braithwaite's machine, the men could work under water for several hours together, and they had entertained hopes of being able to weigh the vessel, but all their attempts for this purpose proved unsuccessful. Several attempts have also been made at different times and by various constructions, some of which were attended with no success, others with very little, and in more than one instance human life has been sacrificed to the experiments.

In the following spring, a very elegant monument was erected in the churchyard at Portsea, to the memory of the brave, though unfortunate, Admiral Kempenfelt and his fellow-sufferers, who perished in the *Royal George*. On it is engraved the following inscription, in letters of gold :—

“ Reader,
With solemn thought
Survey this grave
And reflect
On the untimely death
Of thy fellow mortals ;
And whilst,
As a Man, a Briton, and a Patriot, o

Thou read'st
The melancholy narrative
Drop a tear
For thy country's
Loss.
On the twenty-ninth day of
August, 1782,
His Majesty's ship, the
Royal George,
Lying on the heel at Spithead,
Overset and sunk :
By which fatal accident
About nine hundred persons
Were instantly launched into eternity ;
Among whom was that brave and
Experienced Officer,
Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt.
Nine days after,
Many bodies of the unfortunate
Floated ;
Thirty five of whom were interred
In one grave,
Near this monument,
Which is erected by the Parish of Portsea,
As a grateful tribute
To the memory
Of that great Commander
And his fellow-sufferers.”

Upon a gold pedestal, in gold letters, is this epitaph :—

“ 'Tis not this stone, regretted chief, thy name,
Thy worth, thy merit, shall extend thy fame :
Brilliant achievements have thy name
Imprest,
In lasting characters, on Albion's breast.”

We cannot close this narrative, so full of cause of mourning for those that met this unexpected and untimely death, without giving an extract from a journal of one of the more fortunate, who escaped the general doom :—

“ The water-cock ought to have been put to rights before the shot was put on board. It is my opinion, that, had the lieutenant of the watch, given orders to ‘right ship’ when the carpenter first spoke to him, nothing amiss would have happened, as three or four men at each tackle of the starboard guns would very soon have

bowed the guns all out, and by so doing have righted the ship.

"At the time this happened, the vessel was anchored by two anchors from the head. The wind was from the north-west, only a trifling breeze; and there was now a sudden gust of wind which made her heel just before she sunk; it was, I felt convinced, the weight of metal and water which rushed in at the port-holes, that sunk her, and not the effects of the wind upon her. She had not even a stitch of canvas to keep her head steady as she lay at anchor; she had six months' provision on board and many tons of shot.

"The water-cock, the cause of all this fearful loss of life, is preserved in Portsmouth Dock-yard; a memorial of a second man-of-war overset at Spithead, through *neglect and carelessness*. The first being the *Marye Rose*, cast away near the same spot, in the reign of Henry the Eighth."

We trust sincerely, that whilst the "neglect and carelessness," of which he speaks, will ever be remembered with deep regret by every Englishman, it will serve as a warning to future generations, and prevent a recurrence of so fearful a catastrophe as—
THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.—*Tales of Shipwrecks, by James Lindbridge, 1846.*

A NIGHT IN THE ROYAL GEORGE.

"THE circumstances I am about to relate will do little to raise me in the opinion of the reader into whose hands this paper may happen to fall. Awful and har-

rowing as were the events of that dreadful night, I can lay but small claim to courage or mental boldness, in having met them as I did. Avarice—sordid, calculating avarice—drove me to the attempt, and I well deserved the total miscarriage of all my plans that succeeded.

Four years back, I was a clerk in one of the most respectable and influential houses in Portsmouth, receiving an excellent salary, and, upon the whole, most comfortably settled; far more so than the majority of young men of my own station in the town; and yet I was not happy—far, far from it. I grumbled at the regularity of attention which my situation required; I deemed my labour ill paid, and I envied every one I met, whose lot in life appeared better cast than my own; little reflecting how many secret miseries poison the existence of those who appear in public, most smiled upon by fortune.

The loss of the *Royal George* was ever a favourite topic of conversation with the people of Portsmouth, even when half a century had elapsed since the occurrence; and, indeed, the interest connected with the subject was constantly kept alive by the numerous projects and suggestions for raising the sunken vessel or destroying the wreck, that needy speculators were perpetually starting. To myself, I will confess, the whole affair was one of deep and constant thought. I had heard the various accounts of the accident; of the heavy bags of gold that were on board

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at the time, to pay the seamen : of the watches, jewels, and other valuable articles, that the tradespeople had sent for sale; and all this was still there—there, within the cumbersome and sea-worn timbers of the ill-fated ship, lying as useless, at the bottom of the sea, and as comparatively worthless, as the rocks themselves.

Many, many evenings have I sat upon the shore, lulled into contemplation by the low ripple of the tide, when the last red gleam of the sun, ere he sank beneath the Isle of Wight, illumined the spot where that majestic vessel went down; and wished I had power to roam over her sea-bound hoards for one short hour, and appropriate to myself all I could collect from her stores of value in that time. Many times have I longed for the power of those beings in the "Arabian Nights," who could live under water; and thought, with what selfish and unseen joy I could then revel amidst the gold and treasures that the hulk contained.

It was somewhere about this period that a man came to Portsmouth, with permission from the Admiralty, to carry on some experiments connected with the possibility of conducting different submarine operations, independent of the diving-bell. This incident changed the entire current of my thoughts. I watched his experiments with an intensity of interest, that I am fain to believe exceeded that of the person himself. I saw him descend, in his dress, from

a small vessel, to the wreck of the *Royal George*;—I noted the length of time he was enabled to remain under water;—I watched his return, with divers small articles—as oyster-shells, nails, &c., which he had picked from the wreck; and, from that period, I contemplated but one subject:—it was the idea of going down myself! It cost me many sleepless nights to bring my scheme to perfection; nor was the working out of my plans confined to night alone; I thought of it always. I neglected my business; I received endless reprimands from my employers for orders forgotten, and commissions uncared for; and, at last, I was discharged, because they found they could no longer trust me, from my undeviating forgetfulness.

As soon as I was turned away, I hired a small room in — street, and commenced my operations. The first thing I did was to purchase a quantity of Macintosh's waterproof cloth, with which I intended to form my diving-dress. I contrived to cut out a very fair set of patterns, and these I got a journeyman tailor, who lodged in the house, to sew together; after which, I daubed the seams with Indian rubber, dissolved in naphtha, some of which I obtained at the chemist's; and then, before it was dry, I pressed strips of the fabric on them with a hot iron, by which I made the whole garment perfectly impermeable. My next task was to make the head-piece. To effect this, I procured some stout iron

wire, and bent it into a sort of frame, of the shape I had seen the diver wear. I secured these different pieces together by twisting finer wire round them; and then covered the whole with the same waterproof cloth which I had used for the rest, fitting some pieces of glass carefully in front, to enable me to perceive objects around me. I fastened some roughly-shaped gloves and boots to the arms and legs of the dress, and fixed them in a similar manner to the seams; and when I had entirely completed the whole apparel, I put it on, and walked in it, about my room, the whole evening, delighted beyond measure, at my contrivance. It cost me something considerable, with all my economy, it is true; but I looked upon it as the means of leading me to immense wealth, and I deemed the money invested in a highly profitable scheme.

My next object was to provide for the transmission of a supply of air to the interior of the hood, as I termed it, adequate to the support of respiration under water. Aided by the smattering of mechanical knowledge that I possessed, I was not long in fashioning a sort of air-pump, by adding some valves and stop-cocks to an old garden syringe, which I purchased at a broker's near my lodgings; and this I connected to the hood by long pipes of the cloth, closed in the same manner as the seams of my dress. I likewise procured a lantern, which I rendered waterproof by similar means;

and then I joined it to the head-piece by another pipe, having observed that there was, generally, a superfluity of air from the bubbles I had seen rising over the diver's head, which marked his situation in the water.

And now only one point remained to care about; but that was the most difficult—it was to seek a confederate. Not but I believe that I could have got many to join me in my fool-hardy enterprise; but they would have expected an equal share of the proceeds, and this it was not my intention to allow. Still, I could not do without a companion to mind the boat above, and, more especially, to supply me with air. I had, at one time, formed a wild scheme of borrowing a goat from an old man, at the edge of the common, who had trained it to run round in a wheel, and assist in making string; but the insanity of trusting my life to the operations of an animal soon made me give up the scheme I had formed of constructing some rough machinery, to be turned by a similar wheel, which, acting upon a parallel motion, or rack and pinion, might work the pump. At last, chance threw the required assistance in my way. There was a poor creature living in the town at the time, named, or rather called, Harry Weston, whom I selected for my companion. He was not exactly in his right senses, nor was he completely an idiot; but at that nice balance between the two which kept him from being the sport of the street

boys, whilst it gained the pity, or sympathy, of the charitable people in the neighbourhood. He got his living by carrying out parcels from the coach-offices to their final destination, or by running on errands, and performing divers odd jobs for the inhabitants; and he generally bore a good character for sobriety and honesty. It was this harmless individual that I fixed upon as my associate. I brought him to my lodgings, and bound him down by the most horrible oaths I could invent, to frighten him, and promises of large reward, to serve me as I should direct, without ever uttering a syllable to mortal of my schemes; and then making an appointment with him for an evening in the next week, I gave him a trifling sum as an earnest of my future bounty. Poor wretch! he never lived to receive it.

The intervening days lagged slowly by, and the eventful night at last arrived. As soon as it was dusk, with the assistance of Weston, I carried my apparatus, piecemeal, down to the beach on Southsea Common, and then concealed them in one of the bathing-machines which are always stationed there; leaving him to watch whilst I repaired to the Point for the purpose of procuring the boat I had bespoken a few days before. She was an old man-of-war's gig, with gunwales rather higher than ordinary, and low thwarts, which gave her a security better calculated for our operations. I pulled round to the beach,

near the common, and took Weston and my contrivances on board, and then we started again for the scene of my venture. There was very little wind, and the sea was as calm as glass: which circumstances were, of course, in our favour. When we got to the buoy which marks the situation of the *Royal George*, we fastened the boat to it, and I commenced arraying myself in my diving costume. This finished, with the exception of the head-piece, I threw overboard a rope ladder, having two small kedges attached to its inferior extremities; and when I had ascertained that these had laid hold of some portion of the wreck, I made fast the upper ends to one of the seats of the boat. I next sounded the depth with a lead-line, and arranged my water-proof pipes accordingly, by means of some taps I had purchased at a gas-fitter's; allowing an extra length or two for my movements. In about half an hour from our first fixing the gig to the buoy, I had made all close and ready, and prepared to descend. I felt no timidity—the bare recollection of the wealth reported to be engulphed with the vessel, which I might, perhaps, accumulate, drove every other feeling from my mind.

With a last injunction for unremitting work and attention, on the part of Weston, I stepped on to the ladder, and commenced my task. What was my delight upon finding that my schemes answered, as I saw through the glass, in my hood, the green water ascend higher than the

level of my face, and, finally, close over my head, whilst my respiration continued free and unembarrassed. There was one unpleasant sensation, but this was not of sufficient consequence to annoy me. At every stroke of the pump above, that forced a fresh quantity of air down the pipe, I experienced a painful feeling of tension on the drums of my ears, of which I had heard the men in the diving-bells sometimes complain; but this I, in great measure, alleviated, by making frequent attempts at deglutition. My lantern, also, preserved the flame within it admirably; and its trifling consumption of air tended, in a measure, to relieve the pressure in the head-piece. I descended gradually and carefully, step by step; and at last, to my great joy, stood on a portion of the wreck. I found the kedges had caught on a large spar that lay completely across the ship, kept firmly in its place by a gun, which had, probably, rolled over it when the accident occurred. With some little caution I crawled along it; and at length stood upon the deck. And here, for the first time, I became aware of the singular assistance of my light. Everything around me was plainly discernible, when the rays, cast through a large bull's-eye, were directed towards the object, only appearing as if a dull, greenish mist encircled it. I well remember the stems of the masts, with their coating of barnacles—the masses of shell-work and weeds that in-

crusted the guns, still outwardly preserving their shape—the very bulwarks, with their rings of green and cankered metal attached; and the blackened pieces of timber that were grouped around me, from which myriads of strange polypi threw out their long streaming arms in quest of prey. The deck was nearly a foot deep in sand, and as I supposed not level; but still, the declivity to larboard was not too steep to preclude my keeping a firm footing. An immense quantity of corroded blocks, tackle, &c., was lying about in confusion, enveloped by perfect groves of tall seaweed; and these floated about like monstrous snakes, twisting and undulating in all directions.

I cleared away a few trifling impediments with a light boat-hook, which I carried in my hand; and moved cautiously forward in the direction where I expected to find the entrance to the chief cabin. I was not long in reaching it, but experienced some little difficulty in descending the stairs that led to it, as the passage was partly choked up with sand and debris from the wreck. At the third step I dislodged some large mass from its position. By my light I perceived a number of fish, such as sand-eels and small crabs, which had been disturbed from it; and directly afterwards, upon kicking it with my foot, I was horrified at perceiving a human skull, to which some scraps of colourless flesh and ligaments were still adhering, roll down the inclined plane of sand that

covered the ladder, towards the door. My first impulse was to return immediately; but reflecting that all I had striven for was probably within my grasp, my thirst for gain once more conquered every other feeling.

With some trouble I made my way into the cabin. The door was open—all had probably been so at the time of the catastrophe, and the subsequent accumulation of sand and mud had kept them so. I drew the air-pipe down towards me, and found that I had still length enough, to spare for my operations; at the same time I was convinced that my assistant was diligently supplying me with the means of respiration. I was now in the centre of the cabin, and an awful scene presented itself. Every portion of the wood-work, at least, as nearly as I could determine by approaching my lantern closely to it, was black, from the action of the sea; and like the masts above, incrustured with groups of barnacles. The floor was a foot deep in sand; and on its surface lay more oblong heaps, which I discovered, upon examination, to be also human bodies, round whose half-devoured remains shreds of clothing still floated. I could not move a step without treading upon one; and each that I thus disturbed fell to pieces immediately, surrounding me with a cloud of its sickening particles, and numbers of *huge* shell-fish, who were enjoying their unholy meal therefrom, and who crawled off, with their long spidery legs, in all directions.

Still I came to no treasure:—I had fallen in with none of the bags of gold, which I heard were on board at the time of the accident. There were many corroded naval implements lying about; but these were not what I wanted. I examined every heap that rose above the general level of the floor, with the most diligent investigation, but without reward. Sometimes I exposed the tattered remnant of an article of clothing, a seaman's hat, a telescope, or something equally valueless to myself; but, more generally, similar objects to the above-mentioned fragments of mortality shocked me with their presence. At the side of the cabin was a small closet, having a glass door; and towards this I bent my way, thinking it might be the repository of some precious articles. But how was I horrified on approaching it! On directing my light through its still unbroken panes, I saw a dreadful corpse, that gibbered and grinned directly in my face: it was the body of some poor creature, who had, perhaps, been forced in there at the first rush of the water; and the door closing upon him, had kept out the sand and marine insects, that everywhere else abounded.—The seawater had acted as a preservative, and the body still retained the perfect semblance of a human form; but the face was blanched and coddled—one of the eyes had dissolved, and the other was opaque, and apparently congealed; while the relaxed ligaments allowed the

lower jaw to fall and rise with every vibration of the sea, in the mockery of a dreadful grin. The hair, too, floated in the water, giving a semblance of motion to the whole features, which wore an expression of hideous merriment.

Faint with terror and disgust, I turned from the loathsome spectacle, and moved slowly and laboriously away. I approached the table of the cabin: a half-opened drawer was at its extremity; and when I had cleared away the envelope of sand, I discovered it was nearly filled with bags of coin. All, then, was accomplished: the long-coveted treasure lay, in greater part, beneath my grasp! I raised my lantern eagerly to inspect the contents, when, to my extreme terror, I perceived that there was water in it half-way up the bull's eye, and the light not half an inch above the surface. The dreadful anticipation of inevitable darkness now burst in on me, and a moment of intense fear, amounting almost to stupefaction, succeeded. I began hastily to collect the small canvas bags, and stow them in my girdle; but three remained, and I stretched my hand out to seize them. In the hurry and anxiety of the moment, I threw my lantern slightly out of the perpendicular—the water within it immediately washed over the light, and it was extinguished!

* * * * *

I know not how the subsequent five minutes passed. The sensations of years of terror, agony, and the expectations of

approaching death, were condensed in that period. My first recollection was, that I observed a gleam of light where the windows of the cabin were situated; but it was of the faintest kind. I afterwards ascertained that it was a moonlight night, and the beams had penetrated thus far through the sea;—but this was no guide for me. I was totally unconscious by what direction I had entered the cabin; and I did not dare to move unless towards these windows. Then I thought that Weston would tire at his work—that his strength would not allow him to keep pumping so long, whatever his will might be, and I should miserably perish. Anon, the thought came that I was alone—alone amidst a crowd of dead bodies and hideous marine monsters—alone with that gibbering and awful corpse, whose face peered at me, through the darkness, in my imagination, and pressed his slummy, soddened cheek against me—*alone, at the bottom of the sea!*

I gained one of the windows; it was open, or, rather, the frames had been carried away by the constant action of the waves. I thought I would climb through it, and so ascend, for I was an excellent swimmer. But then the air-pipe kept me back; and it was even now becoming tight, as I reached the extent of its length. A new idea rose, bringing fresh hope with it, and I wondered I had not thought of it before:—I could use the pipe as a clue, and so return by following its course. I left the

—window, and prepared to make the attempt, when I felt a violent tug, that nearly pulled the head-piece from the rest of my dress. Another, and another, succeeded, and then, in an instant, I felt the tense air-pipe give way—it had broken.

But one resource was left; I clambered through the cabin window, and attempted to rise, but the pipe had caught some projection, and restrained me, and I already perceived that the supply of air was stopped. I seized a knife from my girdle, and cut the tube off close to my head. The water rushed into the hood as I performed this action, but I was enabled to rise directly. The water roared and bubbled in my ears, with the noise of thunder, as I struck upwards, still keeping my knife in my hand: and in half a minute I had reached the surface. To rip up my hood, and cast it from me, was the work of an instant. As I regained my vision, I perceived, by the moonlight, that my boat was gone, but the buoy was still floating at its usual spot. Swimming towards it, I was enabled to recover myself, and take breath as I rested, hanging on to its ring. From the appearance of the distant vessels near the beach, which were riding at anchor, I saw it was high-water, and another fearful truth burst upon me. The rope-ladder, which the kedges held fast to the wreck, had drawn the boat under, as the tide rose, and with it, my hapless assistant.

I felt at my girdle for the bags

of gold; they were all gone, through the hasty manner in which I had secured them, and my struggles in coming to the surface. I tore my dress from me, in raving passion, and cast it to the waves. In my underclothes, which consisted of nothing but a common check shirt and a pair of coarse Holland trousers, I swam to land; and, on reaching the stony beach, I sank on it in a swoon, overcome by my intense emotion.

I was found there the next morning, and carried to my lodgings. A long illness succeeded;—I kept my bed for three months, and arose a maniac. I was told I talked about the wreck, and its fearful contents, during my fever; but I found my attendants merely looked upon it as the raving of delirium. As time passed, I recovered my reason; but the remembrance of the circumstances connected with my rash venture, must embitter my life until its close. I procured a moderate appointment through the interest of some friends, and to-morrow I sail for Australia.—*Albert Smith.*

MUTINY ON BOARD THE BOUNTY.

IN the year 1787, being seventeen years after Captain Cook's return from his first voyage, it having been represented to his majesty, by those interested in our West India colonies, that the introduction of the bread-fruit tree into those islands, to constitute an article of food,

would prove of very essential benefit to the inhabitants, the king was graciously pleased to comply with their request. A vessel was accordingly purchased and fitted with the necessary additions for carrying the benevolent objects of the voyage into effect ; the whole equipment for the voyage being under the immediate superintendence of Sir Joseph Banks.

The ship was called, the *Bounty*, and the command of her was entrusted to Lieutenant Bligh, who had previously sailed with Captain Cook. She was about two hundred and fifteen tons burden, and her crew consisted of one lieutenant, who was commanding-officer ; one master, three warrant officers, one surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four petty officers and seamen, making forty-four in all ; to which were added two skilful and careful men, recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, to have the management of the plants intended to be carried to the West Indies, and others to be brought home for his majesty's gardens at Kew. One of these was David Nelson, who had served under Captain Cook in a similar situation : and the other, William Brown, acted as an assistant to him.

On December the 23rd, 1787, the *Bounty* sailed from Spithead, and on the 26th it blew a severe storm from the eastward, which continued until the 29th, during which the ship suffered considerably. One sea carried away the spare yards and spars out of the starboard main-chains,

while another heavy sea broke into the ship, and staved all the boats ; and besides other damage a large quantity of bread was rendered totally useless, the sea having stove in the stern, and filled the cabin with water. This made it desirable for them to touch at Teneriffe, where they arrived on the 5th of January, 1788 ; and having put the ship to rights and refreshed, they sailed again on the 10th.

On March the 23rd they made the coast of Terra del Fuego, and had to encounter tremendous weather off Cape Horn. After nine days of incessant gales, accompanied with hail and sleet, the ship suffered so much, that they were obliged to keep pumping ; and the decks were so leaky, that the great cabin was appropriated for those who had wet berths to hang their hammocks in : but finding that they were losing ground, and the hopelessness of obtaining a passage to the Society Islands by this route, it was determined, after thirty days' struggling in this tempestuous ocean, to bear away for the Cape of Good Hope. The helm was accordingly put a-weather, to the great joy of every person on board.

On the 23rd of May they arrived at the Cape, where they remained for thirty-eight days to replenish their stock of provisions and water. They sailed from thence on July the 1st, and anchored in Adventure Bay, Van Diemen's Land, on the 20th of August. Here they remained, taking in wood and water, till the 4th of September ; and on

the evening of October the 25th, got sight of Otaheite, and came to an anchor the following day in Matavai Bay, after running a distance, as computed by the log, of twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles since they left England.

AS soon as the ship was secured, Captain Bligh went on shore, accompanied by the chief Poceno, who had come on board, bringing a small pig and a young plantain tree, as a token of friendship, from Otoo, the chief of Matavai, who had changed his name to Tinah. He was treated with great hospitality, and upon leaving, the "ladies," taking some of their finest cloth and a mat, clothed him in the Otaheitean fashion, and afterwards accompanied him to the boat. In the course of two or three days, a friendly intimacy existed between the ship's company and the natives, and with a view of furthering the object they had in view, several presents were given to Tinah; and he was told that King George had sent him these, on account of the kindness of his people to Captain Cook, and a desire to serve him and his country; at the same time asking him whether he would not send something to King George in return. "Yes," he replied, "I will send him anything I have;" and began enumerating a list of articles, among which was the bread-fruit. This he was immediately told was what King George would like very much, and a number of young trees were promised to be sent on board,

The natives of Otaheite are strongly and finely formed; possessing all the advantages of immense strength, with the comeliness and beauty of the Europeans. The women of superior rank are tall and majestic; while those of the inferior class rank somewhat below the middle stature of English ladies. The complexion of the superior class is that which we call a brunette. Their skin is soft, and delicately smooth. The shape of the face is round, open, and comely. The cheek bones are not high, nor the eyes hollow, as is generally the case with coloured nations. The nose is a *little* flattened, but their eyes, and more particularly those of the females, are full of fire and expression—now sparkling with enthusiasm and delight, and anon melting with tenderness and love. They are brave, open, candid, generous, and hospitable to a degree. The feelings of suspicion, treachery, self-love, cruelty, and revenge, which so oft are found in your enlightened, Christian countries, were unknown in ignorant, barbarous Otaheite! The only blot upon this country was their excessive, and, apparently, unconquerable pilfering propensity. Cook, the celebrated traveller, speaking of them, says, "The people of this country, of all ranks men and women, are the arrantest thieves on the face of the earth; but we must not conclude that theft is a testimony of the same depravity in them as it is in us, in the instance of which our people were sufferers by

their dishonesty." They have an irresistible love for iron; an old nail, rusty and broken, possessing greater charms, in their eyes, than a purse of the brightest gold ever coined. With this brief description of the natives of Otaheite, necessary for the better information of our readers, we pursue our narrative.

The *Bounty* remained from the 26th of October, 1788, till the 4th of April, 1789, and collected during that period one thousand and fifteen plants, which were contained in seven hundred and seventy-four pots, thirty-nine tubs, and twenty boxes, besides several other kinds of curious plants peculiar to Otaheite. At sunset the boat returned from landing Tinah and his wife, and the ship immediately made sail. The next morning they got sight of Huahine, where one of the natives recognized Captain Bligh, having seen him with Captain Cook in the *Resolution*, in 1780.

On the 23rd they anchored off Annamooka, where they remained till the 26th, carrying on a brisk trade in yams, plantains, hogs, fowls, &c., but the crowd of natives became so great, that it was judged prudent to get the ship under weigh, which was accordingly done, and they sailed at sunset. From thence the ship stood to the northward all night, and at noon of the following day, the 27th, they were between the islands Tofoa and Kotoo.

Thus far the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, but a con-

spiracy had been formed, which was concerted with so much secrecy and circumspection, that not the slightest suspicion was occasioned of the impending calamity, which was to render all their past labour productive only of extreme misery and distress.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April, Mr. Stewart called upon Fletcher Christian, who had just fallen asleep, to relieve the deck; but observing him to be much out of order, he strenuously advised him to abandon his previously expressed intention of leaving the ship on a small raft which he had constructed; but Christian, as soon as he had taken charge of the deck, observing Mr. Hayward, the mate of his watch, lie down on the arm-chest to take a nap, and finding that Mr. Hallett, the other midshipman, did not make his appearance, formed the resolution of seizing the ship. He immediately disclosed his intention to Matthew Quintal and Isaac Martin, seamen, both of whom had been flogged by Captain Bligh; and they called up Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, who had also been punished, and Matthew Thompson, seamen, both of whom readily joined in the plot. Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams), John Williams, and William M'Koy, evinced equal willingness, and went with Churchill to the armourer, of whom they obtained the keys of the arm-chest, under pretence of wanting a musket to fire at a shark; and finding Mr. Hallett asleep on an arm-

chest in the main-hatchway, they roused him and sent him on deck. Charles Norman, the carpenter's mate, unconscious of their proceedings, had in the meantime awakened Mr. Hayward, and directed his attention to the shark which was alongside ; and just at the moment he was watching it, Christian and his confederates came up the fore-hatchway, after having placed arms in the hands of several men who were aware of their design. One man, Matthew Thompson, was left in charge of the chest, and he served out arms to Thomas Burkitt and Robert Lamb.

"Just before sun-rising, on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep," says Mr. Bligh, the captain of the *Bounty*, in his own words, "Mr. Christian, officer of the watch ; Charles Churchill, ship's corporal ; John Mills, gunner's mate ; and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back ; threatening me with instant death, if I spoke or made the least noise. I called out, however, as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance ; but they had already secured the officers, who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt. I demanded the reason of such conduct, but received no other answer but abuse for not holding my tongue.

"The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat that if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself."

The captain endeavoured, by entreaties and persuasion, to turn the tide of affairs, and induce the people not to persist in such acts of violence ; but the only reply was a command to hold his tongue, with a threat of having his brains blown out if he did not instantly comply, while three men stood round him with bayonets fixed and pieces cocked.

The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the launch, were allowed to collect cordage, canvas, sails, and a twenty-eight gallon cask of water ; and Mr. Samuel got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, a small quantity of rum and wine, and a quadrant and compass. Those of the seamen whom the mutineers meant to get rid of, were forced into the boat, and a dram served to each of the crew who remained in the *Bounty*.

The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while Captain Bligh was still kept abaft the mizenmast, surrounded by a guard. It appeared that Christian was in some doubts whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates, but at length he ordered the carpenter into the boat, permitting him, though not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest.

The officers and men who were to leave them, being now in the boat, the master-at-arms informed Christian that they only waited for the captain. Christian then turned and said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the

boat, and you must go with them; and if you attempt to make the least resistance you will instantly be put to death."

He was then, without further ceremony, forced over the side, when his hands were untied. The boat was veered astern with a rope, and a few pieces of pork, some clothes, and four cutlasses, were thrown to them.

On being forced over the side, Captain Bligh, turning to Christian, said, "Is this treatment a proper return for the many instances you have received of my friendship?" At which the other appeared much disturbed, and answered, with considerable emotion, "That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing; I am in hell, I am in hell!"

Mr. Bligh again begged of him to desist, and gave his honour never to speak of this, or let be known in England. He implored him, as their past friendship was disregarded, to think of and show some mercy to his wife and children.

"I say no, no, Captain Bligh," replied Christian; "if you had any honour, or any manly feeling in your breast, things had not come to this. Your wife and family! Had you any regard for them, you would have thought of them before, and not behaved so like a villain! I have been used like a dog all the voyage; I am determined, come what will, to bear it no longer. You have goaded driven me to desperation, and on you must rest the consequences. It is too late."

The armourer and carpenter's

mates called over the side for the captain to remember that they had no hand in the transaction, and were kept contrary to their inclination; and soon after the boat was cast adrift on the open sea.

The launch contained nineteen persons, whose weight with that of the few articles they were permitted to take, brought the boat's edge so near to the water, that there seemed but little probability of her being able to encounter a moderate swell, much less to survive the length of voyage they were destined to perform over the wide ocean.

Upon examining the quantity of provisions which had been thrown into the boat, it was found to amount to one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork weighing two pounds each, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes. As they were near the island of Tofoa, they endeavoured to get a supply of bread-fruit and water, but could only succeed in obtaining about twenty cocoa-nuts; and numbers of the natives beginning to congregate on the beach, they were obliged to leave with precipitation, as the natives attacked them with stones, and killed John Norton, quarter-master, who was casting off the stern-fast, and wounded many of them in the boat. On pushing out to sea, they were followed by several canoes, and only succeeded in eluding the pursuit by throwing overboard some clothes,

which induced the canoes to stop and pick them up.

They had no now hope of relief, unless they could reach Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, and this in an open boat only twenty-three feet in length, and deeply laden with eighteen men; but they all readily agreed to be content with an allowance which, on calculation, Captain Bligh informed them, would not exceed one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. It was about eight o'clock at night, on the 2nd of May, that they bore away under a reefed lug-foresail, and the people being divided into watches, and the boat got into a little order, they returned thanks to the Almighty for their miraculous preservation.

On the 3rd it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran so high that they were obliged to keep constantly baling, and were in great apprehension that the bread, which was in bags, would be spoiled: to prevent this, they threw overboard all superfluous clothes, with some spare sails and rope, in order to lighten the boat; and emptying the carpenter's chest, stowed the tools at the bottom of the boat, and the bread in the chest. As they were all thoroughly wet and cold, a tea-spoonful of rum was served to each. Five small cocoa-nuts were distributed for dinner, and a few broken pieces of bread-fruit for supper, after which prayers were offered.

On the night of the 4th, and morning of the 5th, the gale had abated, and the boat was

running among some islands; but after their reception at Tofoa, they did not venture to land. Upon examining the state of their bread, they found that a great part of it was damaged and rotten; but even this was carefully preserved for use.

On the 6th, they still continued to see islands at a distance; and this day, for the first time, to their great joy, they hooked a fish; but were miserably disappointed by losing it, as they were trying to get it into the boat. They were dreadfully cramped from the want of room, which they endeavoured to remedy by putting themselves at watch and watch: one half sitting up, while the others lay down in the bottom of the boat, with nothing to cover them, and so constantly wet, that after a few hours' sleep, they were scarcely able to move.

On the 7th, they passed close to some rocky isles, from which they were pursued by two large sailing-canoes; but in the afternoon they gave over the chase. Soon after it began to rain very heavily, when every person in the boat did his utmost to catch some water, by which they increased their stock to thirty-gallons, besides quenching their thirst for the first time since they had been in the boat.

On the 8th they had an allowance of an ounce-and-a-half of pork, a tea-spoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoa-nut milk, and an ounce of bread. The afternoon was employed in cleaning out the boat, and getting everything dry and in

order. Hitherto Captain Bligh had issued the allowance by guess, but he now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and finding some pistol-balls in the boat, which weighed twenty-five to the pound, he adopted one of these as the weight of bread to be served to each person at one time. He also amused them with describing the situations of New Guinea and New Holland, that in case any accident should happen to him, they might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor.

On the 9th they experienced a violent storm of thunder and lightning. They collected about twenty gallons of water; but they were so miserably wet and cold, that a tea-spoonful of rum was served to each. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind so increased that hardly one of them got any sleep that night.

The morning of the 10th brought no relief, except its light. The sea broke over the boat so much, that two men were kept constantly baling; and it was necessary to keep the boat before the wind to prevent its filling. The allowance was now one bullet-weight of bread and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset, with the addition of half an ounce of pork for dinner.

On the 11th the weather was not at all improved, and their situation was becoming extremely dangerous from the

constant running of the sea over the stern, which kept them baling with all their strength; but at noon they were much enlivened by the appearance of the sun, which gave them great pleasure.

On the 12th it rained towards the evening, and they again experienced a dreadful night. When the day came, they were in no way refreshed by the little sleep they had, as they were constantly drenched by the sea and rain; and though the men were shivering with wet and cold, the captain was under the disagreeable necessity of informing them that he could no longer afford them the scanty pittance of a tea-spoonful of rum.

On the 13th and 14th the stormy weather and heavy seas continued unabated, and on these days they saw distant land, and passed several islands, the sight of which increased, rather than alleviated the misery of their situation; as an attempt to procure relief was considered to be attended with so much danger, that it was thought advisable to remain as they were, rather than encounter the risk.

On the 15th it was still rainy, both day and night, and it was so dark that not a star could be seen by which the steerage could be directed, and the sea was continually breaking over the boat; which was the case on the 16th, when they passed a truly horrible night, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain. The dawn of the 17th brought no relief; and the suffering from

wet and cold had been so severe, that they were obliged to break their rule, and serve a tea-spoonful of rum to each. The night was again dark and dismal, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct their steering.

On the 18th the rain abated, when they stripped and wrung their clothes, which greatly refreshed them; but every one of them complained of violent pains in their bones. At night the rain re-commenced, with thunder and lightning, which continued without intermission through the 19th and 20th, keeping the men constantly baling; but at noon the sun broke out and revived them. They began now to suffer from extreme hunger, but the vast quantities of rum that had fallen prevented their being thirsty.

On the 21st they were so drenched with rain and salt-water during the whole of the afternoon, that they could scarcely see; and on the following day their situation was extremely calamitous. They were obliged to run right before the sea, and keep a strict watch, as the slightest error in the helm would have caused their destruction in an instant. It continued to blow hard, and the sea was constantly running over their stern. During the night the misery they endured was excessive, so much so that they expected another such a night would put an end to the sufferings of several of them.

On the 24th the wind moderated towards the evening, and the night was fair. In the

morning they experienced relief from the warmth of the sun, for the first time during the last fifteen days. They stripped and hung up their clothes to dry; but by this time they had been worn so threadbare, that they contributed very little to keep out either wet or cold. In the afternoon they saw several birds, such as boobies and noddies, which are never seen far from land.

As the sea now began to run fair, Captain Bligh took the opportunity to examine their stock of bread, and found there was sufficient, according to their present rate of allowance, to last twenty-nine days, which was about the time they expected to be able to reach Timor: but as this was uncertain, and it was possible they might be obliged to go to Java, they determined to reduce their present scanty rate, so as to make the stock hold out six weeks. This was effected by continuing the same quantity for breakfast and dinner as usual, and discontinuing the supper allowance.

On the 25th, at noon, some noddies came so near to the boat that they caught one of them, about the size of a small pigeon. This was divided, with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and distributed by the following method:—One man stood with his back to the object, while another, pointing separately to each portion, asked aloud, "Who shall have this?" to which the first answered by naming somebody, until the whole number had been served." By this impartial

method, each man stood the same chance of obtaining an equal share. They had also an allowance of bread and water. In the evening several boobies came near them, and they were fortunate enough to catch one about as large as a duck. This they killed for supper, and giving the blood to three of the people who were most distressed, the body, with entrails, feet, and beak, were divided into eighteen shares, and distributed as before; and having with it an allowance of bread, the whole made an excellent supper.

On the 26th they caught another booby, which was distributed in the same manner as before, giving the blood to those who suffered most; and this addition to their usual fare, quite overjoyed these miserable people, who hailed it as an interposition of Providence in their favour. The weather was now very fine, but the heat of the sun was becoming so powerful, that several were seized with faintness and languor. In the evening they caught two boobies, which contributed to raise their spirits. The stomachs of these birds contained several flying-fish and small cuttle-fish, which were carefully reserved for the following day, while the remainder were divided and distributed as before. From the appearance of the clouds in the evening, they thought it probable they must be near land.

On the 28th, at one o'clock in the morning, the man at the helm heard the sound of breakers. It was the barrier-reef which runs along the

eastern coast of New Holland, through which it now became their anxious object to discover a passage. The sea broke furiously over the reef, but within was so smooth and calm, that they already anticipated the heartfelt satisfaction they should experience as soon as they should pass the barrier. At length they discovered a break in the reef, about a quarter of a mile in width, and through which they passed rapidly, with a strong stream running to the westward, and came almost immediately into smooth water.

They now offered up their thanks to the Almighty for His merciful protection of them, and then with more content than they had yet been able to feel, took their miserable allowance of a bullet-weight of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

They now began to see the coast very distinctly, and in the evening they landed on the sandy point of an island, where they soon discovered that there were oysters: they also found plenty of fresh water. By the help of a small magnifying glass, a fire was made; and among the things that had been thrown into the boat, was a tinder-box and a piece of brimstone, so that in future they had the ready means of making a fire. One of the men had been provident enough to bring with him from the ship a copper pot, in which they made a stew of oysters, bread, and pork, and each person received a full pint.

The general complaints among the people were a great dizziness

in the head, and weakness in the joints ; but notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and hunger, all of them retained marks of strength. The men were cautioned by Captain Bligh not to touch any kind of fruit or berry they might find ; but no sooner were they out of sight, than they began to eat without reserve. The effect of this was, that they soon began to show symptoms of over-eating, which frightened them so much, that they fancied they were poisoned ; but, fortunately, the fruit proved to be good and wholesome.

On the 29th of May, being the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., they named the island they were upon Restoration Island, as not being inapplicable to their situation, which was a restoration to health and strength.

The people now made excellent meals of oysters and palm-tops stewed, without consuming any of their bread. On the 30th, they collected a quantity of oysters, which they put on board the boat, and also filled their vessels with fresh water to the amount of nearly sixty gallons. Upon examining the bread, they found about thirty-eight days' allowance remaining.

Being now ready for sea, every person was ordered to attend prayers ; but just as they were on the point of embarking, about twenty naked savages made their appearance, and beckoned to the sailors to come near them ; but as they were armed with spears and lances, it was thought most advisable to decline the invitation and proceed on their

voyage which lay to the northward.

On the 31st they landed on an island, to which they gave the name of Sunday, and two parties were sent on shore to seek for supplies ; but many of them, overcome by weakness and fatigue, began to show a mutinous spirit, which Captain Bligh immediately quelled by drawing his cutlass, and enforcing obedience. They obtained oysters, clams, and dog-fish ; also a small bean which Nelson, the botanist, pronounced to be a species of *dolichos*.

On the first of June they stopped in the midst of some sandy islands, called *Keys*, where they procured a few clams and beans. Nelson was here taken ill, with a violent heat in his bowels, loss of sight, great thirst, &c. ; but by giving him some pieces of bread soaked in a little wine, which had been carefully preserved, he soon recovered. The boatswain and carpenter were also ill, complaining of headache and sickness ; and, indeed, there were few of them without complaints.

At night a party was sent out to catch birds, but they only returned with twelve noddies. This was through the folly and obstinacy of Robert Lamb, butcher, who, separated from them, and disturbed the birds. He afterwards acknowledged that he had eaten nine raw birds after separating from his two companions.

On the 3rd of June, after passing several keys and islands, and doubling Cape York, the most

north-eastern point of New Holland, the little boat and her brave crew once more launched into the open ocean. They had been just six days on the coast, in the course of which they had found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water; but they had derived great benefit from enjoying good rest at night, and relief from the fatigue of constantly sitting.

On the 5th a booby was caught by the hand, and the blood of it being divided among the three weakest, the body was reserved for the next day's dinner; and in the evening of the 6th, the allowance for supper was recommenced according to a promise made at its discontinuance.

On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, nothing more could be afforded than the usual allowance for breakfast, but at dinner they had the remainder of the dried clams, being about an ounce to each. The sea was running very high, and breaking over the boat. The next day, however, the weather was more moderate, and they caught a small dolphin, which gave about two ounces to each man; but in the night it came on to blow again.

Many of them now began to feel the effects of their long sufferings. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Leboque, an old and hardy seaman appeared to be giving way very fast. In two or three days afterwards there seemed a visible alteration for the worse in many of them, and an apparent debility of understanding, that seemed the melancholy presage of an

approaching dissolution. One hope alone supported them, that in a very few days more, at the rate they were then sailing, they would arrive at that point, so fondly anticipated as the termination of their miseries.

In the afternoon, birds and branches of trees gave signs of land being near; but the captain cautioned them not to be too sanguine as there were several islands between new Guinea and Timor.

On the 11th, Captain Bligh announced the pleasing intelligence that an observation of longitude appeared to indicate that they had passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor. This discovery filled every heart with joy and expectation; and all eyes were intently fixed on that quarter in which the land was expected to be situate. Evening fell without their being able to discover anything, except the vast expanse of ocean; but, at three o'clock on the following morning, just as the day was breaking, a cultivated coast, finely diversified with hill and dale, appeared stretching in wide extent before them. This was Timor!

It is almost impossible to describe the tumult of joy, the intense and inexpressible delight, which filled their minds at the blessing of the sight of this land. Their thoughts rapidly reverted to the varied events of their fearful passage, till it appeared scarcely credible even to themselves—that in an open boat, so poorly provided, and under circumstances every way so calamitous,

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tous, they should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by their log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding their extreme distress, without the loss of a single individual.

The crew, who now considered their safety as beyond the reach of vicissitude, were eager to land at the nearest shore without further delay; but Captain Bligh, wisely considering that the Dutch were only in possession of a corner of this large island, directed his course to the south-west part of it, in which he had but an indistinct recollection of hearing the Dutch settlement was situate. They had passed along a coast covered with palm-trees, and afterwards a more open district, where the inhabitants were clearing and cultivating their grounds; but night came on without their discovering any appearance of a settlement, or an eligible landing-place.

On the 13th they continued their voyage, with the same result. About two o'clock, after running through a very dangerous sea, they came to a spacious bay, with an entrance, that appeared to form so eligible a station for shipping, that hopes were conceived that it might be an European settlement. Seeing a hut, a dog, and some cattle, near a sandy beach, the gunner and boatswain landed, but were not long gone, when they returned, accompanied by five of

the natives, from whom they met a hospitable reception. They were informed that the governor resided at a place called Coupang, at some distance to the north-east, and one of the men went with them to show the way, but they were not able to reach it that night. At ten o'clock they came to a grapnel, and, for the first time, doubled their allowance of bread, to which was added a little wine.

On the following morning, after the most comfortable and refreshing sleep they had yet enjoyed, they found themselves clear of the island, and soon after, the report of two large guns came booming along the water. They were electrified with joy, by this, the first sound indicative of European existence; and shortly after two square-rigged vessels and a cutter appeared at anchor. They endeavoured to work to windward, but losing ground on each tack, they took to their oars again, and kept rowing till four o'clock, when the hands had an allowance of bread and wine, after which they resumed their oars and plied them till daylight, when they found themselves opposite the small fort and town of Coupang.

They hoisted a signal of distress by the aid of some signal flags, which they found in the boat, and soon after day-break a soldier hailed them to land. They immediately obeyed the signal, and were agreeably surprised to find an English sailor, who told them he belonged to a

Dutch vessel in the road, commanded by Captain Spikeman, the second person in the town. He received them with great humanity, and gave directions for their immediate reception at his own house, where a comfortable breakfast was provided, while he went to inform the governor of their arrival.

The governor, Mr. W. Adrian Van Este, notwithstanding his extreme sickness, received them with great hospitality, and exhibited the fullest proof of his being possessed of humane and generous feelings. He said that he considered it the greatest blessing of his life that they had fallen under his protection; and though such was his infirmity, that he could not perform in person the duties he wished, yet he had full confidence in their being faithfully performed by Mr. Wanjon, his son-in-law, and the second in command. There was only one uninhabited house in Coupang, which he assigned to Captain Bligh, and for the people he offered either the hospital or Captain Spikeman's vessel.

On examining the premises, Captain Bligh found that by taking only one apartment to himself, he could find room for the whole party. He accordingly allotted another room for the master, surgeon, botanist, and gunner, a loft to the other officers, and an outer apartment to the men; the governor generously furnishing them with bedding and other necessities for all of them.

At noon they were supplied

with a plentiful dinner, and they retired to rest early, after having returned due thanks to the Almighty, who had enabled them to endure such heavy calamities, and to persevere in such rigid economy, that they had eleven days' provisions remaining when they arrived, so that had they been unfortunate enough to have missed the Dutch settlement at Timor, they could, on the same scanty allowance, have proceeded to Java.

To secure their arrival at Batavia, in the island of Java, before the October fleet sailed for Europe, Captain Bligh purchased a small schooner, thirty-four feet long, for which he gave 1000 rix-dollars. This they fitted out for sea under the name of his Majesty's schooner *Resource*; and Mr. Wanjon supplied them with four brass swivels and fourteen stand of small arms, as a loan, to be returned at Batavia.

On July 20, Mr. Nelson, the botanist, died of an inflammatory fever; and was the next day interred in the burying-ground behind the chapel appropriated to the Europeans of the town.

The schooner being victualled and ready for sea, they took an affectionate leave of the inhabitants of Coupang, and sailed on the afternoon of August 20, taking the launch with them in tow.

On Sunday, September 6th, they saw the high land of Cape Sandana, in the north-east part of Java, and on the 10th anchored off Passourwang, a Dutch settlement on the coast.

On the next day they sailed, and anchored in Sourabaya-road, where they were received by the governor with great friendship and civility, and hospitably entertained.

They sailed on the 17th, and made Samarang, which, next to Batavia, is the most considerable settlement which the Dutch have in Java. After experiencing the hospitality of the inhabitants, and receiving medicines and attention from Mr. Abegg, the surgeon of the hospital, they sailed on the 26th with a galley, mounting six swivels, which the governor had ordered to accompany them to Batavia, where they arrived on the 1st of October. Here they found a Dutch man-of-war riding at anchor, besides twenty sail of Dutch East India ships and many smaller vessels.

In a few days Captain Bligh was seized with fever, occasioned by the suffocating heat of the atmosphere; and, as he could get no relief, he resolved to leave Batavia as soon as possible: for this purpose he took a passage in a packet about to sail to Europe, for himself, his clerk, and a servant, which were all the vessel could accommodate.

On Friday, the 9th of October, the *General Elliott* arrived, having saved a quantity of treasure that was on board the *Vansittart*, an English East India-man, which had been lost in the straits of Banca.

On the following day the *Resource* was sold by Dutch auction; that is, the vessel put up at 2000 rix-dollars, from which

deductions were made until some person bid; unfortunately no one offered, until it had been lowered to 295 dollars, at which she was sold to an Englishman commanding a ship from Bengal.

On the 16th of October, Captain Bligh embarked in the packet, which was commanded by Captain Peter Couvret, and bound for Middleburgh. The governor promised that those of the company who remained behind should follow in the first ship, and be as little divided as possible. Mr. Fryer, the master, had been previously authorised to supply the men and officers left under his command with one month's pay, to enable them to purchase clothing for their passage to England.

On the 18th the packet spoke with the *Rambler*, an American brig, bound from Boston to Batavia. After passing the Straits of Sunda, they steered to the northward of Cocos Isles.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, from whence they sailed in company with the *Astree*, French frigate, and on the 21st came in sight of Ascension Island. On the 13th of March, 1790, they were off the Bill of Portland, and on the evening of Sunday, the following day, Captain Bligh left the packet, and was landed at the Isle of Wight.

Those who had been left at Batavia, were provided with passages by the earliest ships; but though apparently in good health at the time they were left by the captain, they did not all live to

quit Batavia. Thomas Hall died before the departure of the packet, and Peter Linkletter and the master's mate, Mr. Elphinstone, within a fortnight after, as the hardships they had experienced rendered them unable to support so unhealthy a climate as that of Batavia; but of nineteen who were forced into the launch by the mutineers, it pleased God that twelve should surmount the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled voyage, and live to revisit their native land.

Various causes have been assigned by the different persons interested for such an unparalleled mutiny as that described in the foregoing narrative; but it must be borne in mind, that each of those who have given any insight into the details, and described the actions of themselves or others, have naturally been biased by the particular position in which they have been placed, and the feelings they would naturally imbibe from their peculiar situation. Lieutenant Bligh speaks of the mutineers as harsh, unfeeling wretches, deaf to every principle of humanity, but chiefly instigated to their purpose by the prospect of changing the toil and hardships of a sailor's life for the slothful indolence and luxurious ease which they observed to be enjoyed by the natives of Otaheite; whereas, on the other hand, the conduct of Bligh towards his officers, as related in a manuscript journal kept by Morrison, the boat-swain's mate, was so arbitrary,

brutal, and disreputable, as to be the chief, if not the sole cause of the rebellion of Christian and his colleagues.

From the evidence it is apparent that, at all events, something more than Captain Bligh set forth in his statement passed between him and Mr. Christian; we give one incident (of which Mr. Bligh took no notice) from Morrison's Journal.

"On the afternoon of the 27th, Lieutenant Bligh came on deck, and missing some of the coconuts, which had been piled up between the guns, said, they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring that they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed, 'Then you must have taken them yourselves!' and proceeded to inquire of them separately, how many they had purchased. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered,—'I do not know, Sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours.' Mr. Bligh replied, 'Yes, you d—d hound, I do—you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them.' Then, turning to the other officers, he said, 'God d—n you scoundrels, you are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me. I suppose you will steal my yams next, but I'll sweat you for it you rascals,—I'll make half of you jump overboard, before you get through Endeavour Straits.'

About as pretty a specimen as could be given of this man's capabilities of governing a ship's crew ! and his language,—which would disgrace the frequenter of a pot-house—was addressed to gentlemen, nearly, or quite his equal in birth, and, if his language may be taken as a criterion, his superior in everything else."

This is but one of the number of anecdotes produced, to show that he indulged his every ebullition, of a passionate, irritable temper, in wounding and disgusting the feelings of his officers, in a manner so totally unfitting a gentleman, bearing his Majesty's commission, that it could not fail to disgust and estrange the mind of every one from him. The accounts, however, are very contradictory, and it is very evident that the conduct of the mutineers was both unjustifiable and unpardonable.

'———'Tis mine to tell their tale of
grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant
relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of
pain;
Their manly courage, e'en when deemed
in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a
son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessened still their little store,
And starved e'en Hunger till he wrung
no more;
The varying frowns and favours of the
deep,
That now almost engulfs, then leaves to
creep,
With crazy oar and shattered strength,
along
The tide, that yields reluctant to the
strong;
Th' incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds
that burst
Above their naked bones, and eels
delight

In the cold drenching of the stormy
night;
And from the outspread canvas gladly
wings
A drop to moisten life's all-gasping
springs;
The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main;
The ghastly spectres which were doomed
at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread, or woman
weep."

Independent of the object of the preceding voyage being rendered abortive, so audacious and criminal an act of insubordination as that committed by Christian and his associates, could not pass unnoticed. Lieutenant Bligh was promoted to the rank of commander, and a second time sent out to transport the bread-fruit to the West Indies, which he succeeded in accomplishing. The British government having resolved to adopt every possible means to apprehend the mutineers and bring them to punishment, and also to obtain a survey of Endeavour Straits, for the purpose of facilitating the passage to Botany Bay, sent out the *Pandora* frigate, of twenty-four guns, and one hundred and sixty men, under the command of Captain Edward Edwards, with orders to proceed, in the first instance, to Otaheite, and if he did not find the mutineers there, to visit the different groups of the Society and Friendly Islands, and others in the neighbouring parts of the Pacific; and to use his best endeavours to seize and bring home in confinement, the whole or such part of the delinquents as they might be able to discover.

VOYAGE OF THE PANDORA.

IN January, 1791, the *Pandora* passed the Straits of Magellan, and anchored in Matavai Bay the 23rd of March. Before the ship had anchored, Joseph Coleman, the armourer of the *Bounty*, attempted to come on board; and several questions were put to him about the *Bounty* and her people, to which he gave ready replies. Soon afterwards he was followed by Mr. Peter Heywood and Mr. Stewart, midshipmen, who were brought down into the cabin; when, after some conversation, Heywood asked if Mr. Hayward, then Lieutenant of the *Pandora*, was on board, and who was sent for. After further conversation, Captain Edwards called in the sentinel to take them into custody, and to put them in irons. Soon after this, four others arrived, and from them and some of the natives he learned that several of the mutineers were still on the island; but that Christian and nine men had long since left it in the *Bounty*, saying to the natives, that Captain Cook was living, and that Captain Bligh had gone to settle at Whytutakee along with him. He also learned that some of the people of the *Bounty* had built a schooner, with which they had sailed the day before from Matavai Bay to the N. W. part of the island.

On this intelligence, he despatched the two lieutenants, Corner and Hayward, with the pinnace and launch, to intercept her. They soon got sight of her

and chased her out to sea; but night coming on and the chase gaining on them, they were compelled to give up the pursuit. They learned, however, that she had returned to Paparré, on which they were again despatched in search of her. Lieutenant Corner succeeded in taking three of the mutineers, and Hayward, on arriving at Paparré, found the schooner, but the mutineers had fled to the mountains. He carried off the schooner, and returned next day, when hearing they were coming down, he drew up his party in order to receive them; and when within hearing called to them to lay down their arms, which they did, and they were brought prisoners to the ship.

The following persons were received on board the *Pandora*: Peter Heywood, George Stewart, midshipmen; James Morrison, boatswain's mate; Charles Norman and Thomas M'Intosh, carpenter's mates; Joseph Coleman, armourer; Richard Skinner, Thomas Ellison, Henry Hilbrant, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, John Sumner, William Muspratt, Richard Byrne, seamen; being fourteen in all.

From various statements of the mutineers, and from journals that had been kept by some of them, it appeared that after the departure of Captain Bligh in the launch, they proceeded to Toobouai, a solitary island discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, and which has since received the name of Pitcairn's Island, where they anchored on May 25th, 1789. They had

thrown overboard the greater part of the bread-fruit plants, and divided among themselves the property of the officers and men whom they had so inhumanly turned adrift. They intended to have formed a settlement at this island, but the opposition of the natives, quarrels among themselves, and the want of many necessary materials, determined them to go to Otaheite for what they might require to effect their purpose. They accordingly sailed from Toobouai about the latter end of the month, and arrived at Otaheite on the 6th of June.

After receiving a large stock of provisions, with which the Otaheiteans liberally supplied them, under the belief that it was for Captains Cook and Bligh, who waited for them at Whytutakee, they left Otaheite on the 19th of June, taking with them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, and returned to Toobouai, where they arrived on the 26th.

They immediately commenced building a fort of fifty yards square, but disagreements among themselves, and continual disputes and skirmishes with the natives, rendered their situation so disagreeable and unsafe, and the work went on so slowly, that it was agreed to discontinue the building of the fort. The men, instead of that voluptuous indolence, the hope of which had impelled them to this guilty course, found nothing but hard work and hard fighting. Christian very soon perceived that his authority was on the wane,

and a consultation was therefore held as to the most advisable step to be taken. After much angry discussion, it was determined, contrary to the advice of Christian, to return to Otaheite; that those who chose to go on shore might do so, and that those who preferred to remain in the ship could then proceed to whatever place they should agree upon among themselves.

They accordingly sailed from Toobouai on the 15th, and arrived at Matavai Bay on the 20th September, 1789. Sixteen of the mutineers were put on shore, where they were received by the natives with their usual fond cordiality; but Christian, justly apprehensive of the consequences of remaining in Otaheite, slipped cable in the night, and made off with all who were on board, amounting to nine English, six Otaheitean men, and eleven women.

Of the sixteen who came on shore at Otaheite, Churchill and Thompson, two of the most active in the mutiny, perished by violent deaths. These two men had accompanied a chief, the *tyto* or sworn friend of Churchill; who having died without children, this mutineer succeeded to his property and dignity, according to the custom of the country. Thompson, for some real or fancied insult, took an opportunity of shooting his companion. The natives assembled, and to avenge the murder, literally stoned Thompson to death; and his skull was brought on board the *Pandora*.

The remaining fourteen were

received on board the *Pandora*, as before-mentioned, and immediately placed in confinement. A roundhouse was built on the after-part of the quarter-deck, for their more effectual security, and to prevent their having any communication with, or crowding the ship's company. This roundhouse was only eleven feet long, built as a prison, and aptly named "Pandora's Box," which was entered by a scuttle in the roof, about eighteen inches square. Instead, however, of two-thirds allowance, to which prisoners are legally limited, they were victualled in every respect the same as the ship's company. Their families were also allowed to visit them; a permission which gave rise to the most affecting scenes. Every day the wives came down with their infants in their arms; the fathers weeping over their babes who were soon to be orphans, and husband and wife mingling cries and tears at the prospect of so calamitous a separation.

It appears, that when the little schooner before mentioned had been finished, six of the fourteen mutineers that were at Otaheite embarked in her, with the intention of proceeding to the East Indies, and actually put to sea: but meeting with bad weather, and suspecting the nautical abilities of Morrison, the boatswain's mate, who had first undertaken the construction of the vessel (assisted by the two carpenters, the cooper, and some others), and whom they had elected as commanding officer, they resolved to return

to Otaheite. Stewart and Heywood took no part in this transaction, as they had made up their minds to remain at Otaheite, and there await the arrival of a king's ship, as they deemed it morally certain that one would be sent out in search of them; and this is confirmed by the alacrity which they displayed in getting on board the *Pandora*, the instant of her arrival.

The main objects of their expedition being thus fulfilled, and an ample sea-store laid in, the *Pandora* left Otaheite on the 8th of May, 1791, accompanied by the little schooner which the mutineers had built. In point of size she was not much larger than Lieutenant Bligh's launch, her dimensions being thirty feet length of keel, thirty-five feet length on deck, nine feet and a half extreme breadth, and five feet depth of hold.

The *Pandora* touched at Huahine and Bolabola; but when they came to Whytutakee, they made particular inquiries, without obtaining any information; the natives declaring, that till now they had never seen a white man. They accordingly made sail, and on the 22nd of May reached Palmerston's Islands, where they had no sooner landed, than Lieutenant Corner found a yard and some spars with the broad arrow upon them, and marked "Bounty." This induced the captain to cause a minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the *Pandora*, being driven out to sea by

blowing weather, and it being very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little schooner and a jolly-boat with a midshipman and four men on board, the latter of which was never more heard of. They cruised about for two days, discharging great and small guns, and burning false fires, but without success, and they were obliged to leave them to their fate.

The *Pandora* now proceeded, and on the 29th arrived at Annamooka, the principal of the Friendly Isles, where they remained till the 8th of August, when they set sail, following nearly the track of Captains Carteret and Bligh.

The vessel soon got into the track of Bougainville, whose narrative had represented it as a dangerous route. For some time they lay to during the night; but afterwards conceiving that it was not consistent with the despatch now necessary, they imprudently dropped that precaution. On the 25th they saw breakers, and more towards noon, extending in such a direction as to bar their progress southward. They then stood to the westward, but soon discovered another reef, which appeared to close all progress. The boat was sent out to look for an opening, and about five o'clock the signal was made that one had been found, when they made signals for the boats to return, from the dread of losing her like the tender and jolly-boat.

Night had just closed, the boat was on board, and the sails

were trimmed; but scarcely had the *Pandora* began to move, when the alarm was given that she had struck on a reef. They had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up and afterwards furled, the top-gallant-yards got down, and the top-gallant-masts struck. Boats were hoisted out with a view to carry out an anchor, but before that could be effected the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes more there were four feet of water in the hold. In this dreadful crisis all hands were turned to the pumps, and to bale at the different hatchways, and a number of prisoners were released from irons and put to this work; but the leak continued to gained upon them so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck the water was nine feet deep in the hold. About ten o'clock they perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef and was in ten fathoms water; they therefore let go the small bower-anchor, cleared away a cable, and also let go the best bower-anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard; and the water gaining upon them only in a small degree, they flattered themselves that,

by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which they were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, they might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of the water; but these flattering hopes did not last long; for, as she settled in the water, the leak increased to such an extent, that there was every reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. The night was dark and stormy, and they were everywhere encompassed by rocks, shoals, and breakers, and unfortunately two of the pumps were for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and they continued baling and pumping, between life and death, without being able to prevent the continual ingress of the water. At length the ship began to heel: one man was killed by a gun running to leeward, and another by the fall of a spare topmast. The people at the pumps became faint, but were supported by rations of excellent strong beer, which served the purpose much better than spirits; and they continued intrepid and obedient to the last.

About half an hour before daybreak, a council of officers was held, when it was unanimously decided, "that nothing more could be done for the preservation of his Majesty's ship." It then became necessary to provide for the preservation of the people. The four boats, consisting of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern

of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into each; two canoes which they had on board were lashed together and put into the water; rafts were made, and spars, booms, hencoops, and everything buoyant, were cut off, as means of safety, which might be clung to in the last extremity.

The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, affording no assistance when she was so much wanted on this melancholy and trying occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men and sent to a small sandy island, or key, about four miles from the wreck, while the other two boats remained near the ship to pick up all the men that could be seen.

Three of the *Bounty's* people, Coleman, Norman, and McIntosh, were let out of irons, but no notice was taken of the other prisoners, although Captain Edwards was entreated to have mercy on them, as he passed over their prison in effecting his own escape; but, fortunately, the master-at-arms, when slipping from the roof of "Pandora's Box" into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the skuttle, which he had just before opened, and enabled them to effect their own liberation.

Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the topmast cross-trees. The master-at-arms, and all the sentinels

sunk to rise no more. The cries of them, and the other drowning men, were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour elapsed, before the survivors could be taken up by the boats.

On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company answered to their names, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board; but thirty-one of the ship's company and four mutineers were lost.

They now hauled up the boats, and examined the stock of provisions that had been saved. They were found to consist of two or three bags of bread, two or three beakers of water, and a little wine, with which they were to find their way from the eastern extremity of New Guinea to the settlement in Timor.

A day was passed in putting the boats into the best order they could, and distributing the crew and prisoners among them. Thirty were put into the launch, and the pinnace and the red and the blue yawls had twenty-three in each. The ten prisoners were divided by twos and threes.

They left the island at twelve o'clock on the 1st of September. They soon found themselves on the coast of New Holland; and the red yawl made the agreeable discovery of a fine bay, where there was a spring of excellent water at the foot of the beach. They drank, and filled a tea-kettle and two great bottles; but the other boats, were, unfortunately, too far ahead to be called back. The necessity of keeping

together being urgent, as their supplies were in the launch, they towed each other during the night. At midnight they were alarmed by the cry of "breakers a-head," but fortunately they succeeded in getting clear of them.

Next day they came to an inhabited island, but the natives making a hostile appearance, and letting fly a shower of arrows among them, they made no further attempt to procure relief. In the evening they reached one which they called Laforey's Island, where they landed and slept during the night. In the morning they succeeded in discovering a spring, with which they filled to the brim every article on board that would hold liquid, including the carpenter's boots, which were first emptied from the fear of leakage.

After leaving Laforey's Island, they entered the vast abyss of the Indian Ocean, of which they had a thousand miles to cross. They soon encountered so heavy a swell, that it threatened destruction to their little fleet. Apprehensive of their being separated, as they had not the means of dividing the water, their first resource was to take each other in tow; but the swell ran so high, that in the middle of the night a new tow-line broke, and after being made fast, broke a second time, which obliged them, after several trials, to give up the towing system, as it would have torn the boats to pieces.

Notwithstanding the supply of water which they had procured, their allowance was still so short,

and their thirst so severe, that several in desperation drank their own urine, and many drank salt water, but in both cases with fatal results. They also endeavoured to procure coolness by applying wet clothes, dipped in salt water; but so great an absorption took place, through heat and fever, that the fluids were tainted with the salt, and the saliva in the mouth became intolerable.

In this miserable state they remained from the 2nd to the 13th of September, when land was discovered, but a dead calm prevented them from nearing the coast until the following day, and there was such a prodigious surf, that landing could not be attempted. At length, about twelve o'clock, the red yawl ran into a creek, upon which the other boats divided the remainder of the water, and, animated with fresh spirits, dashed manfully across a somewhat formidable reef which interposed, and found a fine spring of water, which afforded immediate relief.

They were very hospitably treated by the natives, who brought them large supplies, giving them as much pork and fowls as they wanted for a few buttons. They sat down and made a very hearty dinner, but the weak state of their minds and bodies made them so alarmed, and caused such a general gloom to steal upon them, that the night was spent in a succession of groundless panics and unnecessary fear.

They set sail at one o'clock on the following day, and at five in

the succeeding afternoon, they landed at Coupang. The former governor was dead, and was succeeded by Vanion, his son-in-law, the same who was called Wanjon by Bligh. He received them with the same hospitality and generous kindness that was so fully experienced by their unfortunate predecessors, and not only supplied all their wants, but did everything in his power to regale them, and make them spend their time agreeably.

On the 6th of October, the party embarked in the *Rombang*, Dutch East-Indiaman, and sailed through the Straits of Allas. At the island of Flores, they encountered a most dreadful storm, with thunder and lightning; the pumps were choked, and the ship was driven impetuously on a barbarous shore that lay on their lee. The Dutch mariners were affrighted at the storm, and the vessel was saved by the skill and intrepidity of the British tars.

On the 30th they arrived at Samarang, where they had the delightful surprise of meeting the little schooner so long given up for lost. All the sympathies of human nature, in their utmost warmth, were called forth on both sides; and with eyes streaming with joy, they recounted to each other the mutual tale of shipwreck, famine, peril, and disaster.

The crew of the tender, on the unfortunate night when they parted with their companions, were attacked by the natives in a numerous and powerful body, but being possessed of fire-arms,

they succeeded in keeping them off. On the next day the ship was missing, and was sought for in vain; and their situation now became critical in the extreme. The distress for want of water was so excessive, that one young man became deranged, and did not recover for several months. In endeavouring to make for Annamooka, they stumbled upon Tofoa, the scene of Captain Bligh's disaster, and experienced a similar treacherous attempt, which was defeated, in consequence of their being well armed; thus they, with due precaution, could afterwards carry on a trade with the natives for necessary supplies.

They had now to enter on the same career as Captain Bligh, with one very important advantage, however, that being provided with fire-arms, they could venture to land at the different islands on their route, and procure that which they most urgently wanted. They, however, neglected his precaution of steering southwards in order to clear New Guinea; the consequence of which was that they encountered the same reef upon which the *Pandora* had perished, and traversed long from shore to shore, without being able to find a passage. At length they were placed between the dreadful alternative of shipwreck or famine; and, as a last resource, they boldly pushed forward, and succeeded in beating over the reef.

After passing Endeavour Straits, they were picked up by a small Dutch vessel, where they

were received on board, and treated with great humanity; but as no officer under the rank of lieutenant bears a commission, they had no document to show, and fell under the suspicion of being the mutineers of the *Bounty*. They were therefore kept under a short, though humane, *surveillance*, until the appearance of their fellow-seamen dispelled all suspicion.

This little schooner was a remarkably swift sailer, and being afterwards employed in the sea-otter trade, is stated to have made one of the quickest passages ever known from China to the Sandwich Islands. This memorable little vessel was purchased at Canton, by the late Captain Broughton, to assist him in surveying the coast of Tartary, and became the means of preserving the crew of his Majesty's ship *Providence*, amounting to one hundred and twelve men, when wrecked to the eastward of Formosa, in the year 1797.

On the 7th of November, Captain Edwards and his party arrived at Batavia, where it was agreed with the Dutch East-India Company, to divide the whole of the ship's company and prisoners among four of their ship's proceeding to Europe. The latter the captain took with him in the *Vreedenburg*; but finding his Majesty's ship the *Gorgon* at the Cape, he transhipped himself and prisoners, and proceeded in her to Spithead, where he arrived on the 19th of June, 1792.

On the second day after their arrival at Spithead, the prisoners

were transferred to the *Hector*, commanded by Captain (late Admiral Sir George) Montague, where they were treated with the greatest humanity; and every indulgence allowed that could with propriety be extended to men in their unhappy situation, until the period when they were to be arraigned before the competent authority, and put on their trials for mutiny and piracy, which did not take place till the arrival of the remainder of the prisoners.

The court assembled to try the prisoners on board his Majesty's ship *Duke*, on September 12th, 1792, and continued, by adjournment from day to day (except Sunday), till the 18th of the same month. Vice-Admiral Lord Hood, president; Captains Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, bart., John Colpoys, Sir George Montague, Sir Roger John Bazeley, Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, John Thomas Duckworth, John Nicholas Inglesfield, John Knight, Albemarle Bertie, Richard Goodwin Keats, were present.

The charges set forth that Fletcher Christian, who was mate of the *Bounty*, assisted by others of the inferior officers and men, armed with muskets and bayonets, had violently and forcibly taken that ship from her commander, Lieutenant Bligh; and that he, together with the master, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, and other persons, being nineteen in number, were forced into the launch, and cast adrift. That Captain Edwards, in the *Paradise*, was directed to proceed to Otaheite, and other islands in

the South Seas, and to use his best endeavours to recover the said vessel, and to bring in confinement to England the said Fletcher Christian and his associates, or as many of them as he might be able to apprehend, in order that they might be brought to condign punishment;—that Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Charles Norman, Joseph Coleman, Thomas Ellison, Thomas McIntosh, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, William Muspratt, and Michael Byrne, had been brought to England, and were now put on their trial, under the 19th article of war, which states—

“If any person, in or belonging to the fleet, shall make, or endeavour to make any mutinous assembly, upon any pretence whatsoever, every person offending herein, and being convicted thereof, by the sentence of the court-martial, shall suffer DEATH.”

After hearing the evidence that was offered, both for and against the prisoners, and the prisoners having made their defence, the court met on the sixth day, viz., the 18th of September. The prisoners were brought in and audience admitted, when the president having asked the prisoners if they or any of them had anything more to offer in their defence, the court was cleared, and agreed—

“That the charges had been proved against the said Peter Heywood, James Morrison, Thomas Ellison, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward, and William Muspratt; and did adjudge

them, and each of them, to suffer death, by being hanged by the neck, on board such of his Majesty's ship or ships of war, and at such time or times, and at such place or places as the commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, or any three of them, for the time being, should, in writing, under their hands direct; but the court, in consideration of various circumstances, did humbly and most earnestly recommend the said Peter Heywood and James Morrison to his Majesty's mercy; and the court further agreed, that the charges had not been proved against the said Charles Norman, Joseph Coleman, Thomas McIntosh, and Michael Byrne, and did adjudge them and each of them to be acquitted.

On the 24th of October the king's warrant was despatched from the Admiralty, granting a full and free pardon to Heywood and Morrison, and respite for Muspratt, which was followed by a pardon; and for carrying the sentence into execution upon Ellison, Burkitt, and Millward, which was done on the 29th, on board his Majesty's ship *Brunswick*, in Portsmouth harbour. A party from each ship in the harbour, and at Spithead, attended the execution, and the example seemed to make a great impression upon the minds of all the ships' companies present.

"TWENTY YEARS AFTER."

TWENTY years passed; the *Bounty*, Fletcher Christian, and

the piratical crew that he had carried off with him in that ship, had long ceased to occupy a thought in the public mind. The fate of those who had escaped continued to be involved in mystery, and only vague rumours reached Europe, till light was unexpectedly thrown upon it by the following voyage.

On the 31st of December, 1813, Sir Thomas Staines, captain of his Majesty's frigate the *Briton*, was ordered to sail with a fleet for the East Indies. In twenty-five days they arrived off Madeira, and on the 28th of March entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro. During their stay at this place, the *Briton* received a new destination. Intelligence had been received that the *Essex*, a frigate belonging to the United States of America, with whom England was then at war, after committing great depredations on our southern whale fishery, was then refitting in the port of Valparaiso, and Sir Thomas was ordered round Cape Horn to endeavour to capture this vessel. The crew, inspired with the true spirit of British sailors, joyfully hailed the prospects of glory and adventure which this destination opened; yet they anticipated, and experienced, at this advanced season, a boisterous passage round Cape Horn. Besides the tempests, the cold was also very severe, especially to persons who had only been provided with the thin clothing requisite in a tropical voyage.

On the 21st of May they reached the port of Valparaiso,

where they saw his Majesty's ships the *Phæbe* and the *Cherub*, in possession of the object of their pursuit, which they were carrying a prize to England. The purpose of their voyage was therefore accomplished without their interposition; but as the crew were considerably harassed with their stormy passage, and a great deal of sickness prevailed, the captain determined, by way of a little relaxation, to visit Lima, and sailed for that city in company with the *Tagus*.

Lima answered most completely the purposes intended. The inhabitants were particularly fond of the English sailors, and led them a continual round of feasting and gaiety. After having spent the ten days allotted for their amusement, and which seemed to pass very rapidly, so pleasantly was their time employed, they were obliged to bid adieu to these gay quarters. They touched at several points on the coast, and then proceeded to examine the group of the Galapagos. These islands were found dark, gloomy, and mountainous, and almost covered with the traces of volcanic eruption.

This gloomy scene was soon gladly exchanged for the more cheerful aspect of the Marquesas, where the crew met with that somewhat too cordial welcome, which always awaits European navigators. Here a party of them landed, and were received by the natives with every testimony of the most extravagant joy, and were presented with cocoa-nuts, slings, spears, and everything which the natives

themselves accounted most valuable.

On the 2nd of September, the *Britons* sailed from the Marquesas, and steered to the southward to regain the port of Valparaiso. In the second watch of the night, land was unexpectedly discovered, and daylight disclosed to them a fertile shore, varied with huts, cultivation and people. Among the latter there appeared an alacrity much greater than usual to come out and hail the Europeans. The people were making signs, launching their little canoes through the surf, and as soon as they were afloat pulling towards the ship with the most eager despatch. The captain was mustering the few words of the Marquesan tongue which he had picked up, to hail them with, when to the utter amazement of himself and all present, a voice came from the nearest canoe, asking in good English, "What is the ship's name?" and on receiving an answer, added, "Who is the commander?" A regular intercourse now commenced, and they were requested to come on board. They were ready to do so, but had no boat-hook to hold on by; they were offered a rope, but had nothing to make it fast to; their zeal, however, mastered every difficulty, and in a few minutes they were on board the ship. They seemed perfectly at ease, and under no apprehension; but, the crew were still lost in wonder, when one of their visitors said, "Do you know William Bligh, in England?" The veil immediately fell from

their eyes, and they saw themselves about to fathom the depths of that mystery, which had hitherto involved the fate of Christian and his unhappy comrades. The question was instantly put, "Do you know one Christian?" "Oh, yes, there is his son coming up in the next boat; his name is Friday Fletcher 'October Christian; his father is dead now." Anxiety was now raised to the highest pitch, to learn everything relating to this mysterious transaction; question was put upon question, and from the answers which were readily given, we may trace the further career of Christian and his associates.

After leaving sixteen of their number on shore at Matavai Bay, as before-mentioned, he again steered for Pitcairn's Island, and rejoined the establishment there, which the natives seem to have made no further attempts to oppose; but a more deadly evil afflicted the rising colony. A mortal jealousy arose between the English and the Otaheiteans; for which, on the part of the latter, there seems to have been but too good ground. Christian's wife having died in childhood soon after the birth of their only son, he forcibly seized on the wife of one of the Otaheiteans: which so enraged the injured and justly incensed husband, that in the fury of resentment, characteristic of savages, he determined on a bloody revenge. Taking advantage of the moment when Christian was busy in his yam plantation, he shot him in

the back; the wound was mortal, and the unhappy man at once expiated his crimes with his life.

This was the signal for a general rising of the Otaheiteans. The English were surprised and overcome; two were killed, and John Adams, wounded, fled into the woods. This dreadful scene was followed by another still more tragical, and which seems almost to realise the dark traditions of ancient fable. The Otaheitean females, like those of most savage races, had almost felt a strong partiality in favour of the Europeans; and this preference, so cruel and mortifying to their own countrymen, had been one main cause of the deadly enmity between the two races. Spectators of the late fatal contest, their feelings wrought to such a pitch of regret and indignation, that, forgetting all that gentleness which is proper to the female character, they rose in the depth of night, and, like the too celebrated daughters of Danaus, murdered, in their sleep, their unsuspecting husbands and countrymen.

In this dreadful manner, Adams, and the few surviving English were saved: yet out of this abyss of horror, there has, by a happy Providence, arisen a society bearing no stamp of the guilty origin from which it sprung. A new race arose, removed from the scenes of violence in which they had received their birth, and carefully instructed, as far as their teachers were capable, in the duties of

religion and the ties of social life. The only survivor of the original body, at the time of the arrival of the *Briton*, was John Adams, a man of a mild and amiable disposition, of about sixty years of age, and who denied any participation in the crime of the mutineers. He was revered as the father of the colony, and ruled with a paternal sway over this little community. Their numbers had now increased to forty-eight, of whom six were the Otaheitean females who had accompanied the Europeans in their first establishment in the colony: a great proportion of them were still in childhood; but there were eleven fine young men, grown up, and about as many of the other sex.

The islanders always spoke English, though they understood the Otaheitean. The men appeared to be a fine race, about five feet ten inches in height, with manly features, and long black hair. Their only attire was a mantle, which went over the shoulders and hung down to the knee, being tied round the waist by a girdle, both produced from the bark of trees growing on the island. On the head they wore a straw hat, with a few feathers stuck in it by way of ornament. The young women had invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and open expression of countenance, with an engaging air of simple innocence and sweet sensibility.

As soon as the first burst of curiosity on both sides had been gratified, the islanders were in-

vited to share the breakfast which had been served up in the cabin, where, before sitting down to table, they fell on their knees, and, with uplifted hands implored the blessing of heaven on the meal which they were about to partake of: at the close of the repast they resumed the same attitude, and breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the bounty which they had just experienced. Upon the whole, the crew of the *Briton* were highly gratified by the intercourse with these simple natives, whose deportment displayed an active intelligence and a liberal curiosity, coupled at the same time with very amiable dispositions.

In consequence of the short supply of provisions, the *Briton* was only enabled to remain two days off the island; but before leaving the island, the captain went on shore to visit Adams. After passing through groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, they came to a beautiful picturesque little village: the houses were small, arranged in an oblong square, with trees interspersed; they were regular, convenient, and excessively clean. The captain was immediately introduced to Adams, whom he found a fine-looking old man approaching to sixty. In a long private interview which he had with him, they conversed fully on everything relating to the mutiny of the *Bounty*. He solemnly disavowed all previous knowledge of, or consent to the conspiracy formed by Christian; but at the same time admitted

that, by following the fortunes of that unhappy man, he had lost every right to his country, and that his life was even forfeited to the laws. He was now at the head of a little community by whom he was adored, and whom he carefully instructed in the duties of religion, industry, and friendship.

The greatest want of this little family was that of the means of reading and writing. Adams, though very little skilled in writing, had been at great pains to preserve the chronology of the period during which he resided at Pitcairn's Island. After having exhausted his little stock of paper and ink, he used a slate and stone pencil, and had kept such a careful record of each day, with the week, month, and year to which it belonged, that there was only one day's difference between his calculation and that of the *Briton*, which may be accounted for by their having each half circumnavigated the globe from an opposite direction. Sir Thomas accommodated them with all the paper he could spare, and received in return a copy of Captain Cook's first voyage which had belonged to Captain Bligh, and contained a number of marginal notes in his writing.

Nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for nearly twelve years; when, in 1825, Captain Beechey, in the *Blossom*, who was bound on a voyage of discovery, paid a visit to Pitcairn's Island. They found that a whale-ship had been

there in the meantime, and left a person of the name of John Buffet. He proved to be an able and willing schoolmaster, and had taken upon himself the duty of clergyman. They found the inhabitants as well-disposed as described by Sir Thomas Staines, but still greatly in want of many necessities in wearing-apparel, and implements of agriculture. In consequence of a representation made by Captain Beechey to this effect, his Majesty's government sent to Valparaiso for the necessary articles, which arrived in his Majesty's ship *Seringapatam*, commanded by Captain the Hon. William Waldegrave, who arrived there in March, 1830.

The ship had scarcely anchored, when George Young was alongside in his canoe; and soon after, Friday Fletcher October Christian, with several others in a jolly-boat, who were invited to breakfast. They announced the death of John Adams, which took place in March, 1829.

Thus ended the mutiny of the *Bounty*, pregnant with loss of life, whose origin might be traced to the imaginary loss of some half-dozen cocoa-nuts. — *Tales of Shipwrecks* by James Linbridge, 1846.

NOTE.—In 1859, upon application from a number of the settlers, the British Government gave them permission to return to their old home. Visitors to Pitcairn's Island describe it as a paradise in ocean.—*Ed.*

YOUNG CASABIANCA.

ON the fatal explosion of the

Orient at the battle of the Nile, the conduct and death of Admiral Casabianca's son, a boy whose age did not exceed thirteen, were singularly remarkable. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors; and when the firing happened to be impeded in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age. He made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the *Orient*, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father to tell him if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer; but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused, and ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would never quit him. In vain his father entreated him and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. "I

must die, I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor; "I shall have a great difficulty in saving myself; adieu." The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up with the young Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, on landing at Alexandria.

LORD DUNDONALD AT BASQUE ROADS.

A LIEUTENANT of Marines described this hazardous achievement of Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, in the following terms, in a letter to a friend:—

"Our fire-ships were sent in, each conducted by a lieutenant and five men; the ships were sixteen in number, and some very heavy: when they got in, the French ships cut and slipped, and nine sail of the line got on shore on the Isle of Aix, and the next morning we discovered them: the fire-ships having done little good, the small craft and frigates were ordered in to attempt to destroy them. The place where they lay was like Portsmouth harbour, under the fire of two batteries, each of which had three tiers of guns, of twenty-nine each, all heavy metal: the navigation to get at them was very difficult, in some places there being only four fathoms water. Just as we were

sitting down to dinner on board the *Revenge*, our signal was made to go in and assist the gun and mortar vessels; our ship was clear for action in fifteen minutes, and in half an hour we were alongside of three sail of the line, when we opened a dreadful cannonade on them, which continued for an hour and a quarter, when the *Warsaw*, a fine eighty-gun ship, and the *Aquilon*, struck to us. We were now in a very critical state ourselves, being in only five fathoms water, which was ebbing very fast; the batteries on shore, having got our length, struck us almost every shot for the last quarter of an hour: luckily a breeze springing up, we got off into deeper water, and out of reach of their guns, when we anchored again, and sent our boats to take out the prisoners, and set them on fire about seven P.M. At nine they were all in flames, and at two in the morning they blew up with a tremendous explosion; the French set fire to the *Tonnire*, and the *Imperieuse* to the *Calcutta*: three other ships of the line were on shore very much mauled by the frigates and bomb-ships; some of them were on their beam-ends, and but little chance of their getting off again. The captain of the *Warsaw* was on board our ship: he said they were bound out to relieve Martinique with troops and provisions. I went on board his ship after she struck, and the decks were strewed with dead and wounded, a most dreadful slaughter. We also lost several

killed and wounded, and our ship was much cut up in sails and rigging, which made it probable that we should be sent in to refit.

"Lord Cochrane caused about fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder to be started into puncheons, which were placed end upwards: upon the tops of these were placed between three and four hundred shells, charged with fuses; and again, among and upon these were between two and three thousand hand-grenades. The puncheons were fastened to each other by cables wound round them, and jammed together with wedges; and moistened sand was rammed down between these casks, so as to render the whole, from stem to stern, as solid as possible, that the resistance might render the explosion the more violent.

"In this immense instrument of destruction, Lord Cochrane committed himself, with only one lieutenant and four seamen; and after the boom was broken, his lordship proceeded with this explosion-ship towards the enemy's line. Let it be recollected that at this moment the batteries on shore were provided with furnaces to fire red-hot shot, and then his lordship's danger in this enterprise may be properly conceived.

"The wind blew a gale, and the tide ran three knots an hour. When the blue lights of the fire-ships were discovered, one of the enemy's line made the signal for fire-ships; which being also a blue light, the enemy fell into great confusion, firing upon her

with very injurious effect, and directly cut their cables.

"When Lord Cochrane had conducted his explosion-ship as near as was possible, the enemy having taken the alarm, he ordered his brave little crew into the boat, and followed them, after putting fire to the fuse, which was calculated to give them fifteen minutes to get out of the reach of the explosion. However, in consequence of the wind getting very high, the fuse burnt too quickly; so that, with the most violent exertion against wind and tide, this intrepid little party was six minutes nearer than they calculated to be at the time when the most tremendous explosion that human art ever contrived took place, followed by the bursting at once in the air of nearly four hundred shells and three thousand hand-grenades, pouring down a shower of cast-metal in every direction! But fortunately our second Nelson was spared, the boat having reached, by unparalleled exertion, only just beyond the extent of destruction. Unhappily, this effort to escape cost the life of the brave lieutenant, whom his noble captain saw die in the boat, partly under fatigue, and partly drowned with waves that continually broke over them. Two of the four sailors were also so nearly exhausted that their recovery was for some time despaired of.

"The repetition of his explosions was so dreaded by the enemy, that they apprehended an equal destruction in every fire-ship, and, immediately crowding all sail, ran before

wind and tide so fast, that the fire-ships, though at first very near, could not overtake them, before they were high and dry on shore, except three seventy-fours, besides the *Calcutta*, which were afterwards engaged, taken, and burnt.

"Our hero next turned his attention to rescue the vanquished from the devouring elements; and, in bringing away the people of the *Ville de Varsovie*, he would not allow even a dog to be abandoned, but took the crying little favourite up into his arms, and brought it away. It may be supposed that he had conveyed this fortunate little trophy into the bosom of his family, where it was, no doubt, ever cherished as an instance of his generous care. But a still greater instance of goodness was displayed in his humanity to a captain of a French seventy-four, who came to deliver his sword to Lord Cochrane, lamenting that all he had in the world was about to be destroyed by the conflagration of his ship. His Lordship instantly got into the boat with him, and pushed off to assist his prisoner in retrieving some valuable loss; but, in passing by a seventy-four, which was on fire, her loaded guns began to go off; a shot from which killed the French captain by Lord Cochrane's side, and so damaged the boat that she filled with water, and the rest of this party were nearly drowned."

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known as a sturdy, intelligent,

and God-fearing pilot, on Lake Erie. He had charge of a noble steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, the lake steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the Captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what all that smoke is about."

In a few moments, Simpson hurriedly came back again on deck, with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

"Fire! fire! fire!" instantly resounded in all directions.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was perfectly useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed frantically forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles," he replied.

"How long before we reach it?" was the eager question.

"Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! Go *forward*, if you would save your lives!" replied the pilot.

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames at length burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the Captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the brave-hearted tar.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Again the Captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came—alas, much more feebly—"Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set: yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship,—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to God.—*Gough's Orations.*

THE LAST SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

OF all the great enterprises of the world, none have been so enthusiastically taken up, so ably and resolutely prosecuted, and so tardily accomplished, as the discovery of the "North-west Passage."

Twenty-eight years ago the North-west Passage was discovered by Sir John Franklin; but it was only in the autumn of 1859 that the news reached England.

From the discoveries of M'Clintock and Hobson, we can now follow the track of Franklin and his companions as they hastened to their doom. In the

spring of 1845 the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with a gallant company of one hundred and thirty-four, all tried men, left our shores for the far North. They were provided with supplies sufficient for three years. The command of the vessels was given to Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier. Sir John Franklin had been in several of the previous expeditions to the Arctic regions, and now, when more than sixty years of age, he was ready to renew his efforts to solve the great problem of a North-west Passage. Uniting a love of adventure with a singleness of purpose, like that other great navigator, Columbus, he was the very man to be the leader of such an enterprise. "In the whole course of my experience," says Sir Edward Parry, "I have never known a man like Franklin: with all the tenderness of heart of a simple child there was all the greatness and magnanimity of a hero." It is said that the North American Indians characterized his mingled qualities of courage and kindness, by calling him "that great chief who would not kill a mosquito!"

The last letters received from the expedition were written from Whale-fish Islands, on the Greenland coast of Davis Strait. They breathed a very hopeful spirit, and spoke of the comfort of the crew.

On July 26, 1845, a whaler exchanged greetings with the vessels. They were then seen moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening into the great

body of ice which fills the middle of Baffin Sea, in order to reach the entrance to Lancaster Sound. This was the last sight and the last homeward intelligence of Franklin's ships. "I wish I could convey to you," says the last letter of one of the officers, written as the ships were passing into the fatal seas, "a just idea of the immense stock of good feeling, good humour, and real kindness of heart, in our small mess. We are very happy."

The first part of their voyage was successful beyond all precedent. In two seasons they had sailed over five hundred miles of previously unexplored waters, and had discovered the North-west Passage. The spring of 1847 found them locked up in the ice stream off Cape Felix, but they were only ninety miles from the known sea off the coast of America. Franklin was then alive, and all were well. But ere the summer came their leader was no more. He died on the 14th of June, 1847.

Crozier succeeded to the command, and the daily routine of duty went on steadily as before. So the summer passed, and autumn came. The prospect before them began to look dismal indeed. Scurvy was already showing itself among the crews, their provisions would fail before another year, winter was close at hand, and still they were drifting helplessly in the ice-pack.

Slowly they drifted to the South. Ten miles, twenty miles, thirty miles were passed over; only sixty miles of ice remained

between them and the sea off the American coast; one narrow lane of open water would have saved them,—but not a foot of open water was in sight. At last the ice-stream ceased to drift. Fifteen miles N. N. W. of Point Victory, the dread winter of 1847-8, with disease, and cold, and want, and darkness, closed around those forlorn and desperate men.

An escape by land was now their only hope, and every effort was made during the winter to get all things in readiness to start at the earliest practicable moment. When that time arrived, eight officers and twelve men, one after another, had shared the fate of Sir John Franklin. The survivors, one hundred and five in number, wan, half starved, and scurvy-stricken, piled up their sledges with all descriptions of gear, and on the 22nd of April, 1848, under the lead of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, took their way to King William Land.

They were three days traversing the intervening distance of fifteen miles, and the sad conviction was already pressing upon them that they had overrated their physical strength. A few miles North-west of Point Victory they found a record deposited by Lieutenant Gore. The hand that wrote it was now cold in death. With a hand almost as cold, Captain Fitzjames proceeded to write round its margin those few but graphic words which tell all we know of this last sad page in their history. The record, thus com-

pleted, was placed in a cairn built on the assumed site of Sir James Ross's pillar, at Point Victory. There the party were to rest for the night; and on the morrow, the 26th of April, 1848,—about the time that the first searching expedition was getting ready to sail from England,—they were to set out for the Great Fish River.

Here all positive knowledge of their movements comes to an end. What afterwards befell them can be stated only from conjecture, based upon the statements of the Esquimaux, and the various relics that have been discovered.

Lady Franklin, with a devotion and perseverance which no disappointments could damp, spent her life and fortune in the endeavour to clear up the mystery of the frozen zone. She maintained a voluminous correspondence on the subject with every part of the globe, consulted all the most eminent authorities on Arctic explorations, pressed the Government into action, and spared neither labour nor outlay to promote the great object which she had at heart.

At length Dr. Rae brought home word, got at second hand from the Esquimaux, of a body of white men having been seen, sick and worn, toiling through the snow, toward the Great Fish River, and of a number of skeletons having been found in the track they followed. Franklin and his crews were then gazetted as lost. Lady Franklin, however, was not satisfied. There

was still a chance that some of them were alive, and that another expedition might reveal—

“How Franklin’s ploughing barks wedge
on
Through splintering fields,* with
battered shares,
Lit only by the spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness
wears;—
Or how o’er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits amid the frozen crew
In council with the Norland stars.”

She had already sent out three expeditions, and finding the Government unwilling to resume the search, she devoted the remainder of her fortune—some £10,000—to fitting out the *Fox* and despatching the expedition which, under the command of Captain M’Clintock, proved so successful.

There were not wanting abundance of eager volunteers to join in the enterprise, perilous as it was. Offers of assistance poured in from every side; and many who had never been to sea in their lives now came forward, ready to brave all the hardships and dangers of an Arctic voyage. At length the little steam yacht *Fox* was fitted up to meet the exigencies of an Arctic voyage, manned and officered by twenty-five gallant and experienced volunteers, and ready for sea.

The *Fox* left Aberdeen on the 1st July, 1857, and by the middle of the next month was suddenly brought to a dead halt in Melville Bay. Not a drop of water was to be seen in the direction they wished to go—the door of the Arctic world was rudely shut

in their face, and the impenetrable bar of ice, which extended far and wide in front of them, told them plainly enough that there was no admittance. M’Clintock could not bear the idea of meekly retreating, and spending an idle winter in Greenland; and an enticing lane of water opening up in the ice, after a day or two the *Fox* dashed into it, hoping to push through the ice. Before morning the treacherous floes had closed behind her, cutting off both advance and retreat. A few days more and she was rivetted, beyond all hope of rescue, in the midst of the frozen sea. In vain they struggled to get away, blasting the edges of the floe with gunpowder, now pushing forward, now trying back. There was no help for them; the ice held on with a firm, relentless grip, and they were doomed to winter in the moving pack.*

After eight months of imprisonment, they were carried back by the floating ice nearly twelve hundred geographical miles—drifting now quickly, now slowly, according to the strength of the wind, which seemed to be one of the chief agents in hastening the vast continent of ice toward the latitudes of its dissolution. Toward the end of March the ice began to relax its grasp, and by the 12th of April had lost its

* “To the uninitiated,” says Captain M’Clintock, “it may be as well to observe, that each winter the sea called Baffin’s Bay freezes over; in spring this vast body of ice breaks up, and drifting southward in a mass—called the main pack, or the middle ice—obstructs the passage across from east to west.”

hold upon the *Fox*, which was now drifted ingloriously out of the Arctic regions—not without a narrow escape from destruction amidst the dying convulsions of the mighty pack. Huge bergs and hummocks of ice went crashing and churning round them—a single blow from any of which would have been instant annihilation. “After last night,” wrote M’Clintock, who had been at the engines for twenty-four hours, the engineer having died, “I can understand how a man’s hair turns gray in a day.” The *Fox* managed to keep out of harm’s way, however, and the next morning was dancing gaily on the open sea. Instead of the sullen, death-like torpor, to which they had been so long accustomed, everything around them bespoke life and motion. “It seemed,” said one of them, “as if we had risen from the dead.”

After a brief repose on the coast of Greenland, the *Fox* was back among the ice again. At Lancaster Sound they fell into the clutches of the “pack,” but, after a day or two, shook themselves free, and made for Pond Bay. There they communicated with the natives, and satisfied themselves that the missing ships were nowhere in that neighbourhood. At Beechy Island they set up a headstone, tombstone, sent with a head. Franklin, in ad, Car. and some James proceeded: out by Lady and his companions; and the end of August found them at the eastern entrance of Bellot Strait, in a somewhat dangerous situation.

“With the cunning and activity worthy of her name,” writes M’Clintock, “our little craft warily avoided a tilting match with the stout blue masses, which whirled about, as if with wilful impetuosity, through the narrow channel. Some of them were so large as to ground even in six or seven fathoms water. Many were drawn into the eddies, and, acquiring considerable velocity in a contrary direction, suddenly broke bounds, charging out into the stream, and entering into mighty conflict with their fellows. After such a frolic the masses would revolve peaceably, or unite with the pack, and quietly await the day of their wished-for dissolution—may it be near at hand! Nothing but strong hope of success induced me to encounter such dangerous opposition. I not only hoped, but almost felt that we deserved to succeed.”

Four times they dashed up the strait, only to be driven back by the ice; the fifth time they cleared their way from end to end. Not far beyond the west entrance to the strait a bar of ice prevented further progress; and, as the winter was rapidly coming on, they prudently went back to a little harbour they had observed, and wintered there, much in the same way as they

did the previous year. “Very dull times,” says the journal;—“no amount of ingenuity could make a diary worth the paper it is written on.”

With the spring the sledges were got out, and the wild dogs put in harness. Captain M’Clin-

tock and two companions, with a couple of sledges and fifteen dogs, paid a visit to the Boothians in the vicinity of the magnetic pole.

Upon the dress of one of the natives whom Captain M'Clintock fell in with he observed a naval button; and, on inquiry, found it was one of numerous relics, in the possession of the Esquimaux thereabout, of a crew whose ship had been crushed several years previously by the ice off King William Island, and who afterwards perished near the Great Fish River. An old man declared that he himself had seen the ship go down.

There was still one of the missing ships to be accounted for, and extended searching journeys were commenced on the 2nd April. Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson journeyed together by sledge as far as Cape Victoria, where they learned that a second ship had drifted on shore at King William Island in the fall of the same year in which the other had been crushed. Hobson, therefore, started northward in search of the wreck, while M'Clintock went down the east side of the island, toward the Fish River. Near Cape Norton they reached a snow village, the inhabitants of which—"good-humoured, noisy thieves"—were very friendly. From them M'Clintock obtained a number of silver spoons and forks and other relics, in return for a quantity of needles. They told him that the wreck had

been carried away piecemeal by their countrymen, and that hardly any of it was left; that there had been many books, but that all had been long ago destroyed by the weather; and that the white men had dropped by the way as they went to the Fish River.

At Cape Herschel M'Clintock found a skeleton in the snow, and at Cape Crozier a large heavy boat, previously visited by Hobson, at the bottom of which lay two mangled human skeletons—one, that of a slight young person, the other, that of a large, strongly-made, middle-aged man. A great quantity of tattered clothing was piled up in the boat, and there were also watches, chronometers, silver spoons, books, &c. Two double-barrelled guns, one barrel in each loaded and cocked, leaning against the boat's side seemed to indicate that the poor fellows had been on the look-out for some passing animal to make a meal of. The only provisions found were tea and chocolate, which could never support life in such a climate.

Lieutenant Hobson had been more fortunate. On the 6th of May he pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying among some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows:—

"This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after

having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset, in lat. $70^{\circ} 05'$ N., and $98^{\circ} 23'$ W. long. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22nd of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned, five leagues to the N.N.W. of Point Victory; and the survivors, one hundred and five in number, landed here, under the command of Captain Crozier."

This paper was dated the 25th of April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if here every article had been thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with—pickaxes, shovels, cooking utensils, iron-work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip-circle, a sextant marked "Frederic Hornby, R.N." a small medicine chest, oars, &c. Lieutenant Hobson continued his search until within a few days' march of Cape Herschel, without finding any trace of the wreck or of natives.

Hobson's journey illustrates forcibly the last sad march of the lost crews. Although supplied with plenty of fresh meat, pemmican, &c., with the lightest possible baggage to draw, and a number of dogs to assist, his

men suffered a good deal, and he himself excessively. He was so much reduced with scurvy that he was not able to stand, and for more than forty days had been upon his sledge. Throughout the journey he had killed only one bear and a few ptarmigan. What, therefore, must have been the condition of the poor fellows in the Franklin expedition, already worn and wasted with privation, sickness, and anxiety, with heavy sledges to drag along, without dogs, and with the barest possible sustenance!

The object of the expedition being now accomplished, the *Por* only waited till she could get away from the ice, and then returned to England, with great difficulty escaping the clutches of the "pack," which would fain have cut off her retreat.

The great problem of the North-west Passage has now been solved; the mystery which overhung the fate of Franklin and his band has been cleared up—thanks to Lady Franklin's devotion, and the intrepidity and courage of M'Clintock and his gallant associates; and the "one thing left undone, whereby a great mind may become notable," must be sought elsewhere.

Captain M'Clintock has been knighted, as an acknowledgment of his gallantry.—*J. H. Fyfe.*

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THE END.

THE BOOK

OF

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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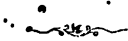
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PREFACE



IN making the following little collection, the Editor has ~~tried~~ to select only such traits and anecdotes as appeared to be *characteristic* either of the Profession or of the actor. There are many jests and stories of a diverting sort, which will be found to have no particular theatrical significance beyond the fact of their having been uttered or occasioned by some player. These have been, as much as possible, left aside. Anything that illustrated character, manners, or stage life in general, has been diligently sought for; while, on the same grounds, stories that turned on mere puns and quibbles have been excluded.

The Editor has also tried to combine with these lighter anecdotes some information of an interesting kind. It is hoped that the whole will be accepted as a tolerably faithful picture of the pleasant world Behind the Scenes.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

THE DULNESS OF RETIRE- MENT.

AFTER Mrs. Siddons had retired from the stage, she felt the reaction. When Mr. Rogers would be sitting with her of an afternoon, she would say, "O dear! this is the time I used to be thinking of going to the theatre. First came the pleasure of dressing for my part, and then the pleasure of acting it. But that is all over now!"

A SITUATION SPOILED.

THERE is a peculiar sense of burlesque produced, which is indeed almost unique, when anything ludicrous arises in a tragic situation on the stage. Nothing produces so much genuine enjoyment. One hot night, at a country theatre, when playing Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons was parched with thirst, and the manager sent for a pot of porter. She was in the midst of the great sleeping scene, when he returned. A general hush. He asked where she was, and in reply a scene-shifter pointed to her on the stage. The boy with the foaming pot in his hand coolly walked on and presented it

to her. In vain she haughtily waved him away with "her grand manner." The people at the wing stamped and beckoned, and at last, amid roars and shrieks of laughter, he was got off the stage. The "theatre cat" has often been seen to make its way on to the scene during the last few months at the London theatres, and invariably chooses some awkward moment such as a declaration of love, a dying agony, for its entrance. The leading comedian does not produce such a roar as this four-footed player.

A TOUT PUNISHED.

THE old actors had a sort of broad wit, which was in combination with the events of daily life, and which was infinitely superior to the mere "word catching" and indifferent punnings or similitudes which go to make up the "fun" of our day. This they may have caught from the plays in which they acted. Thus what a good practical retort was that of Quick's when dragged by an importunate furniture broker into a furniture shop, and forced to listen to

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panegyrics of tables and chairs which he did not want. At last the actor asked if he were the owner of the shop. The man rushed eagerly to fetch his master, who came bowing and smirking. "What can I do for you, sir?" "*Just hold your man a moment until I get out of the shop.*"

AWKWARD ENTHUSIASM.

HOLMAN was once acting *Cromwell* at Cheltenham, where the theatre is very small and the stage sloping. In the great passage with Monimia—

"So may this arm
Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog
despised."

He carried out the stage direction, "starts from the sofa and rushes forward," so impetuously that, chiefly owing to the steepness of the little stage, he lost his balance and plunged headlong into the orchestra, smashing a violoncello, and drawing blood from the nose of its player. The confusion was immense; but the actor found that he was unhurt, and able to resume his part.

A GOOD-NATURED REMARK.

DOUGLAS JERROLD's stage jests were excellent, not only for their closeness, but also for their severity: As when it was said at the Haymarket that some one had actually "been bred on these boards." "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," was the answer.

TO ADAPTERS AND OTHERS.

HE suggested a motto for the French adapters, "*Aut swissors aut nullus.*"

"DONE TO ORDER."

A NEW play he was told had been done to order. "It strikes me," he said, "it will be done to a good many orders."

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

HE was told that a well-known tragedian was about to attempt Cardinal Wolsey. "Wolsey! Linsey woolsey!"

ACTOR TURNED WINE-MERCHANT.

It was mentioned that an actor had turned wine-merchant. "I hope his wine off the stage," he said, "will be better than his whine on it."

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

SOME of the old stage directions were truly absurd for their comprehensiveness. Colman, the younger, mentions a repentant miser in the fifth act of a play who is directed to "lean against the wall and grow generous."

PUFFS.

THEATRICAL advertisement has become an elaborate art in our day. But though we have theatres that claim to be "the

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

prettiest," and to "have the best company in London," this is modest compared with some of fifty years ago. One was thus conceived:—"The new opera, called '*Don John*,' was received throughout with *roars of laughter! and shouts of applause!!* and the acting of Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Liston, Mr. Jones, Mr. Abbot, &c., was hardly surpassed *even in the days of Garrick!!!* The music absolutely *enchanted! and electrified!* the audience—almost every piece being encored:—an'tl, whilst Miss Stephens, in the *Second Violetta*, so exceeded all her former successful efforts, as to add another laurel even to *her high* reputation, Miss Halland, in the *First Violetta*, made as triumphant a *début* as was ever made by *any* singer on the English stage!!!" It was justly remarked that at this time there was no need of critics. The play-bills contained all that any one could desire.

A BEREAVED PAIR.

MR. DONALDSON told Mr. John Taylor that he had seen Quin and Mrs. Pritchard performing as Chamont and Monimia in Otway's pathetic play of "the Orphan." Both were old, and very bulky in their figures, and nothing, he said, could have been more ludicrous than to hear Quin, mouthing out,

"Two unhappy orphans, alas! we are."

But both were so respected, and had such dignity, that the audi-

ence listened with the utmost gravity.

SPARTAN FORTITUDE.

THE following was written on a dreary tragedy called "The Fall of Sparta"—

"So great thy art—that while we viewed
Of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
We caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear." •

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN "She Stoops to Conquer" was in rehearsal, Goldsmith took great pains to impress on the actors how he wished each part to be done. On the night of performance he was amazed to find young Marlow presented as an Irishman. The actor when remonstrated with, justified himself, saying, that he spoke his part as nearly as he could according to the instructions, only he did not give it quite so strong a brogue.

IMPROMPTU.

DURING the French war an actor was playing the stormy part of Barbarossa at Plymouth, to an audience chiefly of sailors. By a happy inspiration he introduced into the Eastern tyrant's part the following lines:

"Did not I,
By that brave knight, Sir Sidney Smith's
assistance,
And in conjunction with the gallant
NELSON,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores!"

Thunders of applause saluted this impromptu.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

SEVERE.

THERE was a well-known quack doctor, with whom Garrick was at war, and who brought out some indifferent plays. Garrick wrote this epigram on him:—

"For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is."

There is real "fun" in these neat lines, and it is almost impossible to repeat them without a laugh.

WELL-PAID SYMPATHY.

WHEN Garrick was playing Lear, one of the soldiers, who, according to an old custom, stood at each side of the stage, was so affected that he fainted away. The gratified actor sent for him to the green room, and presented him with a guinea. On the next night, when Garrick was playing Ranger, in the comedy, another soldier became affected with a sham faint, to the great amusement of the audience and actors.

FACES OR FASCES.

QUIN had some odd tricks of pronunciation, such as "Kecto" instead of "Cato." Many of the great Irish actors, such as Macklin and Sheridan, could not get rid of this mode of pronunciation, which to this day is heard in Dublin. On one occasion, when rehearsing for Coriolanus, he bade his army "lower

their fasces," which all the ranks did promptly. He meant, however, that they should lower their "faces."

BARRY v. GARRICK.

THE contest of Barry and Garrick at rival theatres, in *Romeo and Juliet*, gave rise to some pleasant jests and epigrams. One was:—

"Well, what's to-night?" says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses:
'Romeo again!' and shakes his head,
'A plague o' both your houses!'"

This was said to have been by Garrick himself. Infinitely superior were Berenger's lines:—

"The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears:
To Barry gives its loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears."

Besides the "elegant compliment," as it would have been styled in those days, there was here the nicest criticism on the acting of the two competitors.

QUIN'S HUMOUR.

QUIN's jests were of the roughest kind. Once at Epsom races he was required to share his bed with a clergyman. When the latter was getting in, Quin saw that his linen was not over-clean and cried out, "What! parson, are you coming to bed in your cassock?" This is an excellent specimen of the coarse vigour of Quin's wit.

Of the same character are the following:—

DURING one day, at a place

where there was a sort of struggle to get at the dishes, Quin declared, "Gentlemen, if I ever dine at a public ordinary again, I will have basket-handled knives." A person had helped himself to an enormous portion of bread, which Quin attempted to take. "Sir, that is my bread," said the gentleman.—"I beg your pardon," said Quin, humbly, "I thought it was the loaf." This smart answer did not exhaust his treatment of the same situation.

WHEN a gentleman, who had helped himself to nearly all the pudding, asked if he should help him, "With all my heart," said the other, "but which is the pudding?"

OF Macklin, Quin said, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain," and once thus began an address to him: "Sir, by the lines—I mean *the cordage*—of your face," &c.

THE DOCTOR HOAXED.

GARRICK delighted in elaborate practical jokes, which he would plan and carry out with the laborious elaboration of the elder Matthews. The eccentric Dr. Monsey was often his butt. One evening, when the Doctor called, he found Garrick ill in bed, though announced for the part of King Lear. The actor, in feeble and whining tones, explained that he was too ill to act, but that there was a player at the theatre called Marr, so absurdly like him and

such a mimic, that he had ventured to entrust him with the part, and was certain the audience would not perceive the difference. The other seriously remonstrated with him on the danger of attempting such a trick, the dispute and the certain ruin that would follow if he were found out. Garrick persisted, and begged the Doctor to attend and report the result. On his departure Garrick leaped up, rushed to the theatre, and acted the part. The Doctor, bewildered, and half doubting, hurried back at the close of the play, only to find the actor in his bed again, though he had not had time to get rid of his Lear's dress.

MEAGRE RECOLLECTIONS.

ARTHUR MURPHY was intimate with Garrick for many years, at one time quarrelling with and pursuing him with the fiercest hate, at another borrowing money from him, and loading him with fulsome panegyric. Much was expected from his "Life of Garrick," but it is a very meagre performance. He lived long after Garrick, and was often asked for his opinion of the great actor. "Mr. Murphy, you, sir, knew Mr. Garrick?"—"Yes, sir, I did, and knew him well—intimately."—"Now, sir, what did you think of his acting?" and the questioner prepared for a long series of recollections, which, bating a certain garrulity and diffuseness, would yet be interesting. "Off the stage, sir," was the

invariable answer, delivered slowly and with due emphasis, "he was a mean, pitiful, *sneaking*, little fellow; but *on* the stage" (here a pause, and throwing up his eyes), "O my great God!" Mr. Rogers often put this question, and was always thus answered.

TRUE DIGNITY.

MR. ST. JOHN, one of the Bolingbroke family, wrote an indifferent tragedy, which was accepted by Kemble. In the green room, one day, he chose to quarrel with the great actor on the score of the delay in bringing out his piece. Some angry words passed, when at last the "gentleman", so far forgot himself as to tell the "player" that he was a man he could not call out. "But you are a man," was the becoming answer, "whom I can turn out; so leave my room instantly!" The other did so, but, after a little reflection, returned and apologised. His play was performed,—a favour which its author did not deserve, though the hope of it may have prompted his apology.

A TAR IN THE PIT.

SAILORS are generally hearty patrons of the drama. Stephen Kemble told Mr. Taylor that when he was manager at Portsmouth, where "business" was so indifferent that the theatre could only be opened once or twice in the week, he was waited on by a sailor, with a request that he would open the house

for him, "for," he added, "I sail to-morrow, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again!" The cost, he was told, would be five guineas, which he cheerfully paid, insisting, however, that no one was to see the performance but himself. He selected "Richard the Third." The house was duly lit; while the sailor took up his position in the front row of the pit, and laughed and applauded at intervals. At the end he thanked the manager cordially for the entertainment, and took his leave.

FORCIBLE PRAISE.

Mrs. CLIVE, who was always quarrelling with Garrick, and yet heartily admired him and his gifts, was one night standing at the wing when he was acting King Lear. She was so oddly affected by the performance that at one moment she was heard abusing him, at the next sobbing bitterly, and at last rushed away, declaring, "D—n him! *he could act a gridiron!*"

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN LIFE.

HULL, the founder of the Theatrical Fund, had long been stage manager at Covent Garden, and had acquired, even in private life, a habit of making speeches and explanations in the style of his theatrical addresses to the audience. During some riots in London a mob gathered before his house, and

insisted on having beer. He sent them out a barrel; but, having drunk it, they insisted on more, and proceeded to break his windows. He presented himself at his drawing-room windows, and addressed them in this style:—

“Ladies and gentlemen,—I lament exceedingly to be under the necessity of offering an apology this evening; but I am obliged to state that all the strong beer is gone, and in this predicament, having, at a very short notice, procured a cask of small, we hope to meet with your usual indulgence.”

PROSE AND POETRY.

AN actor named Wignell, noted for his composure, when opening the play of Cato with the well-known lines, was interrupted with shouts for a Prologue, which they fancied belonged to the play. The grave actor had begun:

“The dawn is overcast; the morning lowers,
And heavily, with clouds, brings on the day.”

At this moment, the audience began to vociferate “Prologue! prologue! prologue!” when Wignell, finding them resolute, without emotion, pause, or change of voice, but in all the pomp of tragedy, proceeded, as if it were part of the play,—

“Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no Prologue spoken to this play, these twenty—
—years—

The great, the important day, big with
the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.”

This put the audience in good

humour; they laughed immoderately, clapped, and shouted, “Bravo!” Still Wignell continued, with his usual stateliness and composure.

THE EFFECT OF A LOOK.

THE power of Garrick’s piercing eyes and expression has often been described. When, as Macbeth, he said to one of the murderers “There’s blood upon thy face,” he did so with such earnestness and reality that the man forgot his proper answer (“’Tis Banquo’s then”) and replied, “Is there, by G——!” He fancied, as he confessed afterwards, that he had broken a blood-vessel.

JOCULOSENESS IN TRAGEDY.

THIS great player was supposed to be so affected by acting as to identify himself completely with the character. But it is stated that when he was playing Lear with King, and by his broken voice and apparent grief had left hardly a dry eye in the house—his own emotion being supposed to have quite overcome him—he whispered to King, on whose shoulder he was supporting himself—at the same time putting his tongue in his cheek—“D——n it, Tom, we are doing the trick.”

“THE EARLY VILLAGE COCK.”

PERHAPS the most familiar of theatrical stories is that of the actor who uttered “’Tis I, my lord, the early village cock.”

It is not so well known that the incident occurred when Cooke was acting. A tailor, with his- trionic tastes, had offered to supply him with a suit of clothes on the terms of being allowed to support this part. The audience roared at his appearance, which caused him to stop abruptly at the word "cock," while Cooke growled out sardonically, "Why the Devil, then, don't you crow?"

THE UNLUCKY DRESSER.

THE following droll scene occurred on the stage, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago:—"Lothario, after he is killed by Altamont, in the fourth act, lies dead *by proxy* in the fifth, raised on a bier, covered with black cloth by the property man, and the face whitened by the barber, the coat and periwig generally filled by one of the dressers. Most of the capital actors, in the established theatres, have generally a dresser to themselves, though these are paid by the manager to be ready on all occasions, for stage guards, attendants, &c. Mr. Powell played "the gallant gay Lothario," and one Warren, his dresser, claimed a right of lying for his master, and performing the dead part, which he proposed to act to the best advantage, though Powell was ignorant of the matter. The fifth act began, and went on as usual, with applause; but about the middle of the distressful scene, Powell called aloud for his man Warren, who as loudly replied, from the bier on the

stage, "Here, sir." Powell (who, as we have said before, was ignorant of the part his man was doing) repeated, without loss of time, "Come here, this moment, you scoundrel, or I'll break all the bones in your skin." Warren knew his hasty temper; therefore, without any reply, jumped off, with all his sables about him, which, unfortunately, were tied fast to the handles of the bier, and dragged after him. But this was not all; the laugh and roar began in the audience, till it frightened poor Warren so much, that, with the bier at his tail, he threw down Calista (Mrs. Barry), and overwhelmed her with the table, lamps, books, bones, together with all the lumber of the charnel-house. He tugged till he broke off his trammels, and made his escape, and the play at once ended, with immoderate fits of laughter; even the grave Mr. Betterton "smiled at the tumult, and enjoyed the storm;" but he would not let "The Fair Penitent" be played any more that season, till poor Warren's misconduct was something forgot."

BARRY'S PATHOS.

THE descriptions left of the effect produced by the old actors in Shakespeare's plays show that the art of acting is lost, or that audiences have not the same interest and nice intelligence. Thus when Barry gave the passage, in Othello, "I'll tear her all to pieces," his muscles were seen to stiffen, the veins to distend, and finally a great

THEATRICAL

burst of passion bore down all before it. Women were heard shrieking with terror, and men shouting. Instead of blustering out "O, Desdemona, away, away!" he would look a few seconds in Desdemona's face, "as if to read her feelings and disprove his suspicions," then turning away as the adverse conviction gathered in his heart, he spoke falteringly, and gushed into tears. He always received a graceful compliment for his speech to the Senate, besides the three rounds of applause which greeted it. For when the Duke observed, "I think this tale would win my daughter too," there was a yet heartier burst.

FLIGHT FROM THE ALTAR.

AN excellent story; says Lamb, is told of Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth he loved and courted a modest appanage to the Opera,—in truth, a dancer,—who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be

conceded: and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a pre-sage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else." The morning came: and at the "Star and Garter," Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole *corps-du-ballet*—French, Italian, men, and women. Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima Donna had sent her excuse; but the first and second Buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers, figurantes! at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that "then, for the first time, it struck him seriously that he was about to marry—a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as

to say, "See what I have brought to do us honour!"—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley attendants, poor Merry took horse from the backyard to the nearest sea-coast, from which shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton, relieved from his intended clown-father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridesmaids.

BARRY AND THE BARBER.

THE following little story belongs to a large class of theatrical anecdotes the point of which generally turns upon some blunder that takes place upon the stage. It is so well told by Mr. Bernard that it may be given in his own words:—"Fawcett was a member of a club in the city, where his songs and jokes and professional character rendered him a man of note. One of his companions was a peaceable pains-taking barber, who always encored his effusions, in return for which Fawcett gave him an order for a wig, and desired the knight of the curling-tongs to bring it to the theatre on a particular night, and fit it on himself, when the actor had to perform a particular character, which depended more on its appearance, than its language. The barber, who knew nothing more of a theatre than its outside presented, supposed that Fawcett must be as great a man there as

he was at the club: punctual to his time, he accordingly strutted up to the stage-door, with no small importance, and was conducted to Fawcett's room. The wig fitted to a hair, and he received, with his customer's thanks, a direction to find his way downstairs. Making a wrong turning, he descended some steps which led to the back of the stage, and, meeting with no obstacle, strolled down to the second wing, O.P. This happened to be the first night of Barry's performance, who was engaged for a limited period; and had stipulated in his article, that the same order and attention which was observed on Garrick's nights, should be maintained during his. Not a sound was to be heard behind the scenes, nor a figure to be seen, save the prompter at his particular post. The barber made his appearance at the wing in the midst of Othello's address, and protruded his body so far as to become visible to half the house. The sudden glare of lights and human faces at first astounded, and then transported him, and there being no one in the way to remove him, he soon excited the risibility of the pit by his gestures and grimaces. The Moor was not of a more fiery temperament than Barry, who attributed this intrusion to design, particularly when flashing his full eye upon the fellow, and interlarding his oration with side speeches, they, instead of effecting his removal, served only to stupify and root him more firmly to the spot.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

Part of Barry's speech accordingly ran thus:— 'For little of this great world can I speak'— (Who are you? What do you do here?)— 'more, than pertains to feats of broil and battle;'— (I'll break every bone in your skin.)— 'and therefore little shall I grace my cause'— (Will you be gone, Sir?)— 'by speaking of myself'— (An infernal rascal.) To these several pointed addresses the barber yielded no other response than "Go to the devil!" which was loud enough, however, to be heard in the first row of the pit. Barry now concluded this to be a scheme on the part of Garrick, to ruffle and insult him; and when he quitted the stage, rushed on the unconscious criminal with all the fury of a hungry hyena, grasped him by the throat, shook him most unmercifully, and would no doubt have proceeded to determine how far the barber's head resembled one of his own blocks, when the actors interposed, and set the man at liberty. Growling, and shaking himself like a tousled cur, he looked at Barry an instant with a smile of ineffable contempt, and then exclaimed, 'Never mind, Master Sambo,—never mind,—I'll do your business for you, depend on it!'— 'Do my business, you villain!' shouted Barry, 'what do you mean?'— 'Why, you black rascal!' said the barber (evidently mistaking Othello for a *bond fide* Moor), 'I'll speak to Mr. Fawcett, and have you discharged!' The merriment that Fawcett's name occasioned, neither suited Barry nor the

barber. Garrick and Fawcett were summoned; and the latter, perceiving in an instant the truth of the case, explained his friend's ignorance and misapprehension. He was at length permitted to conduct the bewildered barber to the door, receiving himself a broadside from the manager, as a means of conciliating Barry."

"I WILL RETURN ANON."

MR. DICKENS used to relate with much humour a little scene he witnessed at the Rochester theatre. An actor had forgotten his part, and could not get the prompter to give him the "word." After many adjurations, and the usual appeals to his own invention, he assumed a tragic port, addressed his companion with, "I will return *anon*!" and stalked off the stage to seek the neglectful prompter.

ROUGH TREATMENT.*

A STORY is told of the American actor Forrest and a player called Selwyn, who enthusiastically got himself "cast" for the part of Lucullus in *Damon and Pythias*, in order to have the honour of playing with the great tragedian. "The rehearsals all went smoothly. 'Here I seize you,' said Mr. Forrest.— 'Certainly, sir,' replied Mr. Selwyn, cheerfully.— 'Here I put you off, at first entrance,' said Mr. Forrest.— 'Quite right, sir,' replied Selwyn, who was getting on capitally.— 'You must give yourself up to me,' said Mr. Forrest.— 'Never fear, sir,' re-

plied Selwyn, with a trusting smile. The eventful night arrived. Selwyn was beautifully attired in spotless tights and Roman tunic. The whole company admired him as he stood in a graceful attitude at the wing. Then his cue was given, and he walked upon the stage, 'a thing of beauty.' He spoke his little lines with modest emphasis. Suddenly the muscular tragedian advanced upon him like an angry tiger upon a gentle lamb; seized him; shook him in the air; threw him from side to side; released him only to pounce upon him again, like a cat playing with a mouse; swabbed the stage with him as if he had been a floor-clout; held him at arm's-length, amid the eager plaudits of the gallery boys, and at last flung him out of sight through the first entrance, and landed him in front of the prompter's box, a dirty, sore, perspiring, dishevelled, bruised, disgusted heap of humanity. 'Ah!' said a friend, coming up to him as he lay panting upon the floor; 'I see that you have been playing with Forrest.' — 'No,' groaned Selwyn, trying in vain to rise; 'Forrest has been playing with me! and a nice object he's made of me!' Mr. Selwyn modestly but firmly declined to make a second appearance on the stage—at any rate, as Lucullus."

COOKE AND THE LIVERPOOL AUDIENCE.

THERE was a rough genuineness about Cooke, which, in

spite of his coarseness and even brutal tastes, interests. A Liverpool, when he was reeling about the stage and scarcely able to articulate, a storm of hisses broke out. He turned on them, "What! do you hiss me — *me*, George Frederick Cooke! *You contemptible money-getters!* You shall never again have the honour of hissing me. Farewell. I banish you." Then, after a pause, he added, "*There is not a brick in your dirty town but what is cemented by the blood of a negro.*" There is a kind of grandeur and rude savagery in this address which is highly characteristic of the man.

KEMBLE'S APPEAL.

KEMBLE, interrupted by the crying of a child in the gallery, at last came forward, and in his deep solemn tones addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play be stopped, the child cannot possibly go on." This speech has been attributed to various factitious actors, who are supposed to have uttered it ironically, but the gravity and habitual earnestness of Kemble, together with the belief that he was giving a dignified rebuke, adds greatly to the point of the story.

A DYING PRAYER.

"TOM COOKE" was required at the eleventh hour to take an actor's place in the play of George Barnwell, at a country theatre. News of one of Nelson's victories had just come in, and

the whole town was in a state of excitement. Cooke got through the part fairly, until he came to the end, where he was stabbed by his son, and when his knowledge ceased. He was told to "say anything—invent something," when, after some proper gaspings, he suddenly threw his hat into the air and shouted, "*Nelson for ever!*" The roars of applause that followed, shook the roof, and he received all the honours of the night.

A POLITE REQUEST.

MACKLIN, when sitting at the back of the boxes, was prevented from seeing the stage by a gentleman who stood up in front. He tapped him with his stick on the shoulder and addressed him with the most studious politeness: "When anything entertaining occurs on the stage, perhaps you would let me and my friend know: for you see, my dear sir, that at present *we must totally depend upon your kindness.*"

THE JEW AND MRS. SIDDONS.

WHEN Mrs. Siddons was playing "Mrs. Beverley," at Bath, the theatre was hushed into the most sympathetic stillness. Her whispers were eagerly caught, and, according to the favourite expression, a pin might have been heard to drop. Suddenly a little Jew started up in the pit and called out angrily: "My Got! who dat spilit in my eye?"

ODD ADVERTISEMENT.

KEMBLE and Lewis happened to meet in Dublin, when a manager engaged both to join their talents at his theatre for "one night only." He advertised the combined attraction in the following strange terms:—"They never performed together in the same piece, *and in all human probability they never will again.* This evening is the summit of the manager's *glamour*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his efforts to delight the public; beyond this *it is not in nature to go.*"

WELL DESERVED.

ACTORS have often had to suffer from the bad taste of friends and patrons, who offer some trifling civilities and expect a gratuitous exhibition in return. Such designs have often been pleasantly frustrated. Thus Shuter being asked for the special object of entertaining the company, remained purposely as dull and silent as possible, until one of the party, losing all patience, exclaimed, "Come, Mr. Shuter, when do you intend to begin to be comical?" "Gad," said the actor, rising, "I forgot my fool's dress, but I'll go and fetch it if you will be my substitute until I come back." This was thought very droll, but Shuter did not return.

A POLITE REQUEST.

LISTON was subjected to a similar attempt during the re-

vival of Tom Thumb, when he was asked to the house of a city magnate. At dessert he was surprised to see the servants come in to clear away the tables and set back the chairs, the guests standing round, while the host smilingly explained that these "preparations" were made "to make room for Mr. Liston to favour the company with *Lord Grizzle's dancing song before the children went to bed.*" This scene must have been a bit of comedy. Liston withdrew.

SERVE THEM RIGHT.

THIS suggests a well-known story told of Mr. Sothern, who was asked to dine at a mess, where the officers insisted, after dinner, he should "give his famous drunken scene from *David Garrick.*" The actor good humouredly waived off this request, and found many ingenious excuses, but his ill-bred hosts were positive, and grew uproarious in their pressing. The actor accordingly consented, and gave the scene faithfully. At the close, it will be remembered, the actor drags down a curtain, as he leaves the stage, and on this occasion, affecting to be carried away by the situation, he caught at the table-cloth, and swept off glasses, plates, &c. This rough and ready rebuke was fairly deserved, no matter who the hero of the story was.

"STICK TO THE COO!"

BOSWELL tells, with an air of doubt and complacency mingled,

how one night in the gallery of a theatre he had given imitations of the lowing of a cow. This performance drew forth, as might be expected, the applause of the groundlings, who shouted loudly, "Encore the coo! encore the coo!" "Bozzy" naively owns that he was encouraged to go on and offer imitations of the notes of other animals, but these were inferior, and saluted as failures by the audience. An old Dr. Blair beside him whispered that he had better "Stick to the coo, mon! you'd better stick to your coo!" There is something inexpressibly grotesque in the whole scene, and the fashion in which it so nicely harmonizes with Boswell's character.

BATHOS.

THE platitudes found in prologues are well known, as well as the curiously universal adoption of the same topics and allusions. At any amateur performance are sure to be heard expressions of feigned timidity and alarm, with an invitation at the close to "give but your applause!" Bowles, the poet, once heard Mrs. Siddons deliver two lines:—

"The volunteers, rewarded by no pay,
Except their feelings on some future day,"

—a delightful specimen. The idea, not merely of rewarding a "person with their own feelings," but of deferring that payment until "a future day" is excellent.

PREACHERS AND ACTORS.

A NICE distinction was once made by an actor in conversation with a prelate. Archbishop Sancroft said to Betterton: "I don't know how it is that you actors, when speaking of merely imaginary things, contrive to affect your audience as if they were real things; whereas we clergymen, when speaking of real things, seem only to affect our audience as though we were speaking of imaginary things." Betterton suggested that it might be because "actors spoke of imaginary things as though they were real, whereas in the pulpit real things were spoken of as imaginary."

RUSTICS AT THE PLAY.

MR. JULIAN YOUNG sent his gardener and wife to the Bristol theatre as a treat, and asked them both how they liked it. The following dialogue took place:—"Well, Robert, what did you see last night?" (No answer, but a look of bewilderment and annoyance at the question).—"Well, sir," after a pause, "I see what you sent us to see."—"Well, what was that?"—"Why the play, in course."—"Was it a tragedy or a comedy?"—"I don't know what ye mane. I can't say no more than I have said, nor no fairer. *All I know is, there was a precious lot on 'em on the tawnyer stage; and there they was in and out, and out and in again.*" The wife was asked for

her opinion.—"Ah, dear sir, and we had the *pantrymin*, and what I liked best in it *was where the fool fellar stooped down and grinned at we through his legs.*" Many a play would deserve the honest gardener's criticism; and "in and out, and out and in again," would fitly describe certain grand spectacular performances.

A MANAGER'S LETTER-BOX.

THERE is often a certain grotesqueness connected with attempts of candidates for the stage. Their pride and ambitious sense of their own merits contrasts in a very entertaining way with the modest character of their present position. Every manager could contribute some diverting chapters to this department of human weakness.

"SIR," wrote an applicant, "I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know My Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Chief which i Can Play is Norval in 'Douglas,' and Lothair in the 'Miller and his Men;' And have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a Pheasant, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is So Strong, That i am like Lothair, 'Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,' my Services is Useless to Others and Miserable to Myself. And further, i have to State, I am

Very Expeditious at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expence; and I have one now in my Possession Which I have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours; if you think Proper to Engage Me."

"SIR," wrote another postulant, "Allow me, with the utmost respect and becoming fortitude, the privilege, as well as the honour, though an entire stranger, of soliciting your attention towards the enclosed. A self-interrogation had long perplexed my mind, concerning whether I was capable of undertaking the difficult, as well as resolute part, of an author:—many proofs, I imagined, announced me incompetent, and yet others appeared convincing me to the contrary. The generality of mankind are too apt in imagining themselves exulting in a state of future prosperity; instead of employing resignation to make themselves content in whatever wretched capacity the precarious will of Providence may judge necessary. Of the former disposition am I; therefore, I threw aside every obstacle, and consigned my all to chance. Emboldened by every favourable idea on my own side, I commenced the present production; nor were my exertions reluctantly given, but indefatigable in its progress, though I was continually teased by voices forbidding such an undertaking; my last consideration, is that of

receiving any emolument from the drama, but candidly, if I may employ the expression, the smiles of aspiring Fame! I shall now conclude, with humbly soliciting for an insurmountable favour on your part, which is, to use your never-failing talent, in whatever situation you think proper, if you suppose the enclosed worthy of such noble indulgence! but if it should so happen as to be entirely rejected, which I shall know by not observing any announcement of its representation in your bills, why, I shall make myself perfectly contented, as I am most rigidly assured that I could not have entrusted any dramatic attempt whatever into the hands of a man more zealous in wishing to give satisfaction than yourself; and therefore, without any apology, allow me to repeat boldly, what I would wish to be:—An Object worthy of your Regard."

Another novice offered himself to Macklin for Othello, and giving the speech to the Senate as a specimen of his powers, was observed to use his left arm again and again with great violence. "Pray, sir," said Macklin, "make more use of your right arm. You are now addressing the Senate." The actor naively explained that he had lost his arm, in a man-of-war, many years before!

Another gentleman thus offered himself and his peculiar combination of talents:—"I am a Salamander, and sing comic songs." Another, that "he was

a beautiful whistler." But better than these, are some that found their way into the *New Monthly Magazine*, nearly fifty years ago, illustrated, it would seem, by the comments of either Leigh Hunt or Hazlitt.

To a country bumpkin the abstract notion of "a play-actor" is a something which inspires a mysterious respect amounting to awe, and at the time a sense of familiarity which almost "breeds contempt." These two opposite feelings are delightfully blended and confused together in the epistle which follows:—

"MR. WRENCH, — SIR, — Please to excuse my freedom as stranger to you, but I have had the pleasure of seeing you many times at the theatre in Oxford. Mr. Wrench, J. W*** presents most respectful compliments to Mr. W. begs the favor of his company at dinner to day at 2 o'clock to meet a few friends—And in the evening we intend to visit your theatre. Sir, I hope you will excuse this short notice.

"Monday Morning, 4th Sept. 1815. An answer is requested.

"J. W***, Porter of—
"College."

The next specimen shall be from two aspirants after theatrical fame. The infinite summariness of the first, and the cool manner in which the writer desires to be waited upon at his own residence, are remarkable. He evidently thinks that, now his mind is made up on the matter, nothing remains but to

arrange the preliminaries of his engagement.

"Aug. 13, 1815.

"To MR. MATHEWS,—SIR,— I write these few lines to you, hoping that I shall succeed in what I am trying for—i am very unhappy, now my mind is all on being a stage-actor, and if you would have the goodness to step down to 35, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to-day, I shall be very much obliged to you, as I have not time to come to the Haymarket.

"I remain yours,—R. R***."

The other is from a very different person:—

"SIR,—I now wait upon you in order to offer myself to your acceptance as a tragic performer of the first characters—having studied Shakespear and other celebrated authors for several years—but I bring with me no other recommendation to your notice but my own abilities—not having appeared on any stage yet—still if you should have the goodness to grant my suit, I think I may justly say with Noval, something makes me bold to say I will not shame thy favor. The salary I should expect would not be more than 15s. per week. Pardon me, if I through ignorance have erred in addressing you—not knowing the way in which the theatrical affairs are generally transacted.

"Your humble Servant,

"W. K***.

"N.B. If you think it worth your trouble, as I am now in waiting, I would give you a specimen or two of my abili-

ties—knowing, from report, your innate worth and love of justice.

“To Mr. T. Dibdin, Manager, Sufry Theatre.”

The following is from an author—and what is more, a poet—and what is most of all, a patriot!—

“Scarboro’, Dec. 9, 1804.

“DEAR SIR,—I have written a play, ‘Patriotic Incidents, or the Nightly Watch; in five acts.’ Altogether pro tem pore—the title will convince—it will readily be licensed, and I am confident it possesses merit. One (a facetious, whimsical, hypocritical, satirical, avaricious) character I purposely contrived for you. Quere, can I have it introduced in London?” In what time? How must I proceed? What obstacles will oppose me? How shall I oppose *them*? What terms? Is Mr. Kelly accessible? for I want a ‘patriotic overture’ composing, and a ‘patriotic song’ setting to music—viz.

for four voices, { England, arise! see, where the
 gathering foe,
 Like a fierce tiger, ere he takes his
 leap—
 Rise, O arise! uplift a mighty blow—
 Headlong destruction! Ruin! on them
 heap!!

Overture, (which immediately strikes up at the conclusion of 5th Act,) to have for its various movements, ‘God Save the King’—‘Rule Britannia’—‘Hearts of Oak’—‘Britons Strike Home.’ Hope you will not be offended at my having taken this liberty with you, nor at my urging you to favor me with as early an answer as pos-

sible. And let me entreat you to keep my name (——) secret, for I mean to be known only as, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.,

WM. RUMBERT.

“N.B. Best respects to Mrs. ———. Perhaps I may err in my superscription—for I only heard per chance you were at Drury-lane. If you are not, permit me to say you deserve to be there.”

The following effusion is the joint production of two brothers, who seem, in this instance, to have been sick of too much health. The “bons,” (as they call them,) with which the worthy proprietor of Vauxhall had favoured them, were anything but *bons* to them! Their consternation at the unremitting attacks that are made upon them—their tender solicitude lest Mr. Barrett should suspect them of disaffection to his interests, in not helping to fill his gardens with orders—and their innocent despair at the “distressing necessity” to which they are reduced of being compelled to solicit the favour of being allowed to forego the favour he had conferred upon them—all this is the perfection of *naïveté*.

“London, Aug. 1, 1820.

“MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—Your kind generosity was so great that you bestowed on us, your horn-players at Wauxhall, two Bons, which we with the most grateful sensibility accepted; but in the course of time, we find hout that this intended favor was for us an severe

punishment. We are every day besieged; they say, two bons make a little party, and for this reason, in the course of the season, more than 300 persons ask, and constantly plag us for the bons—so that we are at last under the distressing necessity to solicit your kind permission and consent to renounce and give up the bons. But if we lose the bons, we wish never and never to lose your kind protection. Consequently, we most humbly solicit the favor to be always at your service, at least as long as we can decently do our duty, as we prefer the engagement at Wauxhall to any other at London.

"We remain, with the greatest respect, much respected Sir, Your most grateful and humble Servants,

"JOSEPH & PETER ———

"Horns at Wauxhall.

"To G. N. BARRETT, Esq.,
Strokwell."

We shall conclude our extracts, for the present, with an epistle sent from a clown at the Dublin Theatre to his wife in London. The following, like the specimen which precedes it, is certainly neither prose nor verse; but we will venture to say that it is *poetry*, if the simple outbursts of a sincere and deep-seated affection are such. In the midst of its infinite confusion of times, persons, and things, there are touches of passion which nothing purely fictitious ever possessed. The benediction that intervenes between the two postscripts is the sublime of simple nature.

The reader must not be content with a single perusal of this letter. On the first reading, its somewhat recondite orthography may perhaps interfere with its effect. But when it can be read over without pausing to puzzle out the meaning of the words, he who can so read it, and not be touched by it, even to the very verge of tears, may be assured that he is either not made of "penetrable stuff," or that his heart and affections are not in a healthful state. We should shrewdly suspect such a person of being secretly addicted to melo-drams!

"Friday Morning.

"MY DEAR AINGEL,—I received your Letter, and I am a stonish that you did not start off the moment the theatre closed, after what I have rote to you and leting you know what a situation I am in. I am a stonish that you did not pay more a tencion—was you in a straining country I wold not serve you so—you are braking my hart by eanchis—I have ben bad a nuf before I reseved this Leter—but this has cut me to the senter of my hart. I am walking the streets from morning to night and till morning again—if you are not started before you reaseve this Leter, I shal expect you will start of on the reept of this Leater, wich you will reaseve on Monday, 12 of November, wich I shall expect you will come of by the male at night; and if you are not over in Dublin on the thursday folowing, I shal start on the

friday folowing, if I am abel to start—for it is no youse for you to come over heare then—for you lose y^our engadgment—for Mr. Joneston says' he must engadg sum one Elce in your situation—so you know my sentiments. Dam the election and the theatre—if you wish to make me hapy you will mind what I have rote to you,

"So no more from your ever loving and obedient husband.

"If it ruines me I will start on fryday if you are not over on thursday. If you start on monday^e night you will be in Dublin on thursday. God bless your eyes. The theatre is shut up, and I have just money a nofe left to bring me to holey head—and if you are not over on thursday the 15, or friday the 16, by God I will come of if I walk all the way from the head to London—thearfor do not come if you do not come of in time. O fany—I did not think you wold treat me so—to leave me in a straing country—I could not treat poor Lobskey so—much more your loving hrisband."

A STRANGE DRAMA.

COLMAN says it would be impossible to give an idea of the "cart-loads of trash" that are sent to a London manager. The very first piece that was sent to him when he undertook the management, was on a nautical subject and by a nautical gentleman. During the principal scene of the five acts—and it was a tragedy—the hero declaimed from the mainmast of a man-of-

war, without once descending from his position!

APPEAL TO RHYNO.

REYNOLDS was present at some ludicrous scene that occurred during the performance of a new play called "The Captives." In the fifth act a character called Rhyno rushed on the stage announcing to the hero, "My liege, the Citadel is taken!" to the surprise of the audience, who had not heard that there was a war or siege going on. The person addressed, after commanding many military manœuvres and reciting an invocation to Mars, turned towards the messenger, exclaiming with enthusiasm, "Charge, then, charge! *Now art thou ready, Rhyno!*" which, as may be conceived, brought the play to a close in roars of laughter.

A WALKING CONTRADICTION.

"FIX!" says Charlotte, in Reyrol's play of "Weather," "Lose not a moment! Suicide!" Sebastian answers, "I'm rooted here and have not power to stir!" As he spoke he "crossed" Charlotte, and stalked off the stage, to the great amusement of the audience.

A SCHOOL OF ACTING DESCRIBED.

MRS. CRAWFORD'S (formerly Mrs. Barry) criticism on the Kemble school, "All Paw and pause."

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

GENUINE ACTING.

A GROCER in Lichfield, who was going to London, received from his neighbour Peter Garrick a letter of introduction to the great David Garrick. Before presenting it he happened to visit the theatre, saw David in "Abel Druggier," and returned to his native town without presenting the letter. He explained the reason to Peter on his return. "Your brother may be rich, as I daresay the man who lives like him must be; but, by G—d, though he be your brother, Mr. Garrick, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life." This was a real compliment to the actor's gifts. Peter Garrick himself told the story to Johnson, who again related it to Mr. Kirkham.

A PIOUS MANAGER.

THE editor of this little collection once attended a performance that took place in a sort of canvas theatre which had been opened for the season. The manager came forward with a sort of devotional manner—indeed it was said that he had been a field preacher—to thank the audience for past favours, with a view to obtaining future ones. "He had secured," he said, "their old favourite, who would make his first appearance next week, with the permission"—here he cast his eyes upwards—"of the Great Manager of all."

ELECTIONEERING ON THE STAGE.

THEODORE LOOK, when a little boy, was allowed to go behind the scenes at the Haymarket Theatre. When Lewis's "Knight and the Wood Demon" was being performed, the various supernatural noises and warnings were produced—the lad noted with much interest—by an enormous speaking-trumpet used by the prompter. One night when the Westminster election was raging and great political excitement, Theodore prevailed on the prompter to allow him to make the noise for him, to which the latter incautiously agreed. Just as the fiend was ascending through the trap a deep roar attended him, and the astonished audience heard the words "SHEER-I-DAN FOR EVER!" given in melo-dramatic accents.

"GAGS."

"GAGS" have always been as essential a portion of an actor's stock as his wigs and rouge pots. Some make it a practice—a well-known comic actor is a signal instance—of "gagging" all through their part, if not to the embarrassment, at least to the comparative extinction, of their companions. Some of the traditional "gags" are jealously preserved and handed down; and it is often thought of great importance, when a part is attempted, "to get the gags" from the fortunate player who has their custody. The modern ver-

sion of the "Critic" seems with gags—allusions to the "Christy Minstrels," and the like—for which Mr. Charles Mathews lately attempted a pleasant justification. There are some gags in the "School for Scandal," especially that precious question about the letter from the country, "Was the postage paid?" and in the recent revival of the "Rivals" there were a number of jests introduced certainly not warranted by the original text. Sheridan, therefore, seems to be the chief victim.

"WHICH BE JOEY?"

MISTAKES like the following happen more frequently than is supposed. Two countrymen went to Covent Garden to see Joe Grimaldi as clown. They arrived at "half-price," during the last act of "George Barnwell," when Charles Kemble as Barnwell, and Murray as Thoroughgood, were on the stage, and exciting great applause. One of the countrymen was heard to say to the other, "Which be Joey?"

A RECOGNITION.

ZUCHELLI, a famous baritone singer, whose fame was well known on the continent, came to the London Opera House. When Michael Kelly saw him behind the scenes, he started and said, "We have met before. Were you ever in Wine Tavern Street, Dublin?" The signor admitted the fact. It turned out that he was no other than

"Teddy Kelly, of the Cross Puddle," an old schoolfellow of Michael Kelly's.

INCONVENIENT HOMAGE.

ON the last night of Macready's engagement at Paris, he performed Othello, and when he was called before the curtain a vast number of his French audience leaped on the stage and overwhelmed him with embraces. This *épanchement du cœur*, as they would have called it, brought its inconveniences, and many faces showed the effects of their contact with that of the Moor.

"BUSINESS."

HISTRIONIC "business" has its sacred traditions. In comedies of the last century, when a gentleman was surprised in his garden reading, the invariable "business" was to throw away the book into the adjacent stream or shrubbery. This was considered to be easy carelessness of high life. Garrick, in the scene with his mother in Hamlet, used to have the back legs of his chair shortened, so that it would tumble over with a touch as he rose hastily. That the grave-digger in the same play should wear a number of waistcoats, is held equally sacred.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"I LIKE Wrench," a friend said to Elliston, "because he is

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

the same natural easy creature *on* the stage, that *he is off.*"—"My case, exactly," retorted Eliston; "I am the same person *off* the stage that I am *on.*" "The inference, at first sight," says Charles Lamb, who reports or invents the story, "seems identical; but examine it a little, and it confesses only that one performer was never the other always, *acting.*"

CHARY PRAISE.

THERE is a well-worn story of Mrs. Siddons, which is yet excellent of its kind. On her first appearance at the Edinburgh theatre, her playing was received coldly, and without the slightest applause, so much so that she vowed, if her next point failed, she would never set foot in Scotland again. The point was given; there was a pause, when a voice in the "put" was heard, "That's no' bad!" This cautious criticism produced first laughter, and then the applause she was so eager for.

FREE AND EASY.

AN American actor was pressing familiarly on Mr. Macready at rehearsal, and was checked by the rebuke: "Sir, do you want to shake hands with your king?"—"I don't know about that," was the reply, "I always do so with my own president."

"THE NAIL."

THE same tragedian was greatly put out by the stupidity

of an inferior actor at rehearsal, who would persist in coming down the stage in front of him. The carpenter was called and told to drive a brass-headed nail into the floor. "Now, sir," said Macready, "remember you are not to proceed beyond that spot." At night, during the performance, he became quite confused in his part, and kept his head down, without giving the proper cue. "What are you about, sir?" growled the tragedian, under his breath.—"Ain't I looking for that blessed nail of yours?" The idea that the remedy for his failing should itself become the cause of a fresh failing, is highly ludicrous.

SHOULD AN ACTOR FEEL?

It is stated that Betterton, when playing Hamlet, was actually seen to turn pale as the ghost appeared. Miss Kelly used to relate that she felt the hot tears dropping from Mrs. Siddons's eyes as the great actress bent over her when playing one of her most pathetic characters. Supposing, however, that such sensibility was exhibited every night, it is evident that it would become a mere habit; and the question has often been discussed as to whether the mere signs of artificial emotions, duly regulated by study and genius, are not more effective? Johnson took a highly characteristic view of the matter, when he declared that if Garrick was ever so carried away by his acting as to feel for the moment like Richard, he deserved hanging

each time he played the character.

*AN EYE TO THE MAIN
"CHINCE."*

THE humours connected with strolling companies are endless. One Jenny Whitely, a well-known manager, was playing Richard, and in the famous "tent scene" delivered the lines with the singular interpolation:—

"Hence babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!"

("That man there, in the brown wig, has got into the pit without paying.")

"Richard's himself again."

SOLDIERS' AT THEATRES.

A GUARD of soldiers always attends at Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres. This custom is said to be owing to a dispute that took place on the stage between Quin and some young "bloods" of the day, when the watch had to be summoned. King George the Second sent for the offenders and lectured them, and, to prevent such impropriety in future, ordered that a guard should attend every night.

SALARIES OF ACTORS.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, when Drury Lane Theatre, under Garrick's direction, had reached the highest prosperity, the salary of the leading actors averaged fifteen pounds a week. The names of 160 performers

were on the books. Nearly that number of plays were always ready for performance, each with its cast of players celebrated in each character. A good leading comedian now receives about 25*l.* a week. Two well-known performers, of great popularity, are known to make over ten thousand a year each! The usual terms in the provincial theatres is to share the profits of each night, with the manager, after all expenses are paid.

GARRICK AND LORD MANSFIELD.

THERE is a little-known but highly characteristic story of Garrick, which shows the nice and delicately ordered nature of his mind. At a dinner party he was asked by Lord Mansfield to repeat the dagger scene in "Macbeth" for the company. This rather awkward request Garrick did not refuse, but began to explain the difficulties of conveying the idea of the situation under such circumstances. "The mind of the spectator," he said, "should be prepared. It should be recollected that Macbeth was a nobleman highly honoured by the king, &c., and that he was bound to protect him as his guest, and yet was in his chamber for the purpose of murdering him." "Then he sees the apparition," continued the actor, who had been artfully preparing the minds of the guests all the time that he had been unfolding the difficulties of doing so, and exclaims, "Is this

a dagger which I see before me?"—"That's all very true," interrupted Lord Mansfield, with singular *gaucherie*, "but surely, you can recite a portion of it for us?"—"Impossible," said the actor, coldly. He then changed the subject, "Where are we to meet again, my Lord?"

A COMPLIMENT.

WHEN Kemble was superintending the building of Covent Garden Theatre, the following "neat" epigram was written:—

"Actor and architect, he tries
To please the critics one and all;
This bids the private tiers to rise,
And that the public tears to fall."

A DEFAULTER ACQUITTED.

KEMBLE's formality and "noble Roman" manner often furnished amusement to the jester. This haughty bearing, however, was sometimes checked by mortifying circumstances. One night, when "Pizarro" was "running," there was a long wait, and it was announced that one of the actors was absent, and that the indulgence of the audience was requested for a few moments. Kemble then presented himself rather abruptly, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" He had scarcely retired when the delinquent himself, his face red with haste, and in his great-coat and dirty boots, rushed on

the stage, and panted out his excuses. "Ladies," he said,— "for you I must particularly address—my wife—my wife," (here his feelings overcame him for a moment,) "*was confined but an hour since*, and I—" (but here he was interrupted by a tremendous burst of applause, the motive for which it would be hard to define nicely, though it probably meant sympathy), "and I ran for the doctor." Roars of affectionate interest broke forth. He attempted to add further explanation; he would not be listened to, and retired triumphant and consoled, with his hand on his breast. This "rehabilitation," it may be conceived, was not very agreeable to Kemble, who was destined, however, to receive further mortification before the play concluded. Rolla has to try and corrupt a sentinel, who was played by Emery, when the following dialogue took place:—

Rolla. Have you a wife?

Sentinel. I have.

Rolla. Children?

Sentinel. Had two this morning.—*I have three now.*

This rather happy hit produced such a roar of delight that the gravity of the scene was lost, and Kemble himself forced to retire without being able to add another word.

TIT FOR TAT.

SOME of the jests and repartees that have passed between rival dramatic authors, or between authors and managers, are of a very superior class.

Thus Garrick said, with some complacency, to Foote, "I see, after all, you are acting one of my pieces at the Haymarket."—"Pooh," said the other, "I must have some sort of ventilation for my little house in this hot weather." Here are all the elements of surprise so necessary to a witty situation: Garrick's air of triumph at an enemy's being obliged to fall back on one of his productions: Foote's apparent acceptance of the position, and, lastly, the rather ignominious use for which the piece was adapted.

So with Sheridan's reply to Monk Lewis, who was offering for a wager *all* the money brought by his successful "Castle Spectre." "No," said Sheridan, coolly, "but I will bet you all that it is worth." A very different thing.

So when Boaden, who had gone about calling Drury Lane "a wilderness," (from its vast size,) came to Sheridan with a new piece, the latter said, good-humouredly, "You are entitled to call my theatre a wilderness, but it is too much to expect me to give you an opportunity of proving your words." This is very happy.

ODD PHRASES.

IN Victor's "History of the Theatres" occurs a quaint phrase. He is criticising the "Earl of Essex," and describes the last act, "where Essex and Southampton are going to execution,

which proved an agreeable incident."

THEATRICAL biographers, such as Boaden, Murphy, Campbell, have some very strange and inflated phrases. Murphy, that Mrs. Cibber, "with her expressive and harmonious voice, spoke daggers in every sentence," and adds, that it was "the thunder and lightning of virtue." "The audience," says Boaden on another occasion, "was for once electrified without noise." "Demetrius," says Murphy, describing the close of a tragedy, "presents a bowl of poison to his wife. She obeys, and dies soon after. Dumnorix weeps over her, and falls on his own sword. It is unnecessary to add that this catastrophe made no impression, and that the piece ended in a cold, languid, and unimpassioned manner." Campbell, the poet, has the most extraordinary expressions in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," but it is believed not to have been his work at all.

THUNDER.

STAGE thunder seems to have been produced in the same way from the earliest days. In a prologue to "Every Man in his Humour" occur the lines:

"Nor roll'd bullet heard
To say it thunders, nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm is
come."

The sheet of metal, violently agitated, is indeed the most convenient and therefore the most popular "property," but

the "roll'd bullet" gives the effect of the distant thunder with far more effect. Peas, rattled in a hollow roller, is the conventional mode of representing rain; while the whistling wind is, or used to be, produced by turning a sort of treadwheel on which a cloth was laid. This suggests the wintry Ginean scene in one of Mr. Robertson's pieces, so elaborately got up at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, where the characters seemed to have infinite difficulty in closing the door of the hut against the wind; and a shower of some white liquor was artfully thrown in, as the door opened, to give the idea of snow and sleet.

AGE OF ACTORS.

THERE is certainly something remarkable in the longevity of actors. It might reasonably be assumed that the hard work coming at the close of the day, the strain on the lungs, and the mental exertion, would tend to a speedy wearing out the system. Dr. Clarke Russell has collected many instances of old age in actors. Wilks lived to 88; Mrs. Clive, Beard, Betterton, Reeley to 75; Murphy, Jack Johnstone, King, Vining, and Wallack to 78. Dowton reached 88, Colley Cibber 86, Yates 97, Macklin to some years over 100! Mrs. Glover was 68, Garrick 65, Harley 72, Liston 69, Pope and Quin 73. This list might be vastly extended. Miss Farren, Munden, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Hartley,

Wewitzer, Quick, Mrs. Mattocks, Bensley, Tate Wilkinson, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Abington, Moody, Charles Kemble, Charles Young, Mrs. Glover, Richard Jones, Mrs. Bartley, Charles Mackay, Farren, Hartley, Vandenhof, Lady Becher, Paul Bedford, were all septuagenarians. To these may be added the names of Buckstone, Webster, Phelps, Macready, Mathews. The Law and the Stage are certainly the most healthy and most hard-working of professions.

YOUTHFUL VANITY.

ONE of the most amusing instances of juvenile confidence is found in the life of Charles James Mathews, father of the present excellent comedian who bears the same name. Edwin, the famous actor, had died and left a vacancy at Covent Garden. Mathews had been bitten with a mania for acting, and had figured a good deal in private theatricals of a very obscure sort. He was then a boy of fourteen. "To give an idea," he says, "of my peculiar modesty at this period, the news of poor Edwin's demise was no sooner made known than I made up my mind, inexperienced and ignorant as I was, to succeed him. I lost no time in writing to Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, tendering my services for his situation. I luckily preserved a copy of my absurd letter, and have also carefully cherished Mr. Harris's reply in evidence of my own vanity and folly."

"SIR,—The lamented death of Mr. Edwin making an opening in your establishment inspires me to offer myself as a candidate to supply the vacancy. I have never performed in any public theatrical representation yet, having been much engaged in business, but I trust this will not operate against me. I already am perfect in Lingo and Bowkitt, and know more than half of Old Doiley. Salary is no object, as I only wish to bring my powers into a proper sphere of action. I do not wish to blaze out awhile and then evaporate. Being at present bound to my father and under indentures, of course his consent will be necessary; but this is the only impediment I am aware of. Your immediate answer, if convenient, will be of great consequence to, sir, your obedient servant,

C. M.

"Mr. Harris's reply was simply as follows:—

"SIR,—The line of acting which you propose is at this time so very well sustained in Covent Garden theatre, that it will not be in my power to give you any eligible situation therein.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. HARRIS.

"In justification of this gentleman's rejection of my valuable services, and in confirmation of my vanity, I have only to add, that those excellent actors, Messrs. Munden and Fawcett, were deservedly established favourites in the line to which I aspired."

UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

PAIMER, the original, Joseph Surface, was at one time so oppressed with debt that he never left Drury Lane Theatre, and lived altogether in his dressing-room. Being later engaged at the Haymarket he was conveyed there in a cartful of scenery, concealed in a piece of stage furniture.

A MANAGER'S EXPLANATION.

THE well-known York manager, Tate Wilkinson, when any of his actors became "contrary" would address some such earnest appeal as the following to the public:—

"Theatre Royal, Hull.

"Mr. Wilkinson respectfully informs the public, that he feels himself at present much perplexed, and very unhappy, at being under the necessity of requesting their indulgence to Mr. Dunn, on Tuesday next, he having at a very short notice undertaken Mr. H. Johnson's very pleasing part of Young Leonard, in the new comedy of 'Folly as it Flies;' it must be well known that Mr. H. Johnson is in possession of a principal range of characters at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. W. truly laments he has it not in his power as manager to cast a play in the best manner for the public; but it is evidently the contrary, and he is very sorry for it."

"Mr. Garrick, Mr. Barry, Mr. Quin, and Mr. Woodward, were certainly first-rate actors, but Mr. Wilkinson has seen the two first give up Hamlet, and act the Ghost; and Mr. Quin, Justice Balance, in 'The Recruiting Officer;' and Mr. Woodward, Gibbet, in 'The Beaux' Stratagem;' and, if a part is really good, allotted by the manager, and exactly suits the abilities of the actor, why certainly that constitutes a first part to the actor, sooner than any other for which his talents are not adequate."

THE PLAYER BETRAYED.

QUICK entered the kitchen of an inn at Sheffield and walked up to the fire, where a goose was roasting. When he was gone, a countryman, who had been eyeing him intently, asked the landlord who that "comical little chap" was. The landlord told him. On which the countryman, slapping his thigh with great knowingness, said to a companion, "Dom it, I *thowht* he was a player. *Didn't ye see how he eyed the goose?*"

A HISTRIONIC SPIT.

THIS suggests another story. An actor of some reputation was sitting by the kitchen fire, pleasantly watching his supper, a roast fowl, as it turned on the spit. When thus engaged, another starved-looking actor would come in periodically, gaze wistfully at the roast, and mutter dejectedly, "It will never

be done!" At last the future consumer protested angrily. "You are not aware, sir, that this bird is for me?" The other then explained that he was waiting for the spit, without which they could not begin their performance.

A BLUNT SPEECH.

AN eccentric being named Winter was the dresser of the York Theatre. He delighted in "taking down" affected performers. A rather foppish Mr. Dwyer came panting into the green room after performing in the "Liar," and flung himself into a chair, declaring himself utterly exhausted. The dresser coolly remarked, "Ah, you should see Mr. Bennett after playing harlequin. That *was* fatiguc."

PLAY BILLS.

SATRISTS have often made a favourite subject of the vanity of players, and pretty often without just cause. The punctilios and jealousies, however, that used to arise from such a trifling matter as a place in the play-bills, or the size of the letters in which their names were to be announced, might be some justification for these attacks. In Garrick's day there were some absurd customs and contests on this subject. Leading actors would always insist on their names and titles appearing in "displayed" letters, and on the names of others being given in smaller characters. These, again, required that those of lower degree should have smaller letters.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

In short, there was a sort of | lowing bill is a fair specimen of
 "hierarchy of type." The fol- | this singular system :—

By the COMPANY of COMEDIANS.

At the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Covent Garden*,

This present Monday, being the 17th of Oct. 1748, will be presented

The FIRST PART of

King HENRY the Fourth,

With the Humours of *Sir John Falstaff*.

The Part of *Sir John Falstaff* to be performed

By Mr. QUIN.

The *King* by Mr. SPARKS,

(It being the first Time of his Appearance on that Stage)

The *Prince of Wales* by Mr. RYAN.

Prince John
Westmoreland
Northumberland
Sir Walter Blunt
Douglas
Vernon

} by {

Miss Hippisley.
Mr. Holtham.
Mr. Paget.
Mr. Ridout.
Mr. Anderson.
Mr. Gibson.

Worcester by Mr. DANCE.

The *Two Carriers* by Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. DUNSTALL.

Francis by Mr. COLLINS.

Ladslull
Bardolph
eto

} by {

Mr. Bencraft.
Mr. Marten.
Mr. Stoppelaer.

Sheriff
Traveller
Hostess

} by {

Mr. Oates.
Mr. Smith.
Mrs. Bembridge.

Lady Percy by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

And the Part of *Hotspur* to be performed

By Mr. DELANE,

Who has not appear'd on that stage these Seven Years.

Boxes, 5s.—Pit, 3s.—First Gal. 2s.—Upper Gal. 1s.

*No persons to be admitted behind the Scenes, or any Money to be returned after the
 Curtain is drawn up.*

PLACES for the BOXES to be taken of Mr. PAGE, at the Stage-door of the THEATRE.

This bill offers an amusing study. First it will be seen that there are no less than five different sizes of letter—"QUIN," "SPARKS," "RYAN," "ARTHUR," and "Hippisley." This was a mere general sketch, as it were, of the relative dignity of all the actors. But the rank of the bright particular stars had to be emphasized more strictly. The words "to be performed by" were always insisted on by players of the first rank, which thus became a special token of honour. When that could be conceded, the next degree was the enjoyment and strict monopoly of a whole line, as "The King by Mr. Sparks." The humbler fry were herded together. It was not until long after that the inconvenience of these nice distinctions were got rid of; and it was considered a great reform when the line "to be performed by" was abolished. "These disputes," says Wilkinson, "occasioned much murmuring. Sometimes a lady took the lead, and her rival was *bottomed*, and the hero placed in the middle. But all would not do; and in the year 1757, the line of 'to be performed by' was obliterated, and the great letters for the principal were continued, which Mr. Kemble for his own ease and quiet of the theatre has entirely banished."

DOWTON ON LARGE TYPE.

"My dear Elliston, I am sorry you have done this: you know well what I mean—this cursed quackery, these big let-

ters. I cannot endure that my name should be so particularized. . . . If there really be any advantage in it, why should I or any single individual take it over the rest of our brethren. But it has a nasty disreputable look, and I have fancied the whole day the finger of the town pointed at me, as much as to say, 'That is he. Now for the Reward!'"

SHORT AND BLUNT.

QUIN once wrote to a manager to hint to him that he was disengaged.—"I am at Bath, yours, JAMES QUIN." To which came a reply quite as laconic, but more forcible,—"Stay there, and be damned, yours, JOHN RICH."

THERE is another little correspondence quite as blunt and curt. The veteran, Mrs. Garrick, thinking of her Davy, wrote to Kean,—"Dear sir, you cannot play Abel Dragger, yours, EVA MARIA GARRICK." The actor replied,—"Dear madam, I know it, yours, EDMUND KEAN."

UNANSWERABLE.

HOLLAND was "starring" it at York, where also happened to be one of the inferior actors of Drury Lane. In "Macbeth" this underling was playing one of the murderers, and in his reply to Macbeth's "There's blood upon thy face," instead of the usual half whisper, literally vociferated, "'Tis Banquo's then,"

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

in a tragic tone. The actor after the scene was over quietly hinted to him that there was no necessity to deliver that speech in quite so pointed a manner, when the other replied roughly, "Hark ye, Master Holland, I've my reputation to make in this town as well as you!"

When the curtain fell, the enraged tragedian railed at the unfortunate player for daring to do such a thing. "Sir," he replied, "I must have choked if I did not." "Sir," said Mossop, "you should choke a hundred times rather than spoil my scene!"

A SECOND FATHER.

DR. GLOVER was a well-known physician who later went on the stage. When he was in Cork, a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, whom he contrived to smuggle away to his house and actually restore to life. A few nights later the doctor was on the stage acting Polonius, when a voice came from the pit, "Doctor, shure you're my second father, and have brought me a second time into the world, and are bound to maintain me." This was the revived sheep-stealer now very drunk. The sheriff was actually present, and recognised his victim, but good-naturedly retired while the bystanders succeeded in getting the man away.

DEAD ALIVE.

MOSSOP'S stateliness is always amusing. He was once acting Osmin, in the "Mourning Bride," where he had to stab Selim, a mere subordinate character. Selim should have remained dead on the stage, but being unluckily seized with a fit of coughing was obliged to put up his hand to loosen his stock, which convulsed the audience.

AN EFFICACIOUS HINT.

ON occasions when payments were much in arrear at Smock Alley, Mossop, as Lear, was being supported in the arms of his faithful Kent, who suddenly whispered that he would let him drop on the stage, if he did not give his honour that he would pay him that night. Much alarmed, Mossop whispered, "Don't talk to me now." "I'll do it," said the other, and the tragedian actually had to give his word.

STAGE ADVERTISEMENT.

IN one of the rapturous bursts of panegyric of their own pieces, in which it is the fashion for theatrical managers of our day to indulge, we read of a triumph of scenic effect, representing old London Bridge, with "the *still* waters of the Thames gliding *swiftly* beneath."

STAGE FEASTS.

ONE of the most ingenious departments of stage delusion is connected with these banquets, which so often could furnish forth the scenic table. The humour of many pieces seems to

turn on the sight of comic actors eating and drinking voraciously, or being interrupted, getting drunk, etc. Pasteboard fowls and tarts, and toast and water, usually form the staple of their Barmecide feast. There is, however, a time-honoured convention—usually honourably observed by managers—that on the occasion of the performance of “No Song no Supper,” a *reunion* of mutton shall be provided. This used to be considered an important privilege at the country theatres. A modern Frenchman has almost made a reputation by his representation of a man eating his supper; and he is said to fast the whole day, in order to give due realism to the part, as well as to leave sufficient space for the amazing quantity of edibles he is obliged, by the necessities of his part to consume. Mrs. Crawford told Charles Lamb a pretty story of her own childhood, when she was a half-starved struggling little maid.” In some child’s part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (oh! joy to Barbara!), some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (oh! grief and pain of heart to Barbara!), that when she crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputtering to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears,

which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.”

WOOD v. GLASS.

MAHON, a sort of dandy actor, had to sing a well-known song of Dibdin’s in “The Jubilee”—

“Behold, this fair goblet was carved from the tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare was planted by thee.”

The property man at the wing presented him with the proper wooden cup, but the actor disdained such a vulgar material, and sent for a handsomely-cut glass rummer. He sang the song with this in his hand, the

“Fair goblet carved from the tree,” to loud hissing from the audience.

“LAKERS.”

O’KEEFE heard some Irishmen say, as a strolling manager passed, “Hush, boys, look! That’s the *ringlader* of them all.” English rustics were more blunt, and used to come up to the strollers, stare, and, with a loud shrill voice ask, “Daw ye toomble to-noight.” In certain districts they were contemptuously known as “lakers.”

PIT REFRESHMENTS.

AT the Dublin and London theatres oranges and apples (“Chase your oranges, Chase numparell’s,” was the well-known cry) were the favourite refreshment in the pit. There was

something more refined in the notion than in the present shrill invitation, "Any soda water, bottled ale, porter, or stout!" which disturbs the *entreacte*. In the Limerick theatre in the old times a sort of rustic elegance was reached,—peaches, at a half-penny each, being the favourite refreshment.

SOVEREIGN & "H. B."

ON some old Belfast playbills in the last century was to be seen the odd heading, "By permission of the Sovereign of Belfast." This was then the customary designation of the mayor of the town. On some of the Isle of Man playbills is sometimes to be read, "By permission of his honour, the H. B. of Douglas." This abbreviation, it seems, refers not to the well-known caricaturist, but to the functionary known as "High Bailiff."

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THE TAKING OF STRASBURG AT ISLINGTON.

A VAST enclosed shed, covered in and about the size of a railway station, with enormous galleries all round, I found gave a fair idea of the country about the devoted city. That country, too, was well laid down in earth-mould and sawdust, than which nothing could be better for the easy manœuvring of artillery and cavalry. At the far end we could make out the towers and battlements of the devoted city, with slanting timber approaches from the ground, by which you

could ascend to the gates. The cathedral was in the distance, sentries were seen peering over the walls, and a cab actually drove over the drawbridge. This was not a mere scenic town, where a tower is usually a foot or so higher than the human figure that guards it; but really of enormous dimensions. Suddenly we hear the sound of music, and looking down to the lower end, see the glitter of gold lace. It is the French army arriving to defend the town; the band of the establishment—whom I think I had seen at Cremorne Gardens, before they took service under the tricolour—leading; at the head of his legions debouched the gallant Ulrich himself, mounted, in the red trousers and cocked-hat trimmed with swan's-down, while his legions, at least fifty or sixty strong, had the white gaiters, knapsacks, tentes d'abri, &c., of the regular French force. I mention the number of this relieving force in no spirit of mockery; for in the theatrical world such would be justly accounted an enormous army. The staff, however, was moderate, consisting, I think, of one mounted officer; but the force of artillery that followed was surprising. It consisted of no less than four batteries, each well horsed and appointed. We followed them with our eyes, saw them traverse the mould and sawdust of the outlying country, and slowly ascend the zigzag staging, a school of fortification in great favour with the Vaubans of the theatres, and enter the devoted fortress. The arrival

of this ominous contingent naturally produced confusion in the outlying district, and I was not at all surprised that the country people had taken the alarm, and were now coming in from one of the doors in a most effective procession—the national costume, the blouses, the women's large white caps—and their worldly goods with them. It was curious to see how even the circus horses, who had a short time before been cantering round with star riders on their backs, were now "requisitioned" for more servicable functions. It showed the awful nature of the crisis. This sorrowful procession comprised also led goats, little children on ponies, and one remarkably well-fed cow—the family's little all; and, strange to say, a flock of sheep of at least twenty. But the exposing a camel and dromedary to bombardment seemed a needless piling of horrors; though I wondered at the partiality which could exempt from enclosure an intelligent elephant which had recently gone through its sagacious performances on the very *enceinte* of the fortress. It seemed unfair to the other animals, especially as elephant flesh has been proved by connoisseurs to be a delicacy.

All this strange gathering was got safely within. Yet though the enemy must have been actually in sight, and though I had a suspicion that the French troops were hard at work dressing against time, and exchanging their clothes for those of the hated Germans, still the spirit of the population was so fine,

that they descended the inclined planes, and clustered on the lowest edge to sing the "Marschallaise," accompanied by an orchestra down below on the *enceinte*, or in the *enceinte*. Not only that, but after they had gone in, there was farther time for the sentinel on duty to receive the visit of a young lady to whom he was apparently betrothed, and hear her sing the well-known "You are going far away from your poor Jeanette." She had not time to give the second verse, for a peculiar jingling and thudding at the other end told us that the Uhlans were at hand. Those terrible horsemen came charging in, rode boldly on, to, or within, the *enceinte*, and actually tried to get into the town. But they little knew the stuff the brave Uhrich was made of. Instantly he with some of his gallant fellows—the rest were then fitting on Prussian helmets—had come on the walls, shots were exchanged, two or three of the Uhlans fell from their horses cleverly, and the rest had to canter away in very dashing style. These were merely scouts; the rest of the German army was coming on; and here they were now with the spiked helmets, though the tunics seemed more like second-hand familiar grey suits of a volunteer corps. Still they made a far better show than the French. I was glad to see the Bavarians—emphasised by the regular sea-shell helmet—very conspicuous. It would have been an ill-compliment to these fine fellows, on whom the brunt of the work has lain, to

merge them in the general defenders of the German wars. Lastly came a very fair staff, in front of a tall bluff-looking old gentleman in a scarlet cloak and blue trousers, and whom we all recognised—such are the uses of the illustrated papers—as the pious King William. By his side rode a gentleman in an English Windsor uniform, and rather handsome, and whom I dimly recalled in a lower station—I think walking round a ring and cracking a whip to keep the trained horse going. And yet here, he was now raised to the dignity of Chancellor of the Empire! But I noticed he was rather coldly treated by his royal master, who bore himself very stiffly and apart, as if he did not wish to commune with his faithful soldier. But see, what does this mean? An open barouche-and-four, containing three general officers in cocked hats, and escorted by cavalry, has arrived, and is driven slowly and deliberately round, so as to be in view of all, actually within a yard or so of the Strasbourg sentries, whose chassépots could have readily disposed of the slender guard, whose innocence was no less to be admired! Perhaps they feared to endanger the life of the illustrious prisoner—for such he was—whose surrender for private reasons was thus post-dated to Strasbourg. I confess the effect was far finer, and there was a noble incongruity, a Regulus-like degradation in the sovereign's being thus led round under his still resisting city. The king behaved with

true Cæsaric dignity. But when the occupant of the barouche descended and humbly presented his sword, I thought the royal captor was gruff in his bearing. He never deigned a single remark; and Count von Bismarck was too strongly engaged with his English Windsor uniform to take any notice of the victim of reverse, who was then led away ignominiously out of the arena—I mean out of the *enceinte*.

No doubt inflamed by this triumph, the Germans now rushed to the attack. They, too, had their four batteries, so much resembling what we had seen before, that I knew at once they had been captured. The enemy came down out of their fortress to the *enceinte*. Nothing could have been more spirited than the conflict: the firing was tremendous. His Majesty remained within a few feet of the struggle, looked on in an unconcerned fashion, and was never noticed. The terrible Count, all the time within pistol-shot of the chassépots, escaped as by a miracle, rather conveying the idea that he felt himself out of range.

Then a very curious scene took place, which I was privileged to witness. The ground was covered with the dead and wounded, and I was glad to see that a feeling of humanity prompted the Germans to send a mounted flag of truce, or more correctly, a mounted man bearing a flag of truce, into the fortress. On this, all the country people—I recognised them individually—who had driven in the sheep, cattle,

camels, came out now for this holy office, carrying stretchers, on which they bore off the dead and wounded to sad and solemn music. Indeed, these poor people seemed to have too much work cast upon them; for the same persons had formed the chorus of the "Marseillaise," driven in the cows, had then done duty as Bavarians, then as French, &c., and were now part of an ambulance corps, all within, say, ten minutes. But I must not linger over this exciting siege, whose rapidity did so much credit to the Germans. Now came the final assault: cannons roared, rockets flew, the town took fire, the besiegers went up the inclined plane. Valour was of no avail for the defence; and amid a great deal of red fire and a choking mephitic vapour, Strasbourg was taken.

ASTLEY.

OLD Astley was a very eccentric personage, in his speech and manners. The managers of Covent Garden Theatre once applied to him for the loan of some of his stud for a pantomime. Characteristically enough, he seemed to think that his horses would be disgraced by appearing on a common stage, where mere actors figured. "Why, damme, sir," he added, in his odd English, "it's scandalous magnesium! Then let Mr. Harris lend me Mrs. Siddons to sing in my amphitheatre!" After his return from a visit to France, he was asked, it may be presumed by a *confrère* of the circus, "had

he seen the French Prince of Wales over there?" "Go, you ignoramus," he answered, "there ain't no Prince of Wales in France—he's the *Dolphin* there—why I might ha' learned him to ride if I would."

RICHARDSON ON MAC-
READY.

DR. CLARK RUSSELL quotes an amusing criticism of Richardson's, the showman, in whose presence Macready was being praised. He was asked had he seen him? "No, muster," he answered, "I knows nothing of him; in fact, he's some wagabone as nobody knows—one of them chaps as ain't had any edication for the thing. *He never was with me, as Edmund Kean and these riglars was.*"

MR. WEBSTER'S EARLY
DAYS.

A SIMPLE and really touching account has been given by Mr. Webster of his early struggles in theatrical life. At nineteen he had married a widow with a family; and then began a series of privations, met with indomitable courage. He tried in every direction for engagements, but without success, walking vast distances to all the country theatres. "I had heard that Mr. Beverley, of the Tottenham Street Theatre—now called the Queen's,—the father of that great scenic artist who now wields the brush where dear Clarkson Stanfield once held sway, was about to open the

Croydon Theatre for a brief season. I applied to him for walking gentleman. 'Full,' For little business and utility. 'Full,' For * harlequin and dancing. 'Didn't do pantomime or ballet ; besides didn't like male dancers ; *their* legs didn't draw.' For the orchestra. 'Well,' said he, in his peculiar manner, and with a strong expression which need not be repeated, 'why just now you were a walking gentleman !' 'So I am, sir ; but I have had a musical education, and necessity sometimes compels me to turn it to account.' 'Well, what's your instrument?' 'Violin, tenor violoncello, double bass, and double drums.' 'Well, by Nero !' — he played the fiddle, you know — 'here, Harry' (calling his son), 'bring the double—no, I mean a violin—out of the orchestra.' Harry came with the instrument, and I was requested to give a taste of my quality. I began Tartini's 'Devil's solo,' and had not gone far when the old gentleman said that would do, and engaged me as his leader at a guinea a week. Had a storm of gold fallen on me it could not have delighted Semele more than me. I felt myself plucked out of the slough of despond. I had others to support, board myself, and to get out of debt. I resolved to walk to Croydon, ten miles every day, to rehearsal, and back to Shoreditch on two-pence a day—one pennyworth of oatmeal and one pennyworth of milk—and I did it for six weeks, Sundays excepted, when I indulged in the luxury of shin of beef and ox-cheek. The gen-

tleman in the gallery pelted the orchestra with mutton pies. At first indignation was uppermost, but on reflection we made a virtue of necessity, and collecting the fragments of the not very light pastry, ate them under the stage, and, whatever they were made of, considered them ambrosia. At the end of the sixth week I had so pleased Mr. Beverley and his son Harry, that I was asked 'to give a specimen of my terpsichorean abilities in a sailor's hornpipe. I essayed the task, buoyed up with hope, dashed on the stage, got through the double shuffle, the toe and heel, though feeling faint : but at last, despite every effort, I broke down through sheer exhaustion, consequent upon a near approach to starvation, and the curtain dropped on me and my hopes, and I burst into an agony of tears. However, this mourning was soon turned into joy, for Mr. Beverley behaved like a father to me, and engaged me as walking gentleman and harlequin for his London theatre, where I made my first appearance as Henry Morland in the 'Heir-at-Law,' which, to avoid legal proceedings, he called 'The Lord's Warming Pan.' From the Tottenham Street Theatre I went to the English Opera, now the Lyceum ; from there to Drury Lane, thence to the Haymarket ; from there to Covent Garden, the Olympic, the Adelphi—and here I am, such as I am."

When we see this admirable actor playing the Poor Author in the play of "Masks and Faces,"

and performing on his violin for the children, this graphic account of his early life always comes back to us. Perhaps, too, the recollection of his own early struggles has helped to make the character so truthful and interesting.

DROLL TRANSPOSITIONS.

ACTORS, in their nervousness, have sometimes made curious alterations in the text. The best, and best known, is the one that was addressed to Hamlet: "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough!" instead of "let the coffin pass." There is a grotesque appropriation in the new shape which is highly diverting. On another occasion, an actor was playing Sir Edward Mortimer, and came to the passage—

"You may have noticed in my library a chest."

The very cumbrous nature of the line made him not unnaturally glide into an awkward transposition—

"You may have noticed in *my chest* a library."

On which the performer who was playing with him could not help laughing. Sir Edward had then to say—

"You see he changes at the word."

On which the other replies—

"And well I may!"

Which caused the whole house to roar.

Charles Kemble was said to have fallen into one of these mistakes when playing Shylock. Instead of

"Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?"

he said—

"Shall I lay surgery upon my poll?"

A MISER.

SOME rather original manifestations of the passion of avarice are recorded of Moody, the well-known performer of Irish parts. A friend named Barford had helped him for some hours to cut wood. It was a hot summer's day, and the assistant asked for some beer. Moody reluctantly filled out a tumbler and corked the bottle, when his friend asked for a little more. "I own," said the actor, with singular candour, "you deserve it, but it goes to my heart to give it to you."

He lent some money to Brereton, a brother player, which was not at once repaid. The first time they met Moody looked earnestly at him, and vented a kind of noise between a sigh and a groan. On every succeeding occasion he repeated this extraordinary sort of appeal, until the other became so annoyed that he flung down the money. "Well, I did not ask you for it, Billy," said Moody, with gentle reproach. When Sheridan was in arrear to him for salary the actor threatened to present himself on the hustings, and state his grievance to the electors. This procured him payment.

AN ECCENTRIC MANAGER.

ELLISTON had a sort of stately eccentricity—a Malvolio-like stateliness which infinitely di-

verted his contemporaries. Elia was never weary of dwelling on his oddities, which his own fine touch could illustrate with an almost Shakspearian delicacy. Elliston had gone down to a theatre of his own at Birmingham, and had occasion to reprimand an actor who was very deficient in his part. To his astonishment, the performer retorted with a volley of abuse, adding that if another word was said he would kick him into the pit. It might be supposed that the offender was discharged on the spot; but Elliston, who did not even know the names of his own performers, rushed at once to the stage manager, and asked who the man was. He was told. "A great man—a very great man, sir," was his remark! *He threatened to kick me—the lessee of Drury Lane.* Such a man must go to London. He mustn't waste his energies here." It is said he really engaged the actor for Drury Lane on the spot. There is something coherent in this incoherency, and it is not so surprising that Elia should have taken delight in studying such a being.

FALSE COMPLIMENT.

EDMUND KEAN was rather fond of paying well-meant compliments to his brethren. "You are the best Iago I ever played to," he said to a painstaking young actor at Edinburgh, who only smiled in return for such handsome praise. Kean asked him the reason, when the other candidly replied, "I can scarcely believe that, for I know of seven other

poor Iagos to whom you have said the same thing." "Do you?" was the answer; "then Edmund Kean is a greater humbug than I took him for." This was only the tragedian's ill-luck. In all the professions such compliments are frequently paid and accepted, though their insincerity may be perhaps undetected.

A MODERN PLAY DAMNED.

THE good genuine old-fashioned damning, with all the conditions favourable, we come in for as rarely as we do for a good fire. Such a piece of fortune came about when a certain comedy called "Ecarté" was submitted to this time-honoured process. The piece was said to be the work of a noble person—of itself a most dangerous challenge to the low irreverence of a British audience. The theatre had been gorgeously restored and decorated only a few weeks before, so as to be a fitting casket for the new dramatic jewel. The more than luxurious stalls were filled with what are called "swells," whose rather vacuous countenances seemed to reflect by anticipation the congenial entertainment that was to follow. There was a general boudoir air over the whole, save only in the ranks of unsympathising and almost derisive faces, seen through the dark shadows of the pit. It was easy also to discern the faces of "some devilish good-natured friends," invited to participate in the coming triumph;—"it's full of faults, you know," as the author might

modestly say to them ; " but really not so bad as you might think." The " swells," it must be said, heartless always, seemed to enjoy their friend's discomfort more than any people in the house. Everything was done for this wonderful play that the most lavish outlay of money could do. Beautiful scenery ; a wardrobe of dresses that would set Madame Elise up in business ; furniture that seemed to have been carted wholesale from some nobleman's house, and with which the stage was furnished as by upholsterer's men ; breakfasts, dinners, picnic baskets of hams and fruits and champagne from Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's, that really made the audience hungry to look at. The only things wanting were such trifles as acting and a play. It was a merry evening ! every one going away in spirits and good-humour ; a state of mind rare in the present condition of things theatrical. The piece seemed to be all about one of those quiet and eminently sarcastic men, who get into gay country houses, who are much overlooked, but all the time are using their eyes and ears, putting down the shallow, setting up the weak, &c. It is a certainty that a villain of insinuating manners, but underneath his gentlemanly exterior " of the deepest dye," should be invited to meet the party. Such a ruffian was actually here, with matrimonial designs ; and in the end was unmasked (and actually put in irons) by the sarcastic gentleman. It was easy to analyse what was in the mind of the

author. With all amateurs it is a dear truth, that this gentlemanly reserve, this " quietness " of eye and manner, is the grand element of dramatic art, and in their novels and plays men with such gifts always figure. Women are specially partial to these persons. Another delusion is, that only a gentleman can give true pictures of high life and manners. The villain was " baffled " through the piece in the most amusing ways. If he offered his arm to a lady, the cynical man interposed with a snile and carried off the lady, while the villain muttered, " Curses on him ! " If he wanted to be alone with any one, this unpleasant gentleman intervened, with an air as who should say, " I have baffled you, my boy, in the most skilful way." It was no more than an adroit tendering of his elbow on which the lady laid her hand. But as a grotesque situation, what could rival the following ? The country-house guests are walking in the woods previous to a picnic, when they meet " the beggar woman,"—so described in the bills—sinking with exhaustion on the ground. The beggar woman happens to be the villain's betrayed wife ; but this is not known. She is fainting, the ladies cannot bring her to herself, when some one suggests to the midshipman of the party, " What if you sing her that old song of Home ! *Do !*" The midshipman at once complied, and literally screams of laughter. That situation alone, and the hearty laughter I en-

joyed as he sang on his lamentable ballad, looking her steadfastly in the face, as though he really believed it would have a medicinal effect, was worth the whole price of a stage-box. What shall we say of the deep disclosures of intricate villany that followed? How the wristband was turned up, to show a mark on the arm, with perfect gravity. From that moment set in the most uproarious mirth. Every incident was the occasion, unfairly perhaps, of new mirth, and the curtain fell amid uproarious demonstrations.

MACKLIN INSTRUCTING A PUPIL.

IN Macklin's garden there were three long parallel walks, and his method of exercising their voices was thus: his two young pupils with back boards (such as they use in boarding schools) walked firmly, slow, and well, up and down the two side walks. Macklin himself paraded the centre walk: at the end of every twelve paces he made them stop, and turning gracefully, the young actor called out across the walk, "How do you do, Miss Ambrose?" she answered, "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Glenville." They then took a few more paces, and the next question was, "Do you not think it a very fine day, Mr. Glenville?" "A very fine day, indeed, Miss Ambrose," was the answer. Their walk continued; and then, "How do you, Mr. Glenville?"—"Pretty well, I thank you, Miss Ambrose."

And this exercise continued for an hour or so (Macklin still keeping in the centre walk), in the full hearing of their religious next-door neighbours. Such was Macklin's method of training the management of the voice: if too high, too low, a wrong accent, or a faulty inflection, he immediately noticed it, and made them repeat the words twenty times till all was right.

SPORT TO YOU, DEATH TO ME.

ONE Stuart, an actor at Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, by one of those curious whims which for an audience seem irresistible had been selected as a sort of theatrical butt. "The characters intrusted to Stuart were rather of an underling kind, such as Oswald, or Lord Stanley, or 'The coach is at the door,' and in such parts he gave no great sublimity. Yet certain of the audience adopted a fancy to give thundering applause to every line and word he spoke, either in 'tragedy, comedy, pastoral, history, or poem unlimited;' so that, by this nightly custom, the real and genuine monarch of the boards was totally overlooked—and whether it was a Hamlet or a Lear, an Othello or a Posthumus, Beatty Stuart's single line engrossed all the applause. Smith, the capital London actor, coming over to Dublin, had Richard for one of his characters. Stuart was the Catesby, and Stuart received his usual share of plaudit. Smith was astonished and con-

used, and strutted and stamped; and when he went off, laid a strict injunction on the manager never to send that actor on with him again: however, this unhappy applauding persecution continued night after night. At length, poor baited Stuart ventured suddenly to stop, walk forward, and thus address the audience:—

“Gentlemen (or whoever it is that have got it into their heads to hunt me down in this manner), I acknowledge I am no very great actor, nor do they give me any very great parts to spoil; but in such as I am allotted, I do my best, and by my endeavours, poor as they are, I contrive to support myself, my wife, and my family of children. If you go on this way with me the manager must turn me off, and thus you deprive me of my morsel of bread. It may be fine fun for all of you, but remember’—(and he clapped his hand to his breast in a feeling and affecting manner, and burst out with) remember the fable of the boys and the frogs—‘tis sport to you, but death to me!’

“This heart-sent appeal had an instantaneous effect, and he it spoken to the humanity of a Dublin audience, from that night Mr. Stuart never had one hand of applause.”

A BOLD AUTHOR.

CONGREVE’S brilliant comedy, “The Way of the World,” was heartily hissed on its first performance. The author came forward at the close, and coolly

asked the audience, “Is it your intention to damn this play?” “Yes, yes! off! off!” were the cries that saluted him. “Then I can tell you,” he answered, “this play of mine *will be a living play when you are all dead and damned!*” He then walked away slowly.

A STAGE TRICK.

IT was one of the old conventional arts of the tragedian in the days when tragedies were acted, to keep himself a little drawn back beyond the other actor who was taking part in the scene. When two experienced “stagers” got together, it became amusing to see each trying to carry out this device at the other’s expense. O’Keefe one night saw Macklin and Sheridan engaged in this little competition, and each retreating as his rival retired. They both presently found themselves driven up against the back scene.

ABSURD SITUATION.

MRS. DANCER—the actress who had married three times, and who had been Dancer, Barry, and Crawford—was very near sighted. One night, in the part of Calista, the tragedy was on the point of culminating, after a fine performance, by the heroine stabbing herself, when she dropped her dagger. Owing to this defect in her eyes, she could not see where to pick it up. The attendant pushed it towards her with her foot; but this was no help. Finally the

confidant was obliged, from sheer necessity, to pick it up and present it to her mistress with great courtesy. The latter then proceeded to despatch herself according to form.

PRAISE AND NO PRAISE.

THE following little scene is said to be a faithful picture of Garrick's sensitiveness, when another of his profession was praised, as well as a specimen of the little arts by which he nervously tried to enfeeble that praise. As a specimen of character it is excellent.

Nobleman.—Now, Mr. Garrick, Mossop's voice—what a fine voice, so clear, full, and sublime for tragedy.

Garrick.—Oh! yes, my Lord; Mossop's voice is, indeed, very good—and full—and—and—But—my Lord, don't you think that sometimes he is rather too loud?

Nobleman.—Loud? Very true, Mr. Garrick,—too loud,—too sonorous!—when we were in College together, he used to plague us with a spout and a rant and a bellow. Why we used to call him "*Mossop the Bull!*"—But then, Mr. Garrick, you know, his step!—so very firm and majestic—treads the boards so charmingly!

Garrick.—True, my lord: you have hit his manner very well indeed, very charming! But do you not think his step is sometimes rather too firm?—some-what of a—a stamp; I mean a gentle stamp, my lord?

Nobleman.—Gentle! call you it, Mr. Garrick? Not at all!—at

College we called him "*Mossop the Pavlovr!*"—But his action—his action is so very expressive.

Garrick.—Yes, my lord, I grant, indeed, his action is very fine,—fine—very fine: he acted with me originally in Barbarossa, when I was the Achmet; and his action was—a—a—to be sure Barbarossa is a great tyrant—but then, Mossop, sticking his left hand on his hip, a-kinbo, and his right hand stretching out—thus! You will admit that sort of action was not so very graceful.

Nobleman.—Graceful, Mr. Garrick! Oh, no! by no means—not at all—everything the contrary—His one arm a-kinbo, and his other stretched out!—very true—why, at College, we used to call him, "*Mossop the Teapot!*"

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

ANOTHER good-natured fragment of conversation has been preserved,—Emery, Cooke, and Incedon being overheard discussing John Kemble. "He has no natur," said Emery, "not a bit. But then he never wur the feyther of a child, and that accounts for it." "With the voice," said Cooke, "of an emasculated French horn, and the face of an itinerant Israelite, he would compete with me, sir—me, George Frederick Cooke! Wanted me to play Horatio to his Hamlet, sir! Let him play Sir Pertinax, that's all. I would like to hear him attempt the dialect." Then Incedon: "At-tempt! The fact is, my dear

bys, he'd attempt anything !
Why, he actually attempted to
sing, d—— me, in the presence
of the national singer of England,
Charles Incledon !”

SKATING ON THE STAGE.

THE late device of skating on the stage was lately introduced in Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord," and made the "Pas de Patineurs" and such things the rage. As well known, little wheels are attached to the foot, on which the skater glides through nearly the curvetings and gyrations that would be feasible on ice. This art, however, was practised on the public stage more than a hundred years ago ; and a brother of Giordani's, who was a dancer, often added this feat to the attractions chosen for his benefit at the theatre in Dublin, which bore the racy name of "Smock Alley." He, however, used the ordinary skates, and a number of serpentine grooves were cut lightly on the boards, the course of which the artist followed.

VANITY.

COLMAN and Harris had many disagreements, when both were managers of Covent Garden Theatre. After one very angry dispute, in which the other partners joined, Colman snatched up the poker—not for any violent purpose, but to rake and "rattle about" all the coals in the fireplace—exclaiming vehemently, "Well, I can stir a fire better than any man in this room !" •

A MISTAKE.

ONE night at the Dublin theatre, Digges, when playing Hamlet, burst a blood-vessel. With the permission of the audience, "She Stoops to Conquer" was promptly substituted, the comedy performers happening to be in the house at the time. A country gentleman, who had come up specially to see Digges in his great part, had just gone out for some refreshment, having left just as Hamlet parted with the ghost. On his speedy return, he saw a convivial scene going on, with a chorus and laughter and jocular remarks. He was so bewildered that he first fancied that he had mistaken his road, and gone to the other theatre ; then that this was some revised version of the piece, he not being very deeply read in Shakespeare. It was some time before he discovered the truth.

A GOOD DEVICE.

IN 1784 an Irish clergyman arrived in London, bringing with him no less than ten plays,—five tragedies, and as many comedies, one or two at least of which he wished to submit to the London managers. "One of his tragedies," says O'Keeffe, who tells the story, "was called 'Lord Russell,' and one of his comedies 'Draw the long Bow.' Mr. Harris received him at his house with his usual politeness, and sat with great patience and much pain listening to the Doctor reading one of his plays to him ;

when he had got to the fourth act, Mr. Harris remarked that it was very fine indeed—excellent; ‘but, sir, don’t you think it time for your hero to make his appearance?’—‘Hero, sir! what hero?’—‘Your principal character, Lord Russell. You are in the fourth act, and Lord Russell has not been on yet.’—‘Lord Russell, sir!’ exclaimed the Doctor; ‘why, sir, I have been reading to you my comedy of ‘Draw the long bow.’—‘Indeed! I beg you a thousand pardons; but I thought it was your tragedy of ‘Lord Russell,’ you had been reading to me.’ The angry author started from his chair, thrust his manuscript into his pocket, and ran down stairs out of the house. When I again met the Doctor, he gave a most terrible account of the deplorable state of the English stage, when a London manager did not know a tragedy from a comedy. I laughed at his chagrin so whimsically detailed to me, and he was all astonishment and anger at my ill-timed mirth. This reverend gentleman (his dramatic mania excepted) was a man of piety and learning; and I believe Mr. Harris’s witty expedient effectually cured him of profane play-writing, and changed a mad scholar into an edifying divine. He translated some of the books of Milton into Greek, which were, I understood, printed at Oxford.”

STAGE DRESS.

THE absurdities of stage costume have been often described.

O’Keeffe recalled some amusing instances: “I saw Barry,” he says, “play Othello, the Venetian Moor, in a complete suit of English regimentals, and a three-cocked gold-laced hat!—and Thomas Sheridan, in Macbeth, dressed in scarlet and gold English uniform; and when king, he wore a Spanish hat turned up before, with a diamond and feathers in the front. All the characters in the play of ‘Richard III.’ appeared in the same modern clothes as the gentlemen in the boxes wore, except Richard himself, who dressed as Richard, and thus looked an angry Merry Andrew among the rest of the performers. In the play of ‘Henry VIII.’ none wore the habits of the times but Henry himself: his whole court were apparelled in the dress only known two hundred years after. Some of the great performers,” he adds, “had peculiar tricks of fancy in their acting. Digges, in Macbeth, preparing for his combat with Macduff, always put his fingers to the bosom of his waistcoat, and flung it entirely open: this was to show he was not *papered*—a previous defence, which was thought unfair and treacherous; he then with his open right hand gave a few taps to the side of his hat, drew his sword, and fought until he was killed.” Macklin—not Garrick or Kemble—was really the first reformer of stage costume. He was the first to play Shylock in the correct Jewish dress of the time; and there is a curious picture by Zoffany representing him in the

trial scene. He is there shown in this old-fashioned dress, but the rest of the company look like the English lawyers and courtiers of George III.'s time. It might be a scene at Westminster Hall. Garrick played Macbeth and Othello in the costume of the English army of his time. Kemble is entitled to the credit of having made a wholesale reform.

SEVERE.

FITZBALL, the dramatist, and grand compounder, in his day, of "blue fire," "terrific combats," and other melodramatic elements, was complacently repeating, in presence of Douglas Jerrold, that "some one had called him the Victor Hugo of the English stage."—"Much more likely the Victor *Nogo*," said the bitter Jerrold. This is not a perfect "jest," but for its rude severity and spontaneity, it is admirable.

"A HOBBY."

THEATRICAL lawsuits are often fruitful in pleasantry. A question of acting "The Agreeable Surprise" without leave from the manager of the theatre, who had the copyright, had given rise to a suit. One of the counsel read, with some contempt, the "nonsense" burden of Lingo's well-known song—

"Amo Amas,
I love a lass ;"

and which runs—

"Tag rag merry derry
Perwig and hatband,
Hic hoc horum, genitivo."

and asked O'Keeffe if he were the author of *these* words. The dramatist was a little abashed. But the judge came to his aid. "Oh, that is nothing," he said; "Shakspeare for *his* clown had recourse to the same humorous experiment." It was then urged on the piratical side that "Lingo was quite a hobby of mine," to which the lively Colman replied, "But you should not take a hobby out of my stable."

MACKLIN AT REHEARSAL.

LEE LEWES, at a morning rehearsal, introduced what he thought was a pleasant gag into one of Macklin's comedies, and which he considered very smart. Macklin was directing the rehearsal. "Hoy! hoy!" he said, "what's that?" "Oh," said the other, "only a little of my nonsense!"—"Oh, that was it," said Macklin; "but I think that *my* nonsense is better than yours: so keep to that, if you please, sir!"

This excellent actor and author was particularly *exigent* at these rehearsals, and quite tired out the performers, one of whom exclaimed at last, "Why, this is worse than the Prussian exercise." Macklin, after a pause, looked steadily at the actor and then said, "Suppose we all go and sit a little in the green room." They followed him in, when he took out his watch, laid it on the table and said, "Now we'll sit here just one hour." They sat there the whole hour, when he rose and said, "Now that we are all in good humour

again, we'll go back to the stage to begin our rehearsal again."

4 STAGE LORD MAYOR.

DURING Sheridan's management in Dublin there was a facetious actor named Sparks, "who was the stock lord-mayor in plays like 'Richard the Third,' and, being a dignified figure, had *some blank verse dukes* palmed upon him, which he even looked upon as a hardship: so, to get rid of them without downright quarrelling with his interest, he turned them into downright drollery. Mr. Sheridan, who was the Richard, and was ever averse from mirth mixing, and *intruding on his serious scenes, where capitally concerned*, addressed honest Isaac thus one morning: 'Mr. Sparks, you are an excellent comedian; in most of the parts you undertake you are unrivalled. But, sir, I hope you will pardon me for what I have done; I have taken the liberty to set down Mr. Pakenham for the lord-mayor in to-morrow's bills. You know, my dear sir, that the extraordinary good humour your very appearance throws the whole audience into, without any sinister design in you, so totally disconcerts the gravity and proper attention that should attach to so interesting a scene of the play wherein you are concerned, that my feelings are discomposed for the whole evening after.'—'Very well, mighty well, Mr. Sheridan; I thank you, sir, for many holidays I am likely to

enjoy, during this suspension from my civic office.' But mark the consequence of this change of magistrates—no sooner did the new lord-mayor make his appearance, than the gods above began to show their fierce resentment, by shouting out, 'Off! off!'—accompanied with whole volleys of potatoes, &c., which obliged Richard himself to apologise for the affront he had put upon them, by the removal of their favourite; and all was hushed for that night."

The quaint style in which this story is told—it was in fact dictated by Lee Lewes—will not have escaped the reader.

THE BEST SORT OF CRITICISM.

EDMUND KEAN was complaining to Mrs. Garrick of the unfairness of the newspaper criticisms on his acting. "You should write your own," said the old lady, then nearly a hundred years old: "*Davy always did*." This lively speech was, however, scarcely true, though Davy often prompted, or "inspired," the critiques on his acting.

PROPHETIC.

ONE night, when Edmund Kean was playing Shylock at an obscure country theatre, he was so pleased with the young actor who had acted Tubal, that he went up to him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said to him heartily: "Sir, you have played Tubal finely; persevere, and you will become a great

actor!" The humble being thus encouraged was Mr. Phelps, whose "Man of the World," at least, justifies the sagacity of the tragedian.

A SHAKSPEAREAN ENTHUSIAST.

JACK REYNOLDS, brother of the dramatist, was very fond of the stage, and, attending a masquerade as Shylock, took the trouble of learning the whole part by heart, so as to be ready with appropriate answers or quotations. Even after the masquerade was over, he could not refrain from "pointing every moral," or adorning every occasion with a line from this favourite play, to the great annoyance of his family. Thus, when he was reproved for carousing by his grandmother and asked, why he got up so late, he replied:

"I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour."

At dinner, when he was asked from what part of the turkey he would choose to be helped, he replied, with emphasis,

"Nearest his heart!"

Again, when some debtors came to the family to beg time and indulgence, he startled the whole party by bursting forth into a vehement and fierce denunciation—

"Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Jailer look to them."

He was so much in earnest

that the poor debtors were in serious terror, until the rest of the family made him recant, which he did graciously, by repeating the fine passage that begins—

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

A DRAMATIST'S NOTE BOOK.

REYNOLDS, when a mere youth, having dramatized the "Sorrows of Werther" with some success, was encouraged to turn his talents to the subject of Rousseau's "Eloisa." "I will describe," he says, "my absurd and laborious fashion of composition. I was, in fact, a tinker upon paper; and made it a rule, by asking myself written questions, and my characters questions, and by hints and references and directions, to fill four pages every day." Here is a specimen from the commonplace book:—

SCENE.—A garden. — *Enter Eloisa.*—Then follows, "Well now, my darling, what have you to say for yourself?"

Again in the following page:
"Vide Rousseau—St. Preux, Lord Edward Bomston, and M. Wolmar—three lovers—bravo Julie! Quære—Can I venture to introduce the letter of the French child of nature in the novel of— I forget the name—

"My dear Mamma,
"Though I am dying for love of the Marquis, I cannot refuse the Count nightly assignations. Can you tell me the reason?"

"I remain, ma chère Maman,
Yours, &c., &c."

"But the actors—the cast—neither Holman, nor Pope, will play BOMSTON, notwithstanding he is a *lord*."

"The rose by any other name, would smell as sweet."

"Rousseau, when he named this proud character, forgot the unfortunate associations, which the habit of converting the long open O, into the short sounding U, might create in the breasts of his English readers. But who is to play BOMSTON? Wroughton, Farren, or Frank Aikia?—Curse BOMSTON!"

THE CLIVE "SPELLING."

THE famous Kitty Clive was notorious for her bad spelling. The following is a specimen, taken from a letter of condolence:—

"There is nothing to be said on these molancholy occasions To a person of understanding—fools Can not *feel*, people of sence *must* and *will*, and when they have sank their spirits till they are ill, will find that nothing but submission can give any any Consolation to ineveit able miss fortune."

KEAN AND TALMA.

KEAN had taken his wife to see Talma, in "*Orestes*," a performance about which he was enthusiastic. He was provoked at finding her so cold during the representation. "You don't understand the thing. Nothing was ever like him. He is worth both me and John Kemble put toge-

ther." When, however, the mad scene arrived, she was completely converted, and became as rapturous as she had before been cold: "I never saw anything to compare with it." Her husband was quite piqued. "I think that I can do better than that," he said; "only wait till you see my mad scene!"

JEREMY DIDDLE.

THE name of "Jeremy Diddle" has done useful service in English conversation. As is well known, it is the title of a character in the amusing farce of "*Raising the Wind*." Not so well known, perhaps, is the fact that it was modelled on a strange being named Bibb, well known to the taverns and Bohemian society of his day for his inveterate "impecuniosity." His acquaintance with friends generally commenced in a manner characteristic of his habits, viz., by a small loan. Mr. Taylor first met him at a low gambling house in Soho.

"Baddeley, the actor was also there. A dispute arose between Baddeley and the doctor, which was likely to terminate seriously, but the rest of the assembly interposed, lest the character of the house should be called in question, and their nocturnal orgies suppressed. The house went under the name of the '*Royal Larder*,' which was merely a cover to conceal its real purpose, that of a place for the meeting of gamblers."

"I was very young at the time, and being ignorant of the

game, I had not courage to engage at the hazard-table. It was a meeting of a very inferior kind, for a shilling was admitted as a stake. I had a very few shillings in my pocket, which Bibb borrowed of me as the box came round to him, and lost every time.

"How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, insomuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of 'Half-crown Bibb,' by which appellation he was generally distinguished, and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2000*l.* in half-crowns.

"I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and, expressing my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he again interrupted me with, 'Oh! never mind that old blockhead. *Have you such a thing as ninepence about you?*' Luckily for him I had a little more.

"There was something so whimsical in this incident, that I mentioned it to some friends, and that and others of the same kind doubtless induced Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called 'Raising the Wind.' Another cir-

cumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton. Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. Bibb readily accepted them, of course, but said on parting, '*Remember I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence.*' This stroke of humour induced Morton to regret that Bibb had left him his debtor.

"Bibb, in his latter days, devised a good scheme to raise the supplies. He hired a large room for the reception of company once a week, which he paid for only for the day. He then, with the consent of his friends, provided a handsome dinner, for which the guests paid their due proportion. There can be little doubt that many extraordinary characters assembled on these occasions. He told me his plan, and requested I would be one of the party. I promised I would attend, and regret that I was prevented, as so motley an assemblage must have afforded abundant amusement.

"Bibb's father, knowing the disposition of his son, left him an annuity, which was to be paid at the rate of two guineas a week, and which never was to be advanced beyond that sum. This was, however, probably dissipated the next day, and,

when expended, he used to apply to his sister, a very amiable young lady, who was married to a respectable merchant. Having been tried by frequent applications, the husband would not let him enter the door. Bibb then seated himself on the steps, and passengers seeing a man decently dressed in that situation, naturally stopped, and at length a crowd was collected. The gentleman, then desirous of getting rid of a crowd, and probably in compliance with the desire of his wife, found it necessary to submit to her brother's requisition.

"Nothing could subdue the spirit of his character, for he would make a joke of those necessities under which others would repine, droop, and despair. His death was fortunate at the period when it happened, for it not only relieved him in old age from probable infirmities, which, if they had confined him at home, would doubtless have deprived him of all resources of an eleemosynary nature, but would have reduced him to absolute starvation. It was also, as I have before observed, fortunate, for he escaped the mortification of seeing his character brought upon the stage."

*CHARLES LAMB, AND THE
FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW
TRAGEDY.*

GODWIN wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish; the plot, simple, without being naked; the incidents uncommon, without

being overstrained. Antonio, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honour, immolates his sister—but I must not anticipate the catastrophe.

The conception was bold; and the *dénouement*, the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered, not much out of keeping: yet it must be confessed that it required a delicacy of handling, both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part. * John Kemble, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had undertaken to play Antonio. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher's first play was a new era. The night arrived. I was favoured with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M. G. sat cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio, in the person of John Philip Kemble, at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the *protasis*—should do. The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed

hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced; but in his honest, friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest; but still John kept his forces under,—in policy, as G. would have it,—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The *protasis*, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration,—’tis M.’s way of showing his zeal,—“from every pore of him a perfume falls.” I honour it above Alexander’s. He had once or twice during this act joined his palms in a feeble endeavour to elicit a sound; they emitted a solitary noise without an echo: there was no deep to answer to his deep. G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming-forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G. as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring; when

suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger, Don Gusman (who, by the way, should have had his sister), balks his humour, and the pit’s reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. The audience were here fairly caught; their courage was up, and on the alert; a few blows, *ding dong*, as R—s, the dramatist, afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business,—when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud, for disappointment; they would not condemn, for morality’s sake. The interest stood stone-still; and John’s manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas-time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough: his neighbour sympathized with him, till a cough became epidemic. But when, from being half artificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalized among the fictitious persons of the drama, and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends, then G. “first knew fear,” and, mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr. Kemble laboured under a cold, and that the performance might possibly have

been postponed with advantage for some nights further,—still keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull.

It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed, in vain the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, in vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning, John had taken his stand,—had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it; when, towards the winding-up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Elvira herself,—for she had been coolly arguing the point of honour with him,—suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation, demanding justice. The feeling rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion in a Brutus or an Appius; but, for want of attending to Antonio's words, which palpably led to the expectation of no less

dire an event, instead of being seduced by his manner, which seemed to promise a sleep of a less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Elvira, they found themselves betrayed into an accompliceship of murder, a perfect misprision of paricide, while they dreamed of nothing less.

M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fast hold of speculation,—the drama in which the world was to be his tiring-room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators at once and actors.

ABSENT CRITICS.

It may be suspected that a performance is often praised in general and conventional terms, by a critic whom either accident or some other business has prevented attending the performance. But to *assail* a piece or performers when the critic has not been present, would be found too daring and risky a proceeding for even the most unscrupulous. Such a proceeding, however, has often taken place in the old "slashing" days of criticism.

On the 5th of October, 1805, says Mr. Cole, a revival of Farquhar's comedy of the "Constant Couple" was announced for that evening at Drury Lane, but postponed on account of the

illness of Elliston. A Sunday paper, however, contained the following account :—

"Last night, Farquhar's sprightly comedy of the 'Constant Couple' was most laboriously and successfully murdered at this theatre. Elliston tamed down the gaiety of Sir Harry Wildair with a felicity which they who admire such doings can never sufficiently extol. The gay knight was, by the care of his misrepresentative, reduced to a figure of as little fantastic vivacity, as could be shown by Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes. Beau Clincher himself was quite lost in Jack Bannister; it was Bannister, not the Clincher of Farquhar, that the performance suggested to the audience. Miss Mellon was not an unpleasing representative of Angelica; but criticism has not language severe enough to mark, as it deserves, the impertinence of Barrymore's presuming to put himself forward in the part of Colonel Standard. We were less offended, although it was impossible to be much pleased, with Dowton's attempt to enact Alderman Smuggler. But the acting was altogether very sorry."

The maligned actors brought an action against the authorities of the paper, who compromised, and got off cheaply, by paying 50*l.* to the theatrical fund.

In the *Theatrical Inquisitor* for October, 1812 (a periodical in continuation of the *Monthly Mirror*), we find the following extract, headed "Newspaper Criticism," taken from the pages

of the identical journal's predecessor :—

"Oct. 3d.—We were supremely gratified on Tuesday evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, during the representation of the opera of the "Cabinet," to hear that Mr. Sinclair had attended to our critical advice, and that his adoption of it was eminently servicable to his professional character. In executing the *polacca*, he very prudently abstained from any wild flourishes, but kept strictly to the law of melody, by which he gained upon the public ear so strongly, and so deservedly, that he was encored three times, by the unanimous desire of the whole audience; and we trust, after so decided a victory upon the part of true melody over the vagaries of science, that he will never more be fantastical. Unadulterated nature is modest and simple, and, like the pure beauty, is ever most efficient in attraction when she is unbedizened by the frippery of art. A meretricious female resorts to finery in the hope of acquiring a substitute for the lost loveliness of virtue; but the most cunning labour of her toilette is not propitious to the aims of her desire."

On this the *Inquisitor* comments thus :—

"To this exquisitely-laboured piece of criticism there is but one solitary objection,—the opera of the 'Cabinet' was indeed underlined at the bottom of the Monday play-bills, for the following night; but in those of Tuesday it was changed to the 'English

Flect,' which was accordingly represented on the Tuesday evening—that very evening on which the reporter, of the veracious journal to which we allude heard Mr. Sinclair thrice encoered in the *polacca*."

PAYMENT FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

MANAGERS whose half columns of advertisements in the daily papers have become an enormous charge on the weekly receipts, may look back wistfully to the days of Garrick and Sheridan, where, among other "palmy" things enjoyed, was the luxury of being paid by the newspapers for the privilege of inserting the theatrical announcements. Covent Garden received from the *Public Advertiser* 64*l.*, Drury Lane nearly the same, and each theatre besides enjoyed 200*l.* a-year from all the newspapers collectively for accounts of the new plays. The bringer of an early play-bill usually received half-a-crown, just as the speedy bearer of a reporter's packet is rewarded.

FLATTERING COMPLIMENT.

DURING his first success at Drury Lane, Kean overheard a knot of old stage carpenters discussing the various performers of Hamlet they had seen in their day. "Well," said one, "you may talk of Henderson and Kemble, and this new man, but give me Bannister's Hamlet.

He was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em." This is truly characteristic.

THE UNLUCKY CUE HUNTER.

KEAN was acting at Edinburgh, and announced for Orestes. When he came to rehearsal on the day of performance, he found that he had forgotten nearly the whole part. He said to the Pyrrhus of the night, "Are you a cue-hunter?" Cue-hunter, to the experienced in stage phraseology, implies a matter-of-fact actor, who cannot get on without the exact word; but the beginner to whom the question was put, imagined that it meant, "Are you perfect?" to which he answered with eager acquiescence, "You may rely upon it, sir, that I am to the letter." "The devil you are?" rejoined the inquirer; "then we shall be in a precious mess to-night."

The play begins with an introductory scene between Orestes and Pylades. Then follows the delivery of the embassy to Pyrrhus, who is seated on his throne in full council. All this is detailed in a long diplomatic speech, to which Pyrrhus replies wit fencing diplomacy of the same class. Unless this exordium is made clearly intelligible to the audience, the whole play resolves itself into a mystery. Pyrrhus can neither say nor do anything, until he knows what is required of him. The speech begins with these prosaic lines,

of no meaning beyond empty compliment :—

"Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador, since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son."

Orestes then goes on to the business of the embassy.

"Now," said Kean in the morning to the Pyrrhus, "I foresee that I shall stick in this speech at night, so as soon as I feel that I am breaking down, I shall wink my off-eye at you, and you can then come to the front and go on with your answer."

When night came, the first scene went off smoothly enough. With the change, Pyrrhus entered and ascended his throne R. H. ; Orestes was introduced L. H., and began deliberately :—

"Before I speak the message of the Greeks" (a strong wink of the eye, repeated several times, and then, after a pause, with a quick epigrammatic turn), "I wish to hear what you have got to say."

The house rang with applause, which gave the astonished King of Epirus time to collect himself; and as it was evident the ambassador was determined that he should speak first, he had nothing left for it but to proceed with his reply to uncommunicated proposals, and which, as far as the audience were concerned, might as well have been delivered in Chaldaic.

In the great interview with Hermione, in the fourth act, where Orestes has more to act with his face than to speak in

words, Kean brought down loud acclamations. In the mad scene he threw himself body and soul into the fulness of the situation, and when at fault for the exact words, substituted lines and speeches from the more familiar frenzy of Sir Giles Overreach.

On the following day the papers unanimously condemned the play, but lauded the actor to the skies. The part, they said, was unworthy of the talent he threw away upon it, and the English adaptation of Racine poor and uninteresting. One critic remarked, that towards the conclusion certain passages fell upon the ear as incongruous and unclassical, but this might be owing to the clumsiness of the translation. The same writer said of Pyrrhus, "Mr. — looked his part well, and was splendidly dressed. This gentleman, who is new to our boards, has promise, but he was evidently imperfect. We would suggest to him the propriety of more careful study when standing by the side of so great an actor as Mr. Kean."

A VETERAN.

In the year 1839 Mr. Strange, at Edinburgh, witnessed Charles Kean's performance of Hamlet. This gentleman was the son of Sir Robert Strange, the engraver, and had often seen Garrick in the same part, and pronounced its present representation superior. It should, he added, however, as some qualification to this judgment, that he

was over eighty-four years of age. It is curious, however, to think that this old gentleman might have seen every great actor and actress—except the generation of Betterton, Mrs. Porter, and the like, from Garrick to Macready.

MISTAKE.

MR. J. WILSON CROKER used to say that he had heard of a lady who "wept all through 'As you Like it,' when Mrs. Siddons played Rosalind, under the idea that she was witnessing 'Jane Shore.'"

CHERRY.

ANDREW CHERRY, the comedian (the same who concluded a letter, "you cannot make two bites of A Cherry") was a singular character.

During his early days, says Mr. Matthews, in one of the provinces, he was performing Autolycus, in "The Winter's Tale," in which character he had to remark—with an expressive action of his finger upon his forehead—

"The king is a very good man, but he wants it *here*!"

The unlettered part of the audience, who knew no distinction of date or place, but viewed the whole world as *England*, and knew nothing of *time* but *time present*, construed the above speech into rank treason, and the demi-gods, brim-full of British loyalty, hurled upon the devoted head of the actor their loudest thunder, precluding the

continuation of the play, until the latter portion of the auditors exerted their influence over "the poorer born," and succeeded in producing a temporary calm.

The offender, who was, like Grumio,

"A little pot, and soon hot,"

could not control his irritation, at the gross stupidity of those on high, and bounced forward, and with an emphasis of anger and contempt, exclaimed—

"It's the King of *Sardinia*—ye *Pumps*!"

"NO RELIGION."

THE father of Grimaldi, the famous clown, who was living near Red Lion Square, was visited, during the famous Gordon riots, by an uproarious mob, who assumed that as a foreigner he belonged to the obnoxious Faith, his hall door not being chalked with the words, "No Popery!" The shout, "No Popery!" was raised, and they were preparing to sack the house, when Grimaldi suddenly threw up the second-floor window, and making comic grimaces, addressed them, "Gentlemen, in dis hose dere be no releegion *at all*!" This happy speech produced roars of laughter, and the mob passed on, giving him three cheers.

A GOOD BENEFIT.

CHARLES KEMBLE used to tell a story of some poor foreigner, French pantomimist or dancer, who used to appeal to

the public with regular annual benefits, but always with the most disastrous results. At last he came forward one night with a face beaming with pleasure, and said, "Dear public! moche oblige—ver good benefice—only lose half-a-crown—I come again!"

ACTORS' JESTS.

THE last time Charles Young called on Mr. Planché he left his card, on which was inscribed,—

"'Tis I, my lord—the early village cock!"

He was a great *farceur*, and delighted in the most elaborate practical jokes. "Munden," adds Mr. Planché, "never saw me in the street that he did not get astride on his great cotton umbrella, and ride up to me. . . . Wallack and Tom Cooke would gravely meet, remove with stolid countenances each other's hat, bow ceremoniously, replace it, and pass on, without exchanging a word, to the astonishment of the beholders. Meadows would continually seat himself on the kerb-stone opposite my house at Brompton, with his hat in his hand, like a beggar, utterly regardless of strangers, and refuse to move on until he had been thrown a penny."

LISTON.

AN oddity of Liston is told by Mr. Planché in his most agreeable book of Recollections.

"Walking one day through Leicester Square with Mr. Mil-

ler, the theatrical bookseller of Bow Street, Liston happened to mention casually that he was going to have tripe for dinner, a dish of which he was particularly fond. Miller, who hated it, said, "Tripe! Beastly stuff! How can you eat it?" That was enough for Liston. He stopped suddenly in the crowded thoroughfare in front of Leicester House, and holding Miller by the arm, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "What, sir! So you mean to assert that you don't like tripe?" "Hush!" muttered Miller, "don't talk so loud; people are staring at us." "I ask you, sir," continued Liston, in still louder tones, "do you not like tripe?" "For Heaven's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Miller; "you'll have a crowd round us." And naturally people began to stop and wonder what was the matter. This was exactly what Liston wanted, and again he shouted, "Do you mean to say you don't like tripe?" Miller, making a desperate effort, broke from him, and hurried in consternation through Cranbourne Alley, followed by Liston, bawling after him, "There he goes!—that's the man who doesn't like tripe!" to the immense amusement of the numerous passengers, many of whom recognised the popular comedian, till the horrified bookseller took to his heels and ran, as if for his life, up Long Acre into Bow Street, pursued to his very doorstep by a pack of young ragamuffins, who took up the cry, "There goes the man that don't like tripe!"

UNSUITABLE GHARACTERES.

NEARLY all the great players have longed to figure in parts that were not suitable to their talents. The "comic country man" of the provincial theatres often envies his brother professional in the part of Hamlet or Macbeth, and sincerely believes that he could do it more justice. Mrs. Siddons believed that she had great talents for comedy, acted the "Widow Brady," and once made a piteous exhibition of herself in Nell in "The Devil to Pay." She considered, too, that she could give a comic song called "Billy Taylor," with particular humour; and those who have heard her perform in this line declared that the grim and laborious solemnity was infinitely diverting. Her brother fancied that he shone in lively Charles Surface, which must have suggested something almost elephantine. King, the beau-ideal of high comedy, insisted on appearing as Richard the Third. The most outrageous exhibition of the kind was that of Mrs. Abington, the original, and said to have been the finest, Lady Teazle. At her benefit, to attract the town by the novelty of a new character, she performed the part of Scrub, in "The Beaux Stratagem." "At a very early hour," says Angelo, "the house was quite full. That night I accompanied my mother to Mrs. Garrick's box, when a general disappointment ensued. With all her endeavours to give new points to the character, she

entirely failed. Her appearance *en Euloties*, so preposterously padded, exceeded nature. Her gestures to look comical could not get the least hold of the audience, though they had seen her before in men's clothes, when playing Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," where her figure, dressed as a lawyer in his *gown*, gave effect to her excellent delivery on mercy, and the audience had been always delighted. But this *jeu de bénéfice*, comparatively speaking, was disgusting and absurd as she dressed the character.

EDMUND KEAN.

DURING fourteen years Edmund Kean received from Drury Lane over two hundred thousand pounds, of which sum he had not in the fourteenth year a hundred pounds left. Yet his splendid *début* at that house had rescued him from a state of the most abject misery and starvation. Such a being could learn nothing from either prosperity or adversity.

UNINTENTIONAL TRAGEDY.

THE Kembles, who were stately *au bout des ongles*, often found even their common remarks falling into the shape of blank verse.

"Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord!"

was Mrs. Siddon's remark, delivered in rather tragic tones to

a Provost who sat beside her at dinner. It may have been on the same occasion that she addressed an astonished page—

"I asked for porter, boy :
You've brought me beer !"

Her great brother was not behind hand. When about to cross some swollen stream at Abbotsford, he said to Sir Walter,—

"The flood looks angry, sheriff :
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree !"

His great sister once scared a linendraper by the tragic intensity with which she put the question, "Will it wash ?"

AUDIENCES AT THE CHIEF LONDON THEATRES.

AN inquiry was lately made by Mr. Harry Bolcno as to the average numbers that attend the twelve principal theatres within a quarter of a mile of the Strand. The result was as follows :—

Theatre Royal, Drury lane—
Average audience, 4,000 ; *employés* (before and behind the curtain), 1,100.

Covent Garden — Audience, 4,000 ; *employés*, 600.

Queen's — Audience, 2,500 ; *employés*, 154.

Lyceum — Audience, 2,500 ; *employés*, 130.

Vaudeville—Audience, 1,800 ; *employés*, 120.

Adelphi — Audience, 1,800 ; *employés*, 136.

Charing Cross — Audience, 800 ; *employés*, 55.

Opéra Comique — Audience, 1,080 ; *employés*, 60.

Globe—Audience, 1,000 ; *employés*, 60

Strand—Audience, 1,200 ; *employés*, 100.

Olympic—Audience, 900 ; *employés*, 60.

Gaiety—Audience, 1,500 ; *employés*, 150.

With this list may be compared some Paris figures. At the present time, the largest theatre in Paris is the Châtelet, which will seat 3,500 persons. Then follows the Ambigu, 1,900 seats ; the Opéra, Gaieté, and Opéra Comique, 1,800 ; the Italiens and Odéon, 1,700 ; the Variétés and Palais Royal, 1,400 ; the Français, Vaudeville, and Châtelet, 1,300 ; and the Athénée Gymnase, Folies Dramatiques, and Bouffes, 1,200 seats. The Châtelet looks larger than Drury Lane, because built on better principles, but Drury Lane will "seat" 4,000 people. The Châtelet is lit in a very original fashion. The entire vast ceiling is formed of yellow glass, through which the light comes. Behind the scenes the space is so vast that it was jocularly said that the stage-manager had to ride about mounted to give his directions.

One of the most elegant, sumptuously finished, and most spacious theatres of Europe is that of La Monnaie, at Brussels. Covent Garden offers a noble interior, but there is a strange stiffness in the line of the boxes, which does not harmonize with that of the walls that contain them. The Lyceum and Drury Lane are the only two in London whose approaches are constructed with a view to architectural effect. The grand hall

and rotunda staircase of the latter are really impressive, while the former has a certain pretension to grace. But these houses were built in days when THE SALOON was an important and lucrative element in the arrangements.

CORRECT ELOCUTION.

"THE elder Sheridan was a good elocutionist, and, when declaiming, particularly scrupulous as to the rhythm of his lines. In his later days he was obliged to be constantly clearing his throat and spitting -- "hawking," as it used to be called, but would not allow this process to interrupt the measure of his verses. An odd effect was therefore produced, and it was declared that his declamation of some lines in "Cato" was as follows :

"My bane and (*hawk*) tidote are both
before me,
This is a moment brings me to my (*hawk*),
And this informs me I can never (*spit*)."

TRUE PATHOS.

CHARLES KEMBLE told Mr. Adolphus that whenever he acted Cassio, on his brother John's pronouncing the words, "I do believe it, and I ask your pardon," he made the tears gush from his eyes.

A MANAGER AND HIS ACTRESS.

THE airs and caprices of "Kitty Clive" were often not a little amusing. When Garrick

heard of her proposed retirement, he sent his prompter to ask if she were really in earnest. To such a messenger she disdained to give any reply. The manager then deputed his brother, who received for reply, that if the manager desired to know her intentions, he might come himself. The good-humoured Garrick waited on her, paid her many compliments, and begged her to stay with him. She answered by a look of contempt. He then asked "how much she considered herself worth." She replied briskly. "As much as yourself." Upon his smiling, she added tartly that "*she* always knew when she had enough, though he never did." On leaving, he again repeated that he was sorry she was leaving him. She told him that "*she* hated hypocrisy, and was sure that he would light up candles for joy at her departure—only that such a thing would be attended with expense."

HAMLET WITH ALTERATIONS.

It is well known that the best known and most popular of Shakspeare's plays have been "prepared" for the stage by Cibber and other workmen. No tragedian would resign the familiar line,—

"Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham!"

or,—

"Richard's himself again!"

Yet these are only imitation jewellery. So with the entire

pathetic scene at the end of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was supplied by Garrick. These instances, however, are pretty familiar. Not so well known is the profanity with which Hamlet has been occasionally treated. Previous to taking the piece in hand Garrick consulted friends of taste, such as Steevens and Hoadley. The former jocularly suggested throwing the last portion into the shape of a farce, to be called "The Gravediggers." Hoadley suggested that Ophelia should produce a letter of Hamlet's, with lines like the following:—

"*Oph.* There's his last letter to me ;
This packet, when the next occasion suits,
I shall return.

"*Pol.* Go we with this to the king.
This must be known."

with a good deal more of the same mock Shakspearean.

Garrick, however, went more boldly to work, left out what he called "the rubbish of the fifth act," including the grave-diggers, and made the king fight a grand battle for his life. But this is nothing to Alexander Dumas' "alterations." He makes the play close in this novel fashion. Laertes begs for mercy. The ghost sternly bids him go down to judgment, where he may not hope for indulgence.

Laertes, pray and die !" (*LAERTES dies.*) The queen exclaims, "Pity, pity !" The ghost says that it was her love that led her into crime : "Poor woman, the Lord loves those who love. Go ; tears have washed away the shame. Woman below, queen above. Gertrude, hope and die !" (*GERTRUDE dies.*) The king begs

for "Pardon !" The ghost consigns him to Satan : "Go, traitor, go ; despair and die !" (*The king dies.*) Hamlet complains pitcously of being the only one left, after he himself had been the cause of the death of four persons. What was in store for him ? The ghost : "*Thou shalt LIVE !*" (Curtain falls.) This *dénouement* won the praise of *Théophile Gautier*, as being "grand and poetic. The action begins and concludes logically, and the punishment allotted is sublime." With some grace, however, he allows that perhaps, on the whole, Shakspeare's finale is not less grand nor less philosophic.

A MODEST ALLOWANCE.

MRS. SIDDONS' salary on her successful appearance at Drury Lane was not higher than ten guineas a week. A couple of years later it was raised to twenty-four pounds ten shillings.

A DEVICE.

SHUTER was a genuine humorist, and his company was much sought by people of high rank, perhaps on the ground of his independence. One night, when he had an arduous part to perform, and was anxious to be left alone, two royal dukes came behind the scenes, and kept following him about, even into his dressing-room. "By Jove," he said at last, "the prompter has got my book. Will your royal highness kindly hold my skull-

cap to the fire? and you, your royal highness, would *you* air my breeches?" They good humouredly agreed to do so, and he thus got away. Several of the performers came and peeped through the keyhole, and saw the royal brothers conscientiously performing the duty they had undertaken.

THE FATE OF BEN NAZIR.

AUDIENCES have not been the only "executioners" of plays. There are several instances on record where the leading performer has taken that office on himself. Kemble thus sacrificed Colman's play of the "Iron Chest," destroying it slowly by a solemn impassiveness. He also contributed his aid to the failure of Ireland's "Vortigern," rolling out with lugubrious and malicious emphasis some lines that began—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which proved to be the signal for the final despatch of the piece. His more merciful but not less effectual treatment of "Antonio" has been shown.

Edmund Kean had such an opportunity in the case of a tragedy called "Ben Nazir," whose very title might be considered an invitation to a speedy damning. The unhappy author tells the story himself.

"Kean arrived in London enthusiastic, and, as he said *perfect* in his part. He repeatedly said that he hoped to reap as much fame from it as from Maturin's 'Bertram,' and that he reckoned

on playing it a hundred nights. His portrait in the part was to be immediately engraved. A new wherry, which Kean was then getting built for his annual prize-race on the Thames, was to be called the 'Ben Nazir.' The dress in which he was to appear was to be the most splendid possible; and a notion may be formed on that head from the fact that Kean was to pay fifty guineas for it, over and above the allowance from the theatre. I might cite many other proofs of his enthusiasm.

"In the meantime the rehearsals were going on admirably. Every one was already perfect in their parts with one exception, but the one was unfortunately out of control, and consequently beyond discovery. Kean attended but two rehearsals, and both of these with the written part in his hand. On one occasion he read his part with great energy and effect. It was everything I could wish; no one had a shadow of doubt as to the impression it would produce on an audience. Congratulations were poured on me on all sides with premature profusion.

"Kean now claimed the privilege of absenting himself from the subsequent rehearsals, alleging his unwillingness to lose time from the close study he wished to give to the minutest details of the part. It was thought better to let him have everything his own way in a matter into which he had so evidently put his heart and soul, and which was of infinitely more

importance to him than any one else. I was quite satisfied, for I saw him almost daily, and witnessed the unceasing industry with which he laboured at the part. He used regularly to order his carriage after breakfast and set out for Kensington Gardens, where he studied a couple of hours. Frequently he sailed in his boat on the river, and there spouted away to the free benefit of the watermen and the Naiades. I often called on him at night, knowing that my presence would keep away others, and about ten or eleven o'clock he invariably went to bed, and went to bed sober.

"The night at length arrived. Everything was ready; I saw Kean in the morning; he expressed himself with the utmost confidence; strutted about his drawing-room in his lodgings, Duke Street, Adelphi, decked out in his magnificent dress; and declaimed with great spirit some of his favourite passages—the book in his hand. Notwithstanding all this, I had serious doubts of the night's result. I was certain he would be imperfect; but I reckoned fully on him giving the principal passages with ample effect; and I calculated on subsequent representations repairing any defects which might appear on the first night.

"In this mood I took leave of Kean, resolved not to interfere with him further; and I prepared to go to the theatre, in a state of some anxiety certainly, but one more pleasurable than the contrary. Mr. Wallack had

secured me a private box behind the dress circle, to which I repaired about half-an-hour before the play began. The house was crowded in all parts. A fair share of applause was given to some of the early passages; and the audience seemed well prepared for Kean's appearance, with which the third scene was to open.

"He did at length appear. The intention of the author and the keeping of the character required him to rush rapidly on the stage, giving utterance to a burst of joyous soliloquy. What was my astonishment to see him, as the scene opened, standing in the centre of the stage, his arms crossed, and his whole attitude of thoughtful solemnity. His dress was splendid; and thunders of applause greeted him from all parts of the house. To display the one and give time for the other were the objects for which he stood fixed for several minutes, and sacrificed the sense of the situation. He spoke; but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines; his was of two or three sentences, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to me quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. My heart, I confess it, sank deep in my breast. I was utterly shocked. And as the business of the play went on,

and as *he* stood by with moveless muscle and glazed eye, through the scene which should have been one of violent, perhaps too violent, exertion, a cold shower of perspiration poured from my forehead, and I endured a revulsion of feeling which I cannot describe, and which I would not for worlds one eye had witnessed. I had all along felt that this scene would be the touchstone of the play. Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed—a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain, and I felt, though I could not hear, the voiceless verdict of ‘damnation.’ When the curtain fell, Mr. Wallack came forward and made an apology for Kean’s imperfection in his part and an appeal on behalf of the play. Neither excited much sympathy; the audience were quite disgusted. I now, for the first time during the night, went behind the scenes. On crossing the stage towards the green-room I met Kean, supported by his servant and another person, going in the direction of his dressing-room. When he saw me, he hung down his head and waved his hand, and uttered some expressions of deep sorrow and even remorse. ‘I have ruined a fine play and myself; I cannot look you in the face!’ were the first words I caught. I said something in return, as cheering and consolatory as I could; I may say that all sense of my own disappointment was forgotten in the compassion I felt for him.”

‘ DROP SCENES.

A FRAMED picture is a common pattern of drop scene in our London theatres. On artistic grounds, at least, this has been considered incorrect, as there is an æsthetic impropriety in seeing the Bay of Naples, with a handsome frame, mouldings, &c., all rolled up. Genuine curtains of silk or velvet soon grow dirty and creased. M. Garnier, the architect of the new French Opera House, thinks that a painted curtain, with its folds, cords, tassels, &c., is the most correct; and this is adopted at some London theatres, notably at the Princess’s, which is a very graceful piece of workmanship. Opera-goers will recall the rich amber folds of Covent Garden Theatre, which, however, goes up in a very ungraceful fashion, as though, during its ascent, some hands caught it on each side so as to raise it faster. The old green curtain was invaluable for its dramatic impressions,—the great lugubrious folds descending slowly, and shutting out the prostrate bodies: now it is considered vulgar or old-fashioned. One theatre has a mauve-coloured curtain, another a crimson one; the generality none at all. The playbills, too, have been reformed: the old “silver paper” glove-smirching bills, half a yard long, have all but gone out.

STAGE EFFECT.

AUDIENCES in the present day are accustomed to theatres

brilliant with floods of light ; and, indeed, every year, what with the "lime light," and newer fashions of illumination, the glare seems to increase in intensity. Before gas was introduced theatres must have been gloomy enough, being lit with oil, save on certain gala nights, when it was announced that "the house would be lit with wax." One of the Dublin managers always paid Shakspeare this compliment. The stage, too, in the last century was lit by four large chandeliers, so that the light fell downwards on the faces of the actors. As the audience were leaving the house they always saw these huge lamps being let down, just as now we see the housekeeper and the holland covers appear. Garrick, it is said, introduced footlights on his return from one of his visits to France ; but there are some prints of Drury Lane, done many years later, in which this improvement is not shown.

With all the advance that is supposed to have been made in stage arrangements, there can be no question but that scenic effects have not improved. The fierce glare and gaudy colours on which the lights play make up an unnatural order of things, which represents nothing on earth. In this fiery light, figures, features, and even voice become distorted ; the mellow harmonies of real life are absent. There can be little doubt that the only way in which objects such as houses, &c., should be presented on the stage is by painting, not by imitation or,

worse, by their own actual presence.

Many interesting questions have arisen as to the arrangement of the scene. The French enclose it altogether, giving the whole the effect of a real room—an arrangement we have copied from them. By this, however, a contracted look is given to the stage, though the voice is improved. The "sky borders" are being gradually abolished, except in landscapes and great set-scenes, a regular painted ceiling being let down and laid flat on the side scenes. Various devices have been suggested for readily changing this roof : one, which was proposed for the new Opera House at Paris, was to be in the shape of a lady's fan, which unclosed from a centre, and could be shut up to give place to another.

THE INTELLIGENT BRITISH PUBLIC.

"SIR," would say the late Mr. Bartley to Mr. Planché, when explaining how an English audience was to be affected, "you must first tell them you are going to do so and so, you must then tell them you are doing it, then that you have done it ; and then, by G—," with a slap on his thigh, "*perhaps* they will understand you !" Every good dramatist has to concede a trifle to the principle involved in this comic explanation. Experienced barristers have often given the same advice as the result of their experience with another kind of audience.

TRUE BOMBAST.

IF we were looking for a perfect specimen of bombast, the following would answer to perfection:—"Thou on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night;—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and, stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth. Thou who, when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen, as thou didst stride a fragment of the smoking wreck, to wave thy glittering sword above thy head, as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity. Come, fearless man, meet and survive an injured woman's fury, if thou canst." Yet this stuff, which would now hardly be accepted at a transpontine theatre, was written by the author of the "School for Scandal," and declaimed by the incomparable Queen of tragedy, Mrs. Siddons.

"BRING IN THE BISHOP."

MRS. SIDDONS once played in a new tragedy by Miss Burney. Much might be expected from the lively author of "Evelina," but this was a tragedy. It was called "Elvira," and furnished an evening of harmless mirth to the audience. This was owing to the presence of no less than *three* bishops in the piece. "At that time, it seems, there was a liquor much in popular use, called Bishop, and when jolly fellows met at a tavern the first

order to the waiter was, *to bring in the Bishop*. Unacquainted with the language of taverns, Miss Burney made her king exclaim, in an early scene, '*Bring in the Bishop!*' and the summons filled the audience with as much hilarity as if they had drunk of the exhilarating liquor. They continued in the best possible humour throughout the piece. The dying scene made them still more jocose, when a passing stranger proposed, in a tragic tone, to carry the expiring heroine to the other side of a hedge. This hedge, though supposed to be situated remotely from any dwelling, nevertheless proved to be a very accommodating retreat; for in a few minutes afterwards, the wounded lady was brought from behind it on an elegant couch, and, after dying, in the presence of her husband, was removed once more to the back of the hedge. The solemn accents of the Siddons herself were not a match for this ludicrous circumstance, and she was carried off amidst roars of mirth."

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

NEARLY every celebrity who has made his or her fame by entertaining the public can tell some startling histories of the irrepressible forwardness of their admirers. Siddons relates her experience of this description of persecution.

"My door," she says, "was soon beset by various persons quite unknown to me, whose

curiosity was on the alert to see the new actress, some of whom actually forced their way into my drawing-room, in spite of remonstrance or opposition. This was as inconvenient as it was offensive; for, as I usually acted three times a week, and had, besides, to attend the rehearsals, I had but little time to spend unnecessarily. One morning, though I had previously given orders not to be interrupted, my servant entered the room in a great hurry, saying, 'Ma'am, I am very sorry to tell you there are some ladies below, who say they must see you, and it is impossible for me to prevent it. I have told them over and over again that you are particularly engaged, but all in vain; and now, ma'am, you may actually hear them on the stairs.' I felt extremely indignant at such unparalleled impertinence; and before the servant had done saying to me, a tall, elegant, invaluable-looking person presented herself (whom, I am afraid, I did not receive very graciously), and, after her, four more, in slow succession. A very awkward silence took place, when presently the first lady began to accost me with a most inveterate Scotch twang, and in a dialect which was scarcely intelligible to me in those days. She was a person of very high rank; her curiosity, however, had been too powerful for her good breeding. 'You must think it strange,' said she, 'to see a person entirely unknown to you intrude in this manner upon your privacy; but, you must know, I am in a very

delicate state of health, and my physician won't let me go to the theatre to see you, so I am to look at you here.' She accordingly sat down to look, and I to be looked at for a few painful moments, when she arose and apologised; but I was in no humour to overlook such insolence, and so let her depart in silence."

STAGE SLANG.

THE stage, like many other professions, has its argot. This, however, is a little coarse, though expressive enough. A play that is hissed is always "goosed;" an actor looks that his part should have plenty of "fat," and if it be deficient in this essential point he supplies the loss with "gags." The "ghost walks" on Saturday, when salaries are paid. A "quick study" is a rapid learner; a "cue-hunter" is one who requires the exact words to be given him, while the part he studies has so many "lengths."

A RUDE INTERRUPTION.

ONE night at a country theatre Mrs. Siddons was "taking the poison" in the last act of some gloomy tragedy, when a boor in the gallery called out, "That's right, Molly; soop it oop, ma lass."

A GOOD OMEN.

ON the very morning of Mrs. Siddons's triumphant first appearance, the *Morning Post* had the following note:—

"Mrs. Siddons, of Drury Lane Theatre, has a lovely little boy, about eight years old. Yesterday, in the rehearsal of the 'Fatal Marriage,' the boy, observing his mother in the agonies of the dying scene, took the fiction for reality, and burst into a flood of tears, a circumstance which struck the feelings of the company in a singular manner."

It is amusing to read the business-like description of the obscure postulant, "Mrs. Siddons, of Drury Lane Theatre." By the next morning she was famous, and every one knew who "Siddons" was.

MRS. PRITCHARD.

CAMPBELL thus oddly writes on Johnson's well-known critique of this actress:—

"Mrs. Pritchard, I dare say, was a *vulgar woman*; but, when I read the accounts of her acting worthily with Garrick, I cannot consent to Dr. Johnson calling her a *vulgar idiot*, even though she did pin an unnecessary *d* to her gown. *Encrusted with indolence as she was, she was still a diamond.* At the same time, being palpably devoid of devotion to her profession, she must have been unequal in her appearances. Accordingly, we find that her popularity in London fell; and, when she went over to Dublin, that she electrified the Irish with disappointment."

MEMBLE AT THE 'FINISH' CLUB.

BUT the highest and the low-

est, the most whimsical and the most extraordinary, of all these places of resort was the "Finish," in Covent Garden Market. Its original institution seems to have been as a house where the gardeners and early frequenters of the market might obtain necessary refreshments; but what is early to one man is late to another. The child of laborious industry prepares to begin his day's work at the very time when the frolicsome son of dissipation thinks of retiring to his night's rest. To both these parties "Carpenter's Coffee House" (as it was properly called), or the "Finish," as it was conventionally denominated, afforded an agreeable recess. While the market people were regaling on tea, coffee, purl, or such other refreshments as their necessities or their habits demanded, another set of persons enjoyed, in a separate coffee-room, such regales as suited their fancy. This party was made up of everything strange and eccentric that the town could afford. In the room might be found men who, from hard drinking at other taverns, came to cool their palates in the morning with a "doctor," or some milder beverage. But concerning these young men there was one standing rule, that if any one of them appeared in a cocked hat some regular customer of the house would force him into a quarrel.

I shall commemorate one scene as peculiarly striking and characteristic. It was about five in the morning, when the party had a good deal thinned, but

Jack Tetherington, Le Gai (commonly called "Sparring Le Gai"), and eight or ten more in full spirits, were surprised in their carousal by the entrance of John Philip Kemble, dressed with his usual gentlemanly propriety, very much the worse for a late dinner party. He was known to many of the party, and joined in conversation without form or ceremony. I do not remember the exact course of the conversation, but some of the passages were comic and singular. Mr. Kemble talked unsuccessfully, perhaps, to such an audience, but not with more than a becoming confidence of being now at the head of his profession, and referred to Tetherington's memory for the prophecy of a common friend that he would speedily become so. He said he had a great wish to form a play out of Shakspeare's Henry VI., and sitting in his chair gave a specimen of the manner in which, as Duke of Gloucester, he would address the House of Lords.

"Brave Peers of England, pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief."

He was frequently interrupted by individuals of the party breaking in upon him with all manner of buffooneries. At last Le Gai said, "Well, Mr. Kemble, we'll give you leave to go on."

"Give me leave, sir?" said Kemble, in the most exaggerated extravagance of his own manner. "Give me leave to go on? As well might a barber in Rome

have said to Caius Marcus Coriolanus, I give you leave to do something."

"What do you mean by a barber?" said the Gai, in an insolent tone. "Do you mean any reflection upon barbers?"

"No, sir," said Kemble, "God forbid that I should, for a relation of my own" (and he named him) "was once a barber."

Jack Tetherington, foreseeing, perhaps, that this style of conversation might lead to unpleasant consequences, here broke in in this manner, "Now, my dear Mr. Kemble, my good friend, John Philip Kemble, I wish to ask you a question. I wish to be particular myself, and I have some daughters (God bless them) that I wish to grow up as perfect as women can be. Do tell me, then, why you say *Coriolanus*, when all other men that ever I heard have called it *Coriolanus*?"

Kemble, whose spirits began rather to subside (for this is part of a scene of some hours' duration), was feebly producing something about classic authority, and the rhythm of current lines in the play, when Jack interrupted him with, "Why, my dear sir, we know all that '*Coriolanus* in *Corioli*,' but what I want is—" Here the rest of the company began a tremendous row, and Jack concluded his discussion by singing—

"Ligga digga, digga di, digga de, digga
• di,
Ligga, digga, digga di, digga dee."

The noise and racket went on, but Kemble's ill-humour seemed to increase; at last the landlady

came in, a little round woman, whom, colour excepted, we might term a snowball. She brought a tray filled with glasses of liquor, which had been called for. In passing she gave some offence to Mr. Kemble, who immediately, with one tragic sweep of his arm, dashed all the glasses against the opposite wall. "There, Mr. Kemble," said the little woman, "that's the second time you've served me so, and now you owe eight shillings for broken glass." Kemble made no reply, for in his performance of this exploit he had cut his hand, and the blood was streaming down. I was sitting next him, and seeing the end of a cambric handkerchief appear from his pocket, I took it, and bound up his wound as well as I could. When I had done, the hero said, "Sir, I am much obliged to you, but I am afraid I shall deprive you of your handkerchief." "Sir," said I, "you will not deprive me of my handkerchief; it is your own. I took it out of your pocket." I shall never forget the manner in which this great player coursed his commanding eye over my whole person, from top to bottom, and back again, expressing as clearly as if he had uttered the words, "Is it possible my handkerchief was in my pocket, and afterwards in your possession, and now is in my own hands again? Can these things be?" I was so struck with the obvious meaning of the look that I turned from him in a fit of uncontrollable laughter. At this moment a

hackney-coach came to the door, and some, who really were his friends, put him into it and sent him home.

SCENES IN THE CIRCUS.

AN unvarying and time-honoured entertainment at the Circus is the occasional dialogue between the ring-master and Mr. Merryman, the "Shakspearean" or "Chaucerian" (as the case may be) clown, who enlivens the entertainment, and gives time to the female rider and her highly trained steed to recover breath. The interchange of repartee and "chaste quips and jests" never fails to evoke a hearty and genuine enjoyment, which might fairly be envied by the comedian of a professed theatre. Nearly a hundred years ago, a dialogue of this kind between Astley and his Merryman was taken down; and it will be seen how stern and unchangeable are the traditions of the circus.

"One evening I was very much entertained at Astley's Theatre, at the time he amused the public with his dialogue with Master Merryman. Having a pencil in my pocket, I could not refrain from writing it down. He seemed so confident and pleased with every word he uttered, bawled so loud, smiling at his own wit, and the superiority which he *must* convince the audience his eloquence displayed over the clown's. He excited my curiosity to retain it in my memory. Those that have seen him, cannot forget what Astley's erudition was.

"*Astley.*—*Alto.*—Mister Merryman, Mister Merryman, where are you, Mister Merryman?"

"*M.* I be coming directly, master.

"*A.* Coming directly, Mister Merryman, so is Christmas."

"*M.* I am glad to hear that, master.

"*A.* Why, Mister Merryman?"

"*M.* Because I likes plum-pudding and roast beef, dearly.

"*A.* Plum-pudding and roast beef, dearly! that's very good stuff, Mister Merryman; but come, sir, get up upon the top of that there horse, and let the ladies see as how you used to ride before the Emperor of Tuscany and the Grand Duke of Switzerland. Mister Merryman, ladies and gentlemen, has had the honour to attend me in my different excursions out of the kingdom, and has been much admired for his wit and activity. Come, sir, mind as how you sit upright on that there horse, sir. What are you about?"

"*M.* Why, master, I am only combing his wig.

"*A.* Combing his wig, sir; did you ever hear of a horse wearing a wig?"

"*M.* Yes, master; and an ass, too.

"*A.* Vastly well, indeed, Mister Merryman. Ladies and gentlemen, Mister Merryman has a great deal of wit.

"*M.* Yes, master; I should like to be poet-laureate.

"*A.* Poet-laureate, Mister Merryman? what! I suppose, as how you would write manuscript on horseback, like the Roman Arabs in the time of

Pontius *Pirate*—you would never want a bridle or saddle.

"*M.* No, master; I would write a book about the French war.

"*A.* About the French war, Mister Merryman? why you know nothing about it. You must leave it to Mr. Parnassus, and people of high breeding and learning; but come, sir, let us see you off.

"*M.* I go, sir.

"*A.* I go, sir! but you have got your face the wrong way.

"*M.* Never mind, master; it will be right if I go to fight the French."

"*A.* How so, Mister Merryman?"

"*M.* Why, master, if my horse was to take fright and run away, I should not like to have it said I turned my back on Mounseer.

"*A.* Vastly well, indeed, Mister Merryman; but as our brave countrymen will prevent the French from coming to eat up all our roast beef and pudding, you had better turn about; so off you go."

ELLISTON AND THE AUDIENCE.

"ALL stories of Elliston are characteristic and entertaining. On one night when a popular actor, named Carles, had been arrested on his way to the theatre and another substituted, the audience began to show its disapprobation in a noisy way; the question of "Where's Carles?" became the (dis)order of the time, and "Carles! Carles!" was the

popular demand—a demand which Mr. Elliston was not backward to answer in his own way, and coming promptly forward with his most profound bow, respectfully, though haughtily, inquired of the "*Ladies and Gentlemen*" what was "their pleasure."

Several voices vociferated, "*Carles!*" Elliston knitted his brows with excessive earnestness, affecting to be confounded by the noise, and, with increasing gravity, again desired to be acquainted with the occasion of the extraordinary tumult, adding, with something like command in his tone, "*One at a time, if you please.*" Again the popular cry was audible to those who "had ears to hear." But Mr. Elliston's tympanum was strangely insensible and dull. One malcontent, raising his voice, however, louder than the rest, enforced Mr. Elliston's attention, and, fixing his eyes suddenly upon the man, the manager then turned his face from him for a moment, and haughtily *begging pardon* of the rest of the pit, added, "Let me hear what *this gentleman* has to say;" and pointing to the turbulent individual in question, observed sternly, "*Now, sir, I'll attend to you—first, if the rest of the gentlemen will allow me;*" and here he made a stiff bow to the *gentlemen* in question. All now became suddenly silent, and the selected person sat down, looking rather sheepish at the distinction shown him above "his fellows," and Mr. Elliston, stooping over the orchestra, and fixing his eyes like

a browbeating barrister, on his victim, thus emphatically addressed his chosen man:—

"*Now, sir, be so good as to inform me what it is you require?*"

The man, still abashed at being thus singled out for particular notice, in rather a subdued tone, but affecting his former valour, answered—"*Carles! Carles!*"

"*Oh! Carles!*" exclaimed Elliston, in a tone of surprise, as if only at that moment aware of the cause of dissatisfaction. "*Oh! ah! you want Mr. Carles?* Is *that* what you say, sir?"

"*Yes,*" responded the Pit-itc, with renewed confidence; "his name's in the bill!"

"*Very good, sir!*" said the manager, who, throughout, carried himself with the air of one who felt *himself* the injured party, "I understand you *now!*—you are *right, so far, sir,*—Mr. Carles's name *is* in the bill."

Here Mr. Elliston was interrupted by others who repeated—

"*Yes! yes!*—his name's in the bill!—his name's in the bill!"

"*Gentlemen!* with *your* leave, I will say a few words—" (all was again silent, and the manager's earnestness and dignity increased as he proceeded)—"I admit that Mr. Carles's name *is* in the bill—I don't wish to deny it, but"—(and here he assumed a solemnity of face and voice, and with his deepest tragedy-manner, impressively observed)—"*But* are you to be reminded of the many accidents that may

intorvene between the morning's issuing of *that bill* and the evening's fulfilment of its promise? Is it requisite to remind the enlightened, and thinking portion of the public here assembled (and he took a sweeping glance round the house), that the chances and changes of human life are dependent on *circumstances* and not upon *ourselves*?"

Here the "enlightened" exclaimed, "Aye, aye; Bravo;" and Mr. Elliston, gaining courage from this slight manifestation of sympathy, turned himself once more to *his man* with renewed *hauteur*, crying sharply, "And *you*, sir, you who are so *loud* in your demand for Mr. Carles, cannot *you* also imagine that his absence may be occasioned by some dire distress, some occurrence not within human foresight to anticipate or divert? Can you not picture to yourself the possibility of Mr. Carles at this moment lying upon a sick—nay, perhaps, a *dying* bed—surrounded by his weeping children and his agonized wife!" —(Mr. Carles was a bachelor)—"whose very bread depends upon the existence of an affectionate, devoted husband and father—and who *may* be deprived of his exertions and support for ever? Is it so *very* difficult to imagine a scene like this taking place at the very moment you are calling for him so imperiously to appear before you—selfishly desirous of your present amusement, and unmindful of his probable danger!" —(great and general applause).

"And *you*, sir, will, perhaps, *repeat* your demand to have Mr. Carles brought before you! Are you a husband? are you a father?"

"Oh, shame! shame!" resounded now from every part of the pit.

"You are *right*, sirs," resumed the manager; "you are *quite* right. It is a shame; I blush at such inhumanity!"

"Turn him out! turn him out!" was now generally vociferated, even by those who had originally joined in the objectionable demand; and Elliston, choosing to receive this suggestion as a *question* addressed to himself, promptly replied with the most dignified assent—

"If you *please*!"

"*Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait!*"

In the next moment the offending individual was lifted above the heads of his brother malcontents, and, in spite of his vehement remonstrances and struggles, hoisted across the pit, actually ejected, and the door closed upon him by his removers. Mr. Elliston, who had waited the result with great composure, now bowed *very low*, while he received the general applause of the house, and retired in grave triumph, laughing heartily (in his sleeve) at the gullibility of Olympian intellect.

This scene is really dramatic.

LISTON.

It is curious, too, that some of the most celebrated comic actors actually began their career, from

their own choice, as tragedians. Among these were Munden, Lewis, Bannister, Elliston, Dawson, Wrench, and Liston. The latter's early attempts in the tragic direction were attended with grotesque discomfiture, his singular face inviting hilarity, and rather suggesting—and his earnestness contributing—that he intended burlesque. He felt this acutely.

Mrs. Siddons had been engaged as a star; and the first character in which he was appointed to perform with the illustrious actress was that of the venerable but somewhat tedious Jarvis in the "Gamester."

At the morning's rehearsal of the "Gamester," Mrs. Siddons was obviously struck with a sense of the ludicrous, when the appointed representative of the good *old* Jarvis appeared upon the stage before her. His *amour propre* was, however, more positively touched when Mrs. Siddons afterwards addressed him in the language of undisguised correction; there was something in her tone and manner of doing this which greatly offended him, and he felt inclined to resent what he could not help thinking carried with it an unfeeling air of ridicule, ill concealed during the greater part of the remarks directed to him, so that by the time that the last scene came on, the amiable and devoted Jarvis was found sullen and impracticable.

* Amongst other things required, the great actress laid serious stress upon the manner in which

she desired the co-operation of her aged friend in the concluding scene of the tragedy; in the course of which, he would have to place his arms around her waist, in order to restrain the effort she was accustomed to make to reach the dead body of her suicidal husband—explaining at the same time how great her own personal strength really was, and that in the energy of her feelings it would be strenuously exerted to release herself from his grasp—giving at the same time a practical lesson to the young actor by placing his hands as she wished him to place them at the appointed time, and enjoining him to hold her firmly and determinately, otherwise she should break from him and the effect of the scene would be lost, &c., &c.

The young gentleman was silently and sullenly attentive to these instructions—in his heart still resentful of the great actress's suspected unkindness, and he appeared listless and languid in his obedience, apparently incompetent to so great a demand upon his strength,—so that, at length, after several trials, Mrs. Siddons gave up the point, doubting the result of her great scene.

Night came, and the venerable Jarvis passed on from scene to scene with due propriety, his merit shadowed by the resplendent lustre of the evening-star upon which all eyes were turned.

The closing scene arrived, and the *old* Jarvis entered into his share of it with a determination to show no favour to her whom he

fancied had rendered no justice to *him*. "What was the fame of Mrs. Siddons to *him*? had she considered *his* when she threw ridicule over *his* tragic efforts? He had not, in fact," he persuaded himself, "personal strength sufficient to hold back this powerful woman as she required, and if he *had*, he was engaged for the powers of his mind, and not hired for the muscular force of his body; why, then, should he strain a point, to hold up one who seemed unwilling to keep him down?" In short, the no longer friendly and faithful Jarvis resolved "to do his spiriting so gently," that though he would not let Mrs. Beverly fall, yet would he not assist her effectively. But lo! before the injured youth could perpetrate his deliberate malice, all-conquering genius asserted its power; the great actress took him so by surprise, and worked so entirely upon his more natural and generous feelings by her harrowing representation, that the astonished novice was so wholly engrossed by her sorrow, and absorbed by the truthfulness of her despair and agony, that his best sympathies were involuntarily enlisted in her cause, and when she attempted to propel herself upon the breathless body of her husband, Liston seized her with such reality of terror, and zeal of purpose—so forcibly struggled against the efforts of the distracted wife, and so feelingly did his eyes overflow with sympathy in her misery, that never had co-operation been more effi-

cient. A tumult of applause followed, and the accomplished actress was borne off the stage by her now devoted and sobbing Jarvis in a triumph of feeling and admiration.

THE RULING INSTINCT.

A MANAGER of a small Welsh theatre had lost his wife, and showed much grief on the occasion. With a view to pay her all respect at the dismal procession to the grave, he requested that the members of the company would all attend in proper mourning. They repaired to the house on the morning of the funeral, and found him struggling with his tears, but still with the instinct of his office, giving suitable directions,—appointing to each his partner in the mournful procession, and, as it occurred to some present, with the same intelligence and prevision that he brought to more cheerful arrangements upon his stage. When all was ready to start, a question suddenly arose. Who was to follow immediately after the chief mourner? No one was eager to take this place, and it was at last, to prevent confusion, hurriedly submitted to him. He gazed distressfully at his interrogator, his eyes streaming with tears, for he had really thought that having done with business he might now indulge his grief; but in a moment the manager asserted himself, and he answered with professional decision,—*"O, the tragedy people first, by all means!"*

PLAYERS INTERRUPTED.

MR. CALCRAFT was for many years manager of the Dublin Theatre, and was well known in the profession. He used to tell many good stories of the behaviour of his patrons in the galleries, who were notorious in that city for their lively and even humorous comments. "What is your pleasure?" said the stage-manager, who had been brought out by the roars of the overcrowded gallery. "None at all," was the answer, "but a d—d sight of pain, for we're smothering up here." There is a delightful tradition of Mrs. Siddons, who was interrupted in one of her grand scenes by vociferous yells for "Garry Owen!" She was bewildered, but earnestly anxious to conciliate, she came forward and solemnly asked, "What is Garry Owen? Is it anything I can do for you?" This is a picture. Her brother was also interrupted with cries to "Speak up!" during some of the most interesting soliloquies of Hamlet. He always suffered from an asthmatic complaint, but he answered promptly, "Gentlemen of the gallery, I can't speak up, but if *you* don't speak at all, you'll hear every word I say!"

AT THE VICTORIA.

A MOST characteristic dramatic scene once took place at the Victoria Theatre, where Edmund Kean had been engaged

at an enormous expense. On the second night he appeared as Othello, on which occasion Iago was personated by Cobham, a prodigious local favourite. The house was crowded, but was noisy and inattentive. There were nearly twelve hundred persons in a gallery measured for about half the number. The best speeches in the most striking scenes were marred by such interruptions, as a Coburg audience were given to dispense, in those days with more freedom than politeness—by the incessant popping of ginger-beer bottles, but, above all, by yells of "Bravo, Cobham!" whenever Kean elicited his most brilliant points. The great tragedian felt disconcerted, and by the time the curtain fell, he overflowed with indignation, a little heightened by copious draughts of brandy and water. He was then loudly called for, and after a considerable delay came forward, enveloped in his cloak, his face still smirched, not more than half cleansed from the dingy complexion of the Moor, and his eyes emitting flashes as bright and deadly as forked lightning. He planted himself in the centre of the stage, near the footlights, and demanded, with laconic abruptness, "What do you want?" There was a moment's interval of surprise, when, "You! you!" was reiterated from many voices. "Well, then, I am here." Another short pause, and he then proceeded to make this characteristic speech: "I have acted in every theatre in the United

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, I have acted in all the principal theatres throughout the United States of America, *but in my life I never acted to such a set of ignorant unmitigated brutes as I now see before me.*" So saying, he folded his mantle majestically, made a slight, contemptuous obeisance, and stalked off, with the dignity of an offended lion. The actors, carpenters, and property men, who listened to this harangue, stood aghast, evidently expecting that the house would be torn down. An awful silence ensued for a moment or two, like the gathering storm before the tempest, when suddenly a thought of deadly retaliation suggested itself, and pent-up vengeance burst out in one simultaneous shout of "Cobham! Cobham!" Cobham, who was evidently in waiting, at the wing, rushed forth at once, bowed reverentially, placed his hand on his heart again and again, and pantomimed emotion and gratitude after the prescribed rules. When the thunders of applause subsided, he delivered himself as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is unquestionably the proudest moment of my life. I cannot give utterance to my feelings; but to the latest hour of my existence I shall cherish the remembrance of the honour conferred upon me by one of the most distinguished, liberal, and enlightened audiences I ever had the pleasure of addressing." On another occasion Mrs. Siddons took leave of a barbarian audi-

ence with a "Farewell, ye brutes!"

MATHEWS AND THE DUBLIN GODS.

MATHEWS was once interrupted at Dublin in pretty much the same way, though not with such brutality. In the farce of "Monsieur Tonson" the part of Morbleu had been originally personated with great success by Montague Talbot, a favourite of long standing in the Dublin company, and still remembered by the patriarchs of the expiring generation. During the first scene, when Mathews was beginning already to make a favourable impression, some half-dozen malcontents in the gallery raised a cry of "Talbot! Talbot!" which operated like an epidemic, and was speedily caught up by a few more. Mathews paused, appeared astonished, and at length said, "I hear a cry of 'Talbot! Talbot!' but I am unable to follow the meaning." "We want Talbot," was the reply. "You may have him," muttered the indignant actor *sotto voce*, bowed, and walked off the stage, under considerable excitement. The interruption then increased to an uproar. The manager came forward, and stated that his friend Mr. Mathews was merely there for a short engagement, to serve and oblige him; that he performed, as a matter of course, his usual round of characters; and that he was not come to displace Mr. Talbot, or succeed to his position. This

address was received with universal acclamations, which redoubled when Mathews entered, immediately afterwards, and resumed his character. "But, in a few moments, the mischievous spirits again shouted "Talbot ! Talbot !" Mathews, never the most patient of men, now lost his temper entirely. He came forward and said, with brusque irritation, "Either you want to see this farce, or you do not ; so make up your minds at once. If I am interrupted again by this cry of 'Talbot ! Talbot !' I shall relieve you from my performance ; but it is rather too good, after having acted this part with universal applause in London and all the principal theatres in England, to come here and be annoyed by you and your Talbot." It was thought he had now committed himself beyond recovery, and would be pelted off ; but the audience suddenly veered round to the humorous point, took it all in good part, and there was no more "Talbot !" during the remainder of the engagement. A theatre has been sacked upon less provocation. But Mathews visited Dublin no more, and never forgot the affront. To all subsequent applications he replied laconically, "Talbot ! Talbot !"

ROMANTIC STAGE MARRIAGES.

A PRETTY romance attended the marriage of Garrick with La Violette, a German dancer. She was the *prêtigée* of Lady

Burlington, who guarded her jealously, and disapproved of Garrick's advances. He, however, contrived to see her in disguise as she came away from fashionable routs, and get into her carriage. A picture of her by Zoffany in a hat now grown fashionable again under the title of "Dolly Varden," which is in the possession of Mr. Hill, of Richmond, offers one of the most graceful and delicate faces conceivable. She must have been a most attractive woman. No player was ever married so fashionably as the young and successful Mr. Garrick. It turned out one of the happiest marriages in the world, and Garrick used to say that from the date of their wedding they had never been separated a day.

MRS. SIDDONS had her little glimpse of romance in early life. A young member of her father's corps, who was good-looking but no actor, became attached to her. The parents vehemently opposed the match after, it would seem, not interfering at the proper time, and dismissed the offender from the company. The young man brought the matter before the audience in a long doggerel ballad, composed for the occasion, in which he very ungallantly accused his "flame" of having joined her parents in treating him so badly.

"Ye ladies of Brecon, whose hearts ever feel,
For wrongs like to this I'm about to reveal,

Excuse the first product, nor pass^d disregarded,
The complaints of poor Colin, a lover discarded.

Derry down.

* * *

"Dear ladies, avoid one ^{an}delible stain,
Excuse me, I beg, if my verse is too plain,
But a jilt is the devil as has now been confessed,
Which a heart like poor Colin's must ever detest.

.Derry down."

This was unjust, for the young lady was faithful, forgave this attack, went into service as a ladies' maid, and at last obtained a slow consent from her parents. The swain proved, as might be imagined, an unsuitable husband, cold and selfish, and, indeed, seemed to have effectually extinguished all romance for the future.

JOHN KEMBLE appears to have been attached to Mrs. Inchbald, but was too prudent to burden his promising talents with the responsibility of marriage. It was thought the beautiful Miss Philips, afterwards Mrs. Crouch, was also favoured with his attentions. His marriage, which did not take place until he was somewhat mature, was arranged in rather a grotesque way. He one day passed a pretty actress belonging to the Drury Lane company, the widow of Brereton, and chucking her under the chin, said, "Pop, you will hear of something presently that will surprise you." "Pop," which was a familiar abbreviation for Priscilla, consulted her mother, who knew enough of the tragedian's manner to translate this oracular signification into a kind of proposal, and so it proved.

MR. CHARLES KEAN and Miss Ellen Tree, after a long engagement or attachment, were married in Dublin, and performed on the same evening in "The Honey Moon." The choice of this play, the manager tells us, was purely accidental, but the coincidence was curious.

DEMANDS ON THE ACTOR.

NO one can tell better than the successful actor of the surprising and unconscionable claims for aid made by the needy, or the patrons of charities. In the first three months of his early success, Mr. Charles Kean had received applications for assistance to the modest amount of 6,000*l*.

OLD ACTORS.

MACKLIN and Dowton (who retired in 1840) were perhaps the only two English actors who remained on the stage till close upon eighty.

A PRACTICAL MIND.

MRS. SIDDONS seemed to agree with Johnson's notion that the actor should not be so far carried away in his part as to identify himself with the character he is acting. She had an eminently practical turn of mind. Some one was speaking in her presence of the effect of applause. "It must give one heart," they said. "Aye," she added, "and, better still, *breath*." A very intimate friend of hers was jocularly asked why he had never made love to such a beautiful

woman, and made the well-known answer, "that he should as soon have thought of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

THE JUSTE MILIEU.

WHEN Mr. Glover married Miss Betterton "off the stage," he would not allow her to bear her new name, which he thought would affect his dignity, while she did not like continuing to bear her old one, as it would impair her dignity. As a sort of compromise, she was for a time named, in the bills as "*the late Miss Betterton.*"

THE LONDON THEATRES.

LONDON is perhaps better furnished with theatres than any city in the world. The list in Paris may seem longer, but many of the houses do not deserve the title, no more than a music hall does. To the first class in London belong Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the Haymarket, Prince of Wales, Lyceum, Vaudeville, Globe, Adelphi, Olympic, Court, Strand, Princess's and St. James', Royalty, Charing Cross, Gaiety, Opéra Comique and Philharmonic. The two last are devoted to Opéra Bouffe, while the Gaiety holds quite a special position of its own, depending on splendid scenery, handsome dresses, good music, burlesque of more solid kind than usual, and, it must be added, the humours of a well-known comedian, who is the mainstay of the house. Covent

Garden and Drury Lane, when not engaged with the Italian opera, are given over to the spectacular drama, the vast size of the houses requiring that the eye should be entertained more than the ear. This leaves about twelve theatres of the first class for the drama proper. At only one of these is tragedy given—viz., the Lyceum. There are besides the Holborn and New Royalty,—theatres that seem to be opened only occasionally. In addition, there are what may be called the People's theatres: the Standard, Surrey, Alfred, Victoria, Britannia, Grecian, New East London, New Pavilion, Oriental, Elephant and Castle. There is also a small theatre at King's Cross, and the Gallery of Illustration, where operettas and comediettas are given. At the Alhambra there is perhaps the most sumptuous display of all in the matter of dresses, decorations, music, and auxiliaries, and its performances are of the same class as those at the Gaiété at Paris. This makes a total of about thirty-three theatres. A new one at the Regent's Park is just completed. On an average, however, not more than twenty are open all the year round. Twenty theatres is not a very large proportion for such a vast population as that of London.

MOST of the great actors and actresses seem to have taken their position in London by a surprise. One brilliant night of tumultuous delight and wonder,

and they awoke the next morning famous. Perhaps there is no such awakening to be compared with the histrionic one, for there is the change from obscurity, and the straits of poverty, to fame, wealth, and rank, all effected within a few hours. Garrick, Mrs. Siddons,

and Edmund Kean, all enjoyed this delicious sensation. Kemble's was only a "success of esteem," and, like many other good actors, he had to gain his way to position rather slowly.

Here is a copy of the play-bill announcing Garrick's appearance:—

October 19th, 1741.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

At the late Theatre, in Goodman's-fields, this day, will be performed a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into Two Parts.

• Tickets at three, two, and one Shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, next the Theatre.

N. B. Between the two parts of the Concert, will be presented, an Historical Play, called

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the distress of K. Henry VI.

The artful acquisition of the Crown
by King Richard.

The murder of young King Edward V.
and his brother in the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of Richmond; and the death of King Richard in the memorable battle of Bosworth-field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster.

With many other true Historical passages.

The part of King Richard by a Gentleman (who never appeared on any Stage).

King Henry by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward by Miss Hippisley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Patterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressel, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mr. Crofts; Blunt, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrel, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; The Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates;

And the part of Lady Anne •

By M^{rs}. GIFFARD.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

With Entertainments of Dancing,
By Mons. Fromet, Madam Duvalt,
And the two Masters and
Miss Granier.

To which will be added,
A Ballad Opera of One Act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

The part of Lucy by Miss Hippisley,

Both of which will be performed gratis, by persons for their
diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at Six o'Clock.

Mrs. Siddons was on the stage before she was twelve years old. • The earliest record of her appearance is the following, which suggests Mr. Crummle's family arrangements :—

Worcester, April 16th, 1767.

Mr. KEMBLE'S Company of Comedians.

At the THEATRE at the KING'S HEAD, on Monday evening next, being the 20th of April instant, will be performed a CONCERT of MUSICK, to begin at exactly half-an-hour after six o'clock. Tickets to be had at the usual places. Between the parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*, a celebrated COMEDY, call'd

THE TEMPEST : OR THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

(As altered from Shakspeare by Mr. Dryden and
Sir, W. D'Avenant.)

With all the Scenery, Machinery, Musick, Monsters,
and other

Decorations proper to the piece, entirely new.

Alonso (Duke of Mantua) *Mr. Kemble.*

Hyppolito (a Youth who never saw a Woman) *Mr. Siddons.*

Stephano (Master of the Duke's Ship) *Mr. Kemble.*

Amphitrite by *Mrs. Kemble.*

Ariel (the Chief Spirit) by *Miss Kemble.*

And *Milcha* by *Miss F. Kemble.*

The performances will open with a Representation of a Tempestuous Sea (in perpetual agitation) and Storm, in which the Usurper's Ship is Wrecked : the Wreck ends with a Beautiful Shower of Fire.—And the whole to conclude with a CALM SEA, on which appears Neptune, Poetick God of the Ocean, and his Royal Consort Amphitrite, in a Chariot drawn by Sea-horses, accompanied with Mermaids, Tritons, &c.

In both these bills it will be seen that the pieces are announced to be given gratis, which was a ruse to escape the penalties of the law.

The following is the announcement of Mrs. Siddons' first appearance at Drury Lane :—

DRURY LANE.

(Not acted these Two Years.)

By his Majesty's Company, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane, this day will be performed,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock, Mr. King ; Antonio, Mr. Reddish ; Gratiano, Mr. Dodd.

Lorenzo (with songs) Mr. Vernon ; Duke, Mr. Branby.

Launcelot (first time) Mr. Parsons. Gobbo, Mr. Waldron.

Salanio, Mr. Fawcett. Salarino, Mr. FARREN.

Tubal, Mr. Messink. Bassanio, Mr. Bensley.

Jessica (with a song) Miss Tarratt. Nerissa, Mrs. Davies.

Portia by a YOUNG LADY (being her first appearance).

It will be seen that, as in Garrick's case, the name of the *débutante* was not given.

KEAN'S END.

MR. PROCTER'S account of Kean's last appearance is truly dramatic :—

"There was no rehearsal, nor any arrangement as to the mode of play ; but when the son arrived at the theatre in the evening, he was told that his father desired to see him. He went accordingly to his dressing-room, and found him shivering and exceedingly weak. 'I am very ill,' he said ; 'I am afraid I shall not be able to act.' The actors who were present cheered him up ; but to provide against the worst a servant was desired to air a dress (such as *Othello* wears), in order that Mr. Warde

might take up the part, in case Kean should actually break down before the conclusion. The play commenced. After the first scene, Kean observed, 'Charles is getting on to-night ; he's acting very well ; I suppose that's because he is acting with me.' He himself was very feeble. He was, however, persuaded to proceed, and brandy and water was administered to him as usual. By this help he went on pretty well until the commencement of the third act ; but before the drop-curtain rose, he said to his son, 'Mind, Charles, that you keep before me ; don't get behind me in this act. I don't know that I shall be able to kneel ; but if I do, be sure that you lift me up.' Still, he pursued his way without faltering. He went off with *Desdemona*, and no one observed any change. But, on

entering again, when he says, 'What, false to *me*, &c.' he was scarcely able to walk across the stage. He held up, however, until the celebrated 'Farewell,' which he uttered with all his former pathos; but on concluding it, after making one or two steps towards his son (who took care to be near him), and attempting the speech, 'Villain, be sure, &c.' his head sank on his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end. He was able to groan out a few words in Charles's ear, 'I am dying—speak to them for me;' after which (the audience refusing in kindness to hear any apology) he was borne from the stage. His son, assisted by other persons, carried him to his dressing-room, and laid him on the sofa. He was as cold as ice; his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he was unconscious of all that was going on around him. In this state he remained some time, when the remedies which were applied having restored him to his senses, he was taken to the Wreckin' tavern, near the theatre, and the surgeons were sent for."

After a week's stay he was removed to Richmond, when he rallied a little, and was soon enabled to go out in a carriage. But the weather was cold, and he fancied that this airing gave him his death-blow. On the 15th of May he died. A short time before his death, during an interval of serious reflection, he wrote a penitential and affectionate letter to his wife, entreating her forgiveness and oblite-

ration of the past. "If I have erred," he said, "it was my head and not my heart, and most severely have I suffered for it. Come home, *forget* and *forgive*." The letter produced the desired effect. Mrs. Kean answered this appeal by proceeding at once to Richmond. She saw her husband once more after seven years of estrangement, and the most perfect reconciliation followed.

GARRICK'S PRACTICAL JOKING.

"DR. MONSEY once had occasion to accompany him and Mr. Windham of Norfolk, father of the late Mr. Windham the statesman, into the city. On their return, Garrick suddenly left them at the top of Ludgate Hill, and walking into the middle of the street, looked upwards, and repeated several times to himself, "I never saw two before." The strange appearance of a man in this situation talking to himself, naturally attracted some persons towards him, more followed, and at length a great crowd was collected round him. Several persons asked him what he saw. He made no answer, but repeated the same words. A man then observed that the gentleman must see two storks, as they are rarely if ever seen in pairs. This observation contented the multitude, till another said, "Well, but who sees one besides the gentleman?" Monsey, for fear of getting into a scrape, moved off, lest he should be taken for a

confederate to make people fools; but Mr. Windham, who like his son, was a good boxer, determined to witness the end of this whimsical freak. Garrick affected an insane stare, cast his eyes around the multitude, and afterwards declared that from the various expressions in the faces of the people, and their gestures, he had derived hints that served him in his profession.

Another time, when Garrick was with Monsey, at the joyful sound of twelve at noon, a great many boys poured out of school. Garrick selected one whom he accused of having treated another cruelly who stood near him. The boy declared that he had not been ill-treated; and Garrick then scolded the other still more, affecting to think how little he deserved the generosity of the boy who sought to excuse him by a falsehood. The boys were left in a state of consternation by Garrick's terrific demeanour and piercing eye; and he told Monsey that he derived much advantage from observing their various emotions.

While he was walking with Monsey on another occasion, he saw a ticket-porter going before them at a brisk pace, and humming a tune. They were then at old Somerset House. "I'll get a crowd around that man," said Garrick, "before he reaches Temple Bar." He then advanced before the man, turned his head, and gave him a piercing look. The man's gaiety was checked in a moment, he kept his eye on Garrick, who stopped at an apple-stall till the man came

near, then gave him another penetrating glance, and went immediately on. The man began to look if there were anything strange about him that attracted the gentleman's notice, and, as Garrick repeated the same expedient, turned himself in all directions, and pulled off his wig, to see if anything ridiculous was attached to him. By this time, the restless anxiety of the man excited the notice of the passengers, and Garrick effected his purpose of gathering a crowd round the porter before he reached Temple Bar.

Dr. Monsey said that he once was in danger of receiving a severe blow in consequence of one of Garrick's vagaries of a similar kind. They had dined at Garrick's house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, and had taken a boat in order to go in the evening to Vauxhall. A smart-looking young waterman stood on the strand at Hungerford Stairs. As soon as they were seated in their boat, Garrick addressed the young waterman in the following manner: "Are you not ashamed to dress so smart, and appear so gay, when you know that your poor mother is in great distress, and you have not the heart to allow her more than three-pence a week?" The young man turned his head to see if anybody was near to whom the words might apply, and, seeing none, he took up a brickbat and threw it very near Garrick's boat, and continued to aim stones at him. Garrick's boatman pulled hard to get out of the way of this

missile hostility, or, Monseysaid, they might have otherwise suffered a serious injury.

Garrick peculiarly excelled in relating a humorous story. To one in particular, though of a trifling nature, I am told he gave irresistible effect. A man named Jones had undertaken to eat a bushel of beans, with a proportionable quantity of bacon. A vast crowd assembled before the front of a public house at Kensington Gravel-pits, and Garrick happened to be present. The crowd were there a long time before the man appeared, and he came forward without his coat, and his shirt sleeves tied with red ribbons. He was well received, and a large dish of boiled beans with a huge lump of bacon was placed before him; he began to eat with vigour, but at length was so slow in his progress that the people became impatient. He suddenly arose, ran into the house, and escaped through a back door. The mob then broke every window in the house, tore up all the benches, and severely ill-treated the landlord and his wife. Garrick's imitation of the cries of the mob before the man appeared; the continual noise of "Jones," and "Beans," to bring him forward; his imitation of the man, and description of the whole event, were exquisitely diverting."

FREE ADMISSION.

AN elephant was brought to Dublin, and as it was the only one that had ever been seen in

Ireland, the proprietor charged a crown for the sight. Tetherington, a well-known joker, who wanted to see, but was not inclined to pay, hastily entered the place, exclaiming in a hurry, "Where's your elephant? What! is that him? Turn him about: Lord, what a smell! —I can't stay any longer?" and, holding his nose while he uttered this complaint, he as hastily left the place as he had entered, and the keeper was afraid to stop him and demand payment, lest he should bring a disgrace upon the animal, and lessen its attraction. If this story had reached London before Tetherington, he might have been deemed, in the words of Pope upon Gay, "in wit a man," rather than "in simplicity a child."

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of Cumberland, who, a veteran dramatist, was reading one of his comedies in the green-room at Covent Garden. He had arrived at an interesting passage, when suddenly a din of scampering and yelpings was heard, and a number of animals came rushing past the door in great confusion. The indignant dramatist asked what all this meant, and was told that a pack of hounds were kept under the stage for some spectacular hunting piece then in preparation, and that, scenting the workmen's dinners which had been carried by, they had all broken out in full cry and

full pursuit ! The veteran flung down his play in disgust at the desecration.

SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

THERE is a little scene described by Boswell, which would make an excellent subject for Mr. Frith or Mr. Ward.

"I met him (Johnson) at Drury Lane play-house in the evening. Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Mrs. Abington's request, had promised to bring a body of wits to her benefit, and having secured forty places in the front boxes, had done me the honour to put me in the group. Johnson sat on the seat directly behind me, and as he could neither see nor hear at such a distance from the stage, he was wrapped up in grave abstraction, and seemed quite in a cloud amidst all the sunshine of glitter and gaiety. I wondered at his patience in sitting out a play of five acts, and a farce of two."

Such a picture would be highly dramatic—the gaiety of the scene—the laughing, intelligent faces of the wits—the rich dresses under the lights—all contrasted with the face of the fine old man lost in abstraction, and bereft of the two senses necessary to the enjoyments of a theatre.

DRAMATIC PARALYSIS.

WHEN news of Mrs. Pritchard's death was brought to Garrick, he exclaimed, "Barry and I still remain, but tragedy is dead on one side."

LARGE RECEIPTS.

DURING eleven years from 1809 to 1821, it was calculated that a sum of a million sterling was taken at the doors of Covent Garden Theatre ! During the season 1810-11 one hundred thousand pounds were received, supposed to be the largest sum ever taken at any theatre during a similar time. The expenses averaged £300 a night.

SPEECHES FROM THE STAGE.

MANY theatrical *l'mentes* have been caused by the clumsiness of the speaker sent out to announce some disappointment to the audience. There is a great art in communicating such intelligence. It should not be blurted out, and the proposed compensation should be skilfully compounded with the bad news, so that the disaster and the remedy should be communicated almost together. The editor was present one night in a large theatre in the provinces, when an Italian Opera was being played to a vast audience. The stage-manager came out and with much dismay announced that "he regretted to say that Signor Mario, the leading tenor, was so hoarse that he—" He was not allowed to proceed further ; a storm of disappointment and fury broke out which raged for nearly an hour. A hearing was attempted to be gained, but in vain. The manager—the "farmer" of the voices

—all made their appearance, but would not be listened to. They had come to hear Mario, and would hear no one else. At last the great tenor himself appeared. There came a lull, and it then turned out that he had intended singing all through, but that all that had been sought was a little indulgence, as he had a cold. Kemble was notoriously awkward on such occasions, and, it was said, inflamed the O. P. riots by his ill-chosen phrases. One night he secured a hearing after enormous patience, and wishing to prove that the prices had been always high from time immemorial, began with an unlucky allusion :

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Queen Anne—" A roar came from the galleries, "Queen Anne's dead," and not another word was listened to for the evening.

A night or two later he was eager to submit a proposal of appointing a committee formed of the most distinguished persons, and again led off with an unlucky allusion to "the Attorney-General," then a most unpopular official associated with prosecutions. This stopped further speech for the night.

AMATEURS v. PROFESSIONALS.

THERE is an immeasurable distance in every calling between the amateur and the regular enrolled professional. The former

has often resented this distinction, and objects that it cannot hold where equal genius and equally long practice with the professional are forthcoming on his side. A clever amateur may have actually seen greater service, than a regular, and yet is inferior. The truth is, it is enrolment in the ranks and sacrifice of self, and subjection to the inconveniences of discipline that makes the difference ; just as in the case of volunteers, who, for this reason, can never be put on a level with the line.

The difference in the case of actors has been often illustrated by some rather candid critics. One great actor declared that the best amateur actor he had seen, and he had seen many good ones, was not worth more than eighteen shillings a week ; *i.e.*, as a good serviceable player who would be useful, and bring money to the house. Another great actor was at some private theatricals where every one was exerting himself to win praise from such a judge. He, however, remained silent, and showed no emotion until a stage servant entered to announce that a carriage was at the door. The judge was at last pleased. "Ah," he said, "that gentleman knows how to act?" It proved that it was a "super" hired from one of the theatres. This unconscious sarcasm was more cutting than the severest condemnation. Macklin always declared that the best private actor was not "half so good as Dibble Davies," a third-rate actor of his time.

MAL APROPOS. •

GARRICK used to tell a good story of the days of his early triumphs. He had been brought by a friend to the house of Speaker Onslow, before whom it was desired that he should exhibit his powers. The Speaker did not care much for plays; and when he was told that the famous new actor had been induced "to stand up and favour the company with his great dagger scene in *Macbeth*," he merely bowed assent. Suddenly, during one of the grand pauses, the old man's voice was heard, "Pray, sir, was you at the turnpike meeting at Epsom on Thursday?"

BUSINESS.

DOWTON was so persuaded of the strength of his tragic powers that he never rested until he had given a performance of "*Shylock*." His grand point was the having a number of *few friends* to attend on *Shylock* in the Court scene, into whose arms he fell, when he was told that he must become a Christian. This produced universal merriment.

APROPOS
SHAKESPEREAN.

AN ingenious writer in the *London Figaro* has thought of describing the various managers, actors, and theatres by quotations

from Shakespeare. Some of these are very happy. Thus:—

"F. B. CLATERTON (*Drury Lane*). 'Give me a box.' Second Part of *King Henry VI.*, act 4, sc. 7."

"H. L. BATEMAN (*Lyceum*). 'I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note.' *Winter's Tale*, act 4, sc. 2."

"B. WEBSTER (*Princess's*). 'A broken voice, and his whole function suiting—' *Hamlet*, act 2, sc. 2."

"THE ALHAMBRA. 'It is legs and thighs.' *Twelfth Night*, act 1, sc. 3."

"A. HARRIS (*Covent Garden*). [*Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*] *Cymbeline* (*Scene*)."

"MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH (*Strand*). 'Her mother is the lady of the house.' *Romeo and Juliet*, act 1, sc. 5."

"LEVYING BOX-KEEPER'S FEES. 'Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable returns.'"

These trifles are a fresh testimony to the depth of Shakespeare's gift. No two lines could better describe that short-sighted rapaciousness of which the box-keeper nuisance is a specimen.

GARRICK'S END.

GARRICK, a few hours before his death, became a little clouded in his faculties. He noticed that the room was full of strange figures gliding about, and in this half-waking state asked who these were. He was told they

were physicians, and, indeed, the first doctors in London had crowded to his bedside. The dying actor raised his head, and was heard to mutter—

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

A COMPLAISANT MANAGER.

"THE crowds of young ladies who figure in opera bouffe, as well as in what Dickens's old bard happily called "leg pieces," has developed, especially in Paris, a new use for the stage, viz., the exhibition of personal charms. These being gifts of nature, and requiring neither "training" nor histrionic gifts of any kind, it was soon discovered that the advantages offered by the stage for the exhibition of such attractions was singularly valuable, and, by an odd inversion, the exhibitors, instead of receiving salaries, soon came to paying the manager substantial sums for the privilege of a place on his stage. A rather innocent patron of one of these damsels, ignorant of this custom, promised to use his influence with a manager to secure an engagement, and was surprised at the cordial and gracious way in which his proposals were accepted. "What salary?" he asked.—"Oh, that I would leave to you," said the other.—"Let us say ten pounds a week," said the manager. Delighted at this liberality, the patron was departing, when he was reminded that he had better

pay the first week's amount *in advance!*"

IRVING.

It is not, perhaps, well known that Irving, the celebrated preacher, had at one time been a member of Ryder's Company at Kirkcaldy, and was passionately devoted to the stage. His strange gait, grotesque delivery, and general oddity caused so much derision that he abandoned the profession in disgust. These disadvantages were found to be great helps to his success in another profession.

MILITARY "EPILOGUES."

MILES ANDREWS, a well-known prologue and epilogue writer, had been appointed to a command in some Militia regiment, and was reviewing his corps. Some one asked a wit who was standing next him, which was the person in command—"That officer there," was the reply, "with the *epilogues* on his shoulders."

DOCTORS DISAGREEING.

A PIECE, by a well-known popular author, was not long ago brought out at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and it is amusing to read the contradictory opinions of the professed critics on its merits. Of the play itself, apart from the characters, one said, "that it was quite masterly in its construction, and a brilliant example of dramatic workmanship;" another, that it was merely "a clever piece of the ordinary sort." Of the catastrophe

one considered it "a masterly finish;" while another looked on it as "a commonplace conclusion." But about a certain comic character and its interpretation there was a most amusing discrepancy. One held it to be "an excrescence," which the skill of the acting could not render amusing; another held that the actor "wanted geniality and colour," another that, "as a piece of acting, it was altogether unsurpassed in its way." One declared that the player's "mastery of the dialect" was perfect; another, that the whole part was spoiled by the actor's ignorance of the local dialect. One said his playing was poor and weak; another, that it was marked with truth and vigour; a third, that it was amusing, though "too prolix."

Of a sharp old gentleman acted by a player of great reputation, it was pronounced that "it did not stand out" like the other elaborate personations by which the actor had made his name at that house. A second critic declared this performance to be "the main feature," full of "a consummate art," and "than which nothing more careful and finished has ever been seen *even* at this house!" While a third declared that "it left his reputation pretty much where it was." Finally, the dénouement being made to turn on the finding of a letter, it was remarked of this incident by one critic, that it was a device that "displayed a sort of peddling ingenuity;" while another declared, "the letter is the foundation and prop of

the story; and mark how craftily the author uses it!"

These contradictory opinions are taken from the leading authorities of the day.

"SHE STOOPS TO CON- QUER."

PERHAPS the best modern comedy of the English stage is Goldsmith's "She stoops to Conquer." This may be thought a sweeping assertion, for the names of other celebrated pieces, notably that of the "School for Scandal," will recur as more witty and brilliant. But most of these will be found to be imperfect in certain directions. Thus the wit in the early part of the "School for Scandal" is undramatic, and more adapted to the closet than the stage. In Goldsmith's comedy there is an atmosphere of pure natural humour; there are no good things introduced by "head and shoulders,"—everything is spontaneous. And this test may be applied, that we return from a well-acted representation in a vein of good humour and placid enjoyment. Young Marlow is one of the most original characters in the whole round of the stage, and will hold his own with any of Congreve's. It has been delicately discriminated by Mr. Forster. "In the transition from stammering modesty with Miss Hardcastle to easy familiarity with the supposed barmaid, the character does not lose its identity; for the over-assumption of

case, and the ridiculous want of it, are perceived to have exactly the same origin. 'The nervousness is the same in the excess of bashfulness, as when it tries to rattle itself off by an excess of impudence.' This analysis not only furnishes the actor with the true key of the character, but need not be disdained by our modern critics as a specimen of theatrical criticism.

A STIMULANT.

IN his latter days, Macklin, from the languor of age, found that he could not call up the violence of passion necessary to give Shylock with due impetuosity; and it is said, that when on the point of rushing on the stage, he used to call to the prompter, "Kick my shins! kick my shins!" hoping that the physical pain would supply what was wanting. This is quite characteristic of Macklin.

DISCREET IN HIS CUPS.

COOKE's feeling towards Kemble was not so much professional jealousy as rage at the advantage which deliberate coolness and self-restraint gave his rival. Both drank deeply; but Cooke could not carry his liquor so discreetly, and was betrayed into those discreditable exhibitions to which the same quantity of liquor never provoked Kemble. Wewitzer, coming out of a public-house quite drunk, was met by Kemble, who was at that time his manager, and who was quite as far

gone. The latter did not lose his composure, and, with a tipsy air of reproof, raised his hand and shook his head solemnly, "Wewitzer, *this will never do.*"

This explains the feeling of the profession against the respectable and decorous Kembles.

GENIUS IN OBSCURITY.

A FRIEND of Munden's recollected seeing an actress walking up and down both sides of the street of a provincial town, and knocking at every door to deliver play-bills for her benefit. She was dressed in a red woollen cloak, such as used to be worn by servants. This was Mrs. Siddons, then a member of her father's strolling company.

ACTING OFF THE STAGE.

SOME of the methods by which great actors exhibited their talents in private society have been curious. Garrick, as is well known, was fond of giving his "rounds," as he called it, and would stand up in a mixed company with a chair, to simulate a father who had just dropped his child from a window. In Paris, he and Clairon, the actress, delighted a large party of wits and *beaux esprits* with alternate exhibitions of this kind. He was, however, seriously discomposed on one occasion, when a youth gravely rose and laid two lighted candles on the floor by way of foot-lights. Bannister would imitate water falling

gradually from a height until it splashed into the river. He would transform himself into a father on his death-bed about to disinherit his son. A napkin was put round his chin to give the idea of bed-clothes; his eyes became glazed, his lips clammy, and his cheeks ghastly pale. There were all the signs of approaching dissolution. He was raised up, a pen placed in his trembling fingers; he signed with a convulsive resolution, and fell back lifeless. This disagreeable exhibition once recalled too vividly to a Mr. Lovegrave, who was present, the recent death of his wife, and sent him off into a faint.

HOMAGE TO GENIUS.

MRS. SIDDONS had many compliments paid to her talents, and some of an unusual kind. The Bar of England, as well as that of Scotland, presented her with a testimonial. But it is probable that she was most pleased with the flattering homage paid to her by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who directed that the plan of the Regent's Park should be altered, so that the view from her windows in Baker Street should not be interfered with. In these days it is difficult to conceive so graceful an act being done by any of the local authorities.

FAMILIAR

A. POPULAR dramatist, long

since dead, was taken, when a boy, to see Mr. and Mrs. Barry in *Othello*. At the close of the tragedy he was astonished to see a comic-looking personage put his head through a hole in the green curtain, and say facetiously to the audience, "Remember me to-morrow!" on which there followed a loud laugh. It turned out that this was Shuter, whose benefit was to take place on the following night.

HISTRIONIC DOGS.

THERE are some rather humiliating pages in the history of the London theatres, notably those associated with the triumphs of popular dogs, horses, &c.

"A subordinate but enterprising actor, of the name of Costello, collected, at the great fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic, a complete company of canine performers, and arriving with them in England, Wroughton, then manager of Sadler's Wells, engaged him, and his wonderful troupe. They were fourteen in all, and, unlike those straggling dancing dogs still occasionally seen in the streets, they all acted, responsively and conjointly, with a truth that appeared almost the effect of reason. The star, the real star of the company, was an actor named Moustache, and the piece produced, as a vehicle for their first appearance, was called *The Deserter*.

"As formerly all London flocked to Goodman's Fields to

see Garrick, so now the rage was to visit Spa Fields, to see Moustache and his coadjutors. The night I was first present at this performance, Sadler's Wells, in point of fashion, resembled the Opera House on a Saturday night, during the height of the season; princes, peers, puppies, and pickpockets, all crowding to see what Jack Churchill, with his accustomed propensity to punning, used to term the illustrious dog-stars.

"The curtain shortly afterwards rose. I will pass over the performance till the last scene, merely remarking that the actors of *Simpkin*, *Skirmish* and *Louisa* were so well dressed, and so much in earnest, that, in a slight degree, they actually preserved the interest of the story and the illusion of the scene. But Moustache, as the *Deserter*! I see him now, in his little uniform, military boots, with smart musket and helmet, cheering and inspiring his fellow-soldiers to follow him up scaling-ladders and storm the fort. The roars, barking, and confusion which resulted from this attack may be better imagined than described.

"At the moment, when the gallant assailants seemed secure of victory, a retreat was sounded, and Moustache and his adherents were seen receding from the repulse, rushing down the ladders, and then staggering towards the lamps in a state of panic and dismay.

"How was this grand military manœuvre so well managed? probably asks the reader. I will

tell him. These great performers having had no food since breakfast, and knowing that a fine, *hot supper*, unscen by the audience, was placed for them at the top of the fort, they naturally speeded towards it, all hope and exultation; when, just as they were about to commence operations, Costello and his assistants commenced theirs, and, by the smacking of whips and other threats, drove the terrified combatants back in disgrace.

"Wroughton frequently told me that he cleared upwards of seven thousand pounds by these four-legged Rosciii.

"There was another dog performer that made even a greater reputation. Reynolds had written a spectacular piece for Drury Lane, entitled *The Caravan*.

"The introduction of real water on the stage, and of a dog to jump into it from a high rock, for the purpose of saving a child, were both incidents, at that time, so entirely unknown in theatrical exhibitions, that their very novelty rendered everybody, during the production of the piece, most sanguine as to its success; provided (for there is always one or more provisos on these occasions) that the two principal performers, the animal and the element, could be brought into action. Accordingly proposals and inquiries were soon set on foot; and being prosecuted 'with a little industry' (as one of the principal agents on this occasion invariably expressed himself), the objects of

their search were at length found,—the water was hired from old father Thames, and the dog of the proprietor of an *à la mode* beef shop.

"The water we found tractable and accommodating; but, during the first and second rehearsals, *Carlo* (for such was the name of our hero) sulked, and seemed, according to the technical phrase, inclined to '*play booty*.' After several other successive trials, he would not jump; but at last, owing to the platform on which he stood being enclosed by two projecting scenes, and his attention being thus removed from the distractions of stage-lights, boards, *et cetera*, he immediately made the desired leap, and repeated it at least a dozen times, as much to his own as to our satisfaction. On the first representation of *The Caravan*, after his performance of this extraordinary feat, and after his triumphant *exit* with the supposed drowning child, the effect far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

"After witnessing the first representation, I had not quitted the theatre above ten minutes, when Sheridan suddenly came into the green room, on purpose, as it was imagined, to wish the author joy.

" 'Where is he?' was the first question, 'where is my guardian angel?'

" 'The author has just retired,' answered the prompter.

" 'Pooh,' replied Sheridan, 'I mean the dog; actor, author, and preserver of Drury Lane Theatre.'

GOSSIP ABOUT THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A VOLUME might be filled with details concerning this famous comedy, which seems destined to enjoy a never-failing youth. It has been called the best comedy in the language; but what perhaps is the most remarkable fact connected with it is, that it should have been the work of a young man of six-and-twenty.

In his note-books were found many experiments, scraps of the dialogue pursued carelessly, in the hopes of some lively points or epigrams turning up. From these it is plain that he had two successive plans for the piece—one based on the machinery of the "Scandalous College," another on the conjugal differences of 'The Teazles.' It, no doubt, occurred to him that the first was too weak, and the second too heavy a motive to supply interest for a comedy; later, he fused the two together, which has given a disappointed and artificial air to the piece.

He was long before he could satisfy himself with the names of the characters. His first list ran—

Sir Roland Harpur.

—Plausible.

Capt. Harry Plausible.

Freeman.

Old Teazle. (*Left off Trade.*)

Mrs. Teazle.

Maria.

His intention was, as appears from his introductory speech, to

give Old Teazle the Christian name of Solomon. Sheridan was, indeed, most fastidiously changeful in his names. The present Charles Surface was at first Clerimont, then Florival, then Captain Harry Plausible, then Harry Pliant or Pliable, then Young Harrier, and then Frank; while his elder brother was successively Plausible, Pliable, Young Pliant, Tom, and, lastly, Joseph Surface. Trip was originally called Spunge; the name of Snake was, in the earlier sketch, Spatter; and, even after the union of the two plots into one, all the business of the opening scene, with Lady Sneerwell, at present transacted by Snake, was given to a character afterwards wholly omitted, Miss Verjuice.

Here are some notes for the Scandal scenes:—

“THE SLANDERERS.

“*A Pump-Room Scene.*

“Friendly caution to the newspapers.

“It is whispered—

“She is a constant attendant at church; and very frequently takes Dr. M'Brawn home with her.

“Mr. Worthy is very good to the girl; for my part, I dare swear he has no ill intention.

“What! Major Wesley's Miss Montague?

“Lud, ma'am, the match is certainly broke — no creature knows the cause;—some say a flaw in the lady's character, and others in the gentleman's fortune.

“To be sure they do say——

“I hate to repeat what I hear,

“She was inclined to be a little too plump before she went.

“The most intrepid blush;—I've known her complexion stand fire for an hour together.

“‘She had twins,’—how ill-natured! As I hoped to be saved, ma'am, she had but one! and that a little starved brat not worth mentioning.

“*Spat.* O Lud, ma'am, I'll undertake to ruin the character of the primmest prude in London with half as much. Ha! ha! Did your ladyship never hear how poor Miss Shepherd lost her lover and her character last summer at Scarborough? This was the whole of it. One evening at Lady ——'s the conversation happened to turn on the difficulty of breeding Nova Scotia sheep in England. ‘I have known instances,’ says Miss ——, ‘for last spring a friend of mine, Miss Shepherd of Ramsgate, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.’ ‘What!’ cries the old deaf dowager, Lady Bowlwell, ‘has Miss Shepherd of Ramsgate been brought to-bed of twins?’ This mistake, as you may suppose, set the company a-laughing. However, the next day, Miss Verjuice Amarilla Lonely, who had been of the party, talking of Lady Bowlwell's deafness, began to tell what had happened; but, unluckily, forgetting to say a word of the sheep, it was understood by the company, and, in every circle, many believed, that Miss Shepherd of Ramsgate had actually been brought to-bed of a fine boy and girl; and, in less than a fortnight, there were

people who could name the father, and the farmhouse where the babes were put out to nurse.

"*Lady S.* Ha! ha! well, for a stroke of luck, it was a very good one. I suppose you find no difficulty in spreading the report on the censorious Miss —?"

"*Spat.* None in the world, — she has always been so prudent and reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at the bottom."

"*Lady S.* Yes, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prude as a fever to those of the strongest constitutions; but there is a sort of sickly reputation that outlives hundreds of the robust character of a prude."

Another fault that has been found with this great piece is, that every character, with the exception of Old Rowley, talks wit. Even Trip, the servant, is full of sparkling conceits; but it may be remarked that these rarely tell with an audience who seems to feel the incongruity, being, as it were, surprised to hear such language coming from the lips of a servant. But this may be the fault of the modern acting of comedy, which gives too much intention and emphasis to such good things.

Many of these bits of wit, being found unsuited for the position where they first occurred to the author, are noted in the margin to be carried forward, and fitted in at some more appropriate place.

The fashion in which he po-

lished and trimmed some of his happy thoughts is well known, but no better specimen could be given than the following. The idea occurred to him of likening the responsibility of the circulators of scandal to that of the indorsers of forged bills. He began with this attempt:—

"People who utter a tale of scandal, knowing it to be forged, deserve the pillory more than for a forged bank-note. They can't pass the lie without putting their names on the back of it. You say no person has a right to come on you, because you did not invent it; but you should know that, if the drawer of the lie is out of the way, the injured party has a right to come on any of the indorsers."

By the time we get to the close of this rather roundabout explanation the liveliness of the comparison has evaporated. How superior its present shape.

"Yes, madam, I would have law-merchant for them too, and in all cases of slander currency; wherever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured party should have a right to come on any of the indorsers."

Even in this shape the two technical words "law-merchant" and "slander currency" seem a little superfluous, and take off from the effect.

On the first night of performance, Merry, the well-known Della Cruscan, was listening rather impatiently to the interchange of wit between the characters in the first scene, and was heard to exclaim, "I wish the characters would leave

off talking, and let the play begin."

"Of theatrical occurrences in this year," says Reynolds, "I can only recollect that I saw Barry and Foote buried in the cloisters; and that on the first night of the 'School for Scandal,' returning from Lincoln's Inn about nine o'clock, and passing through the pit passage from Vinegar Yard to Brydges Street, I heard such a tremendous noise over my head, that, fearing the theatre was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life; but found the next morning that the noise did not arise from the falling of the house, but from the falling of the screen in the fourth act, so violent and so tumultuous were the applause and laughter.

EXAGGERATED PRAISE.

IN 1777 Lord Villiers opened a new theatre near Henley-on-Thames, and gave "The Provoked Husband," with a little French after-piece. Lord Malden was *Count Basset*, the host himself *Lord Townly*, and the other characters were filled by Mr. Miles, Mr. Turge, the Hon. Mr. Onslow, and many more. A prologue was spoken by Lord Villiers, and it is characteristic to find how at all times these introductions have been couched in the same strain of affected humility and pretended trepidation:—

"But now, alas! the case is altered quite,
When such an audience opens on the sight;

Garrick himself in such a situation,
Though sure to please, might feel some palpitation.
Our anxious breasts no such presumption
cheers,—
Light are our hopes, but weighty are
our fears."

Who has not heard these well-meant platitudes, even to "the case is altered quite"? and we almost expect that the appeal to "kind friends" will follow, with an entreaty to "give but your applause." The reporters were admitted, and dealt not merely indulgently, but even rapturously, with these noble efforts. The Court newsman then dared not be free or irreverent with the distinguished. *Lord Townly* was "admirable both as to voice, figure, action, and elocution,—easy, animated, and graceful; and perhaps the character never appeared to more advantage in the hands of any performer, except Mr. Barry." One fault, indeed, might be found: "he was not enough displeased at his lady's conduct." But this is explained by an elegant compliment to the noble hostess, "who never gives him reason to practise it; and without practice it was impossible to be feigned, when the enchanting Miss Hodges was smiling before his eyes." Mr. Turge was far superior to either Yates or Macklin, and "it would be for the advantage of the London managers if they engaged him at once." It was a pity that Lord Malden, who played *Count Basset*, was not "less delicate in his principles," as it required a more unprincipled person to do justice to

the character. *Squire Richard* was so good, that it almost seemed as though Lord Villiers had engaged one of his own rustics to do the part. Miss Hodges was "incomparable . . . ; it is but common justice to say that she performed her part in a style far superior to anything we have ever seen in the theatres. The beauty of her face, the melody of her voice, the elegance of her person, her eyes amazingly expressive, her easy yet graceful deportment, were such as have never been united in any female who was an actress by profession." Miss Harvey seemed to show her stage children "such truly maternal affection, as makes one regret she had none of her own."

The secret of all this contentment is presently disclosed. "After the play Lord Villiers entertained the company with a most elegant and sumptuous supper and a ball. There was a profusion of the choicest wines and most exquisite viands; and the most polite attention was paid to every person present." This last sentence explains the generous enthusiasm of the reporters.

IGNORING THE AUTHOR.

WHEN a comedy of Reynolds, called "The Will," was in rehearsal at Drury Lane, an amusing illustration of professional character was exhibited. A discussion arose as to the meaning of "School's up!" a phrase in the part of the heroine. Mrs. Jordan, King, Pal-

mer, Wroughton, Suett, and others joined, one contending that it was meant as a comic, another as a serious phrase. It was warmly debated; and yet the author of the piece was standing by, and no one condescended to ask him!

GEORGE THE SECOND AT THE PLAY.

"His Majesty once arriving at the theatre some minutes after his time, the arbitrary audience (who will rarely allow even a regal actor to keep the stage business waiting) received him with some very hasty rude marks of their disapprobation. The King, taken by surprise for a moment, expressed both chagrin and embarrassment; but, with a prompt recollection, he skilfully converted all their anger into applause. He drew forth his watch, and having pointed to the hand, and shown it to the lord-in-waiting, he advanced to the front of the box, and directing the attention of the audience to his proceedings, he deliberately beat the misleading time-keeper against the box—thus proving he was a great actor, and deserving of the full houses he always brought.

"The play commenced and concluded with its usual success; and no other unusual circumstance occurred until the middle of the after-piece, where a *Centaure* was introduced; who having to draw a bow, and therewith shoot a formidable adversary, through some confusion, erring in his aim, the arrow entered

the royal box, and grazed the person of the King. The audience rose in indignation against the perpetrator of this atrocious attempt, and seemed preparing to revenge the outrage; when, at that moment, the whole *fore-part* of the *Centaur* fell on its face among the lamps, in consequence of the carpenter, who played the *posterior*, rushing from his concealment with the most trembling humility, in order to assure his Majesty, and all present, that he was no party in this *treasonable* transaction.

"At these words arose and advanced 'the *very head and front* of the offence,' who, likewise endeavouring to exculpate himself, energetically addressed the audience. The noisy discussion, and the ridiculous criminations and vindications which ensued between these two grotesque, half-dressed, *half-human* beings, so amply rewarded George the Second and the spectators for the previous alarm, that loud and involuntary shouts of laughter from every part of the house acknowledged that the *Centaur's head and tail* were incomparably the most amusing performers of the evening."

HUMBUG,

REYNOLDS, the lively dramatist, once wrote a prologue on the subject of "humbug." The few following lines will display the character:—

"Yet coffins will take in the coffin-maker,
And death, at last, *humbugs* the under-
taker."

Then, after other instances of the supremacy of humbug, it proceeded thus:—

"Who can alone great *humbug's* power
defy,
You, who are born to conquer, or to die?
'Twas English liberty made despots
see!
'Twas English valour crushed the proud
Bastile!"

This, naturally, was expected to have produced the loud applause which regularly accompanies these, trumpery trap-claps, and then it was intended the speaker of the prologue should have advanced to the lamps, and added—

"Ha, ha!—you're caught, and not by
something new!
Go!—*humbug* others, as I've *humbugg'd*
you!"

THE ELDER MATHEWS.

"THE first time I ever saw Mathews," says Mr. Raikes, "was at my own house at dinner. Pope, the actor, had been drawing my poor wife's picture in crayons, for which he had a peculiar talent. He brought him to dine with me; and his imitations of Kemble, Munden, Bannister, Quick, &c., were *inimitable*. Pope, in the course of conversation, alluded to some old gentleman in the country, who was so madly attached to the society of Mathews that, whenever he came to town, he went straight to his house, and if he did not find him at home, would trace him, and follow him wherever he might happen to be. This did not excite much attention; but at about nine

o'clock we all heard a tremendous rap at the street door, and my servant came in to say that a gentleman was in the hall, who insisted on speaking with Mr. Mathews. The latter appeared very much disconcerted, made many apologies for the intrusion, and said that he would get rid of him instantly, as he doubtless must be the individual who so frequently annoyed him.

"As soon as he had retired, we heard a very noisy dialogue in the hall, between Mathews and his friend, who insisted on coming in and joining the party, while the other as urgently insisted on his retreat. At length the door opened, and in walked a most extraordinary figure, who sat down in Mathews's place, filled himself a tumbler of claret, which he pronounced to be execrable, and began in the most impudent manner to claim acquaintance with all the party, and say the most ridiculous things to every one. We were all, for the moment, thrown off our guard; but we soon detected our versatile companion, who had really not taken three minutes to tie up his nose with a string, put on a wig, and otherwise so metamorphose himself that it was almost impossible to recognise him. Of that party were also Tom Sheridan, C. Calvert, and R. Calvert, all of whom, alas! are now numbered with the dead.

"Mathews had one peculiarly good quality, which may rather be called good sense, and formed a contrast to many of his contemporaries. He was always

amiable and obliging in company, and ready to enliven a party with his talents; whereas I have seen many others who refuse every proposal to assist hilarity, lest it should be supposed they were asked merely for that purpose."

LITERAL.

ONCE, when John Kemble played *Hamlet* in the country, the gentleman who enacted *Guildenstern* was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. *Hamlet* asks him, "Will you play upon this pipe?"—"My lord, I cannot."—"I pray you."—"Believe me, I cannot."—"I do beseech you."—"Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and, to the confusion of *Hamlet*, and the great amusement of the audience, he played "God save the King."

A RUSE.

THE excitement and crush during Garrick's last performances are now matters of theatrical history. That most entertaining of memoir-writers, Reynolds, who was present on the last night, relates an amusing incident:—

"Though a side box, close to where we sat, was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *à l'armis*. 'Shut the door, box-keeper!' loudly cried some of the party. 'There's room, by the powers!' cried the Irishman, and

persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman on the second row rose, and exclaimed, 'Turn out that blackguard!' 'Oh, and is that your mode, honey?' coolly retorted the Irishman; 'come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *shillally* you through the lobby!'

"This public insult left the tenant in possession no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried, '*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*'"

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

"A NEW COMEDY, written by one of my particular friends," says Reynolds, "was put into rehearsal. On the very evening that it was to be produced, meeting great a journalist, as he was going out of town, and asking him to speak good-naturedly of my friend's play, he kindly told me that I might myself write the theatrical criticism for the following morning's newspaper, but to be sure to confine my praise within rational bounds.

"Speeding post haste, with this good news, to my friend, the author, he quietly heard my communication, and then replied, 'Pooh!—*you* write the account of my piece? I shall write it myself!'

"He was as good as his word; and sending his precious mor-

celled, to the printer in my name, it was, according to the previous directions of the great critic and editor, inserted verbatim. The following morning, I was not a little astonished when I read, 'That the four first acts of the comedy of the previous evening were not inferior, in point of plot, incident, language, and character, to the greatest efforts of Beaumont and Fletcher, and other old dramatists;' and 'that the *last act* might probably be considered one of the *finest* on the stage.'

"Meeting the friendly editor, on his return to town, he exclaimed, 'You *pitched it too strong*—I shall never trust you again!'"

SCENE AT THE THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

"At the anniversary of the Theatrical Fund, we passed a most agreeable day," says Mr. Reynolds. "The singing of Johnstone and Incledon, the vivacious anecdotes related by Lewis and Quick, and the strong interest excited by the presence of the venerable founder, Mr. Hull, rendered the whole scene peculiarly amusing and gratifying.

"But the principal comedian on the occasion (though perfectly unconscious of the fact) was one of the visitors, an elderly gentleman, to whom everybody present bore great goodwill; not only on account of his private worth and urbane manners, but for the rich entertainment he afforded to them all, by the extreme ingenuousness

and simplicity he so humorously manifested, in allowing himself to be persuaded into a *tenfold* repetition of the same story.

"The mode by which these theatrical *hoaxers* (on this day) effected their purpose was most ingenious. At the end of narrative the first, they all roared and *encored* it; then, when the repetition was terminated, some member would affect not to understand the leading circumstance, and therefore humbly begged to hear it again. This request being immediately granted by this gentleman of the true old school, the story was repeated for the *third* time with particular precision; but, at the close, the member with the *affectedly* defective understanding would continue to stare with much stupidity, and at last impatiently confess that he could not comprehend the *joke*."

"Then, Lewis and other wags would privately inform our amusing visitor that he had marred his effects the last time by not pressing a material point: on which, dwelling on every word with a clearness and slowness of utterance, as if he had intended to make each word a resting-place for life, he proceeded to gratify their love of fun and laugh for the *fourth* time.

"But still the dull *defective* member being unable to take the joke, he was called a thick, *potato-headed* Irishman; when, manifesting much indignation at this formidable epithet, a violent discussion ensued relative to the story's *real* meaning, when eyi-

dent signs of a violent contest rapidly arising, in the hope of restoring peace, the kind, well-meaning old gentleman, would advance and again repeat his enigmatical tale.

"During the three years that I attended this anniversary, the above-mentioned circumstance regularly proved the grand star of the evening's amusement. On one of these occasions, after another angry altercation relative to the 'real meaning' of the story, Munden and Simmons fought on the table, with such admirable assumption of the appearance of reality, that when, with the aid of a little paint, the latter, seemingly covered with blood and bruises, and more than half in the arms of death, was laid prostrate among the plates and decanters, the afflicted innocent cause of the whole confusion, once more deceived, was induced to approach Simmons, and impressively whisper into his ear the miraculous story, as the only resuscitating remedy.

"Another time, when there appeared to be not the smallest hope of an additional repetition, the master of the coffee-house, entering, informed us that the Persian Ambassador was below; and, desirous to see one of the choicest specimens of English theatrical society, he would condescend to honour us with his presence. This request receiving the unanimous consent of the room, the Ambassador, in full costume, was immediately introduced, followed by his secretary and interpreter; and

though the old gentleman had sat opposite to his *Excellency*, (Liston) during the whole of dinner, he never recognized him in his disguise, but was among the foremost in expressing the gratification he received from the honour of his presence.

"We all remained standing and bowing; the hero of the day mixing sherbet, calling for cigars, and proving he well understood the etiquette of eastern courts. His *Excellency* noticing this attention in a marked manner, all was very satisfactory; but when the *grand desired* moment arrived—when the interpreter signified that it was his *Excellency's* pleasure to be gratified by hearing the *far-famed humorous story*—what person that was present can forget the glee, the ecstasy, with which our accommodating visitor fired off his *tenth evening* gun? The roar was tremendous, and the Ambassador and train left the room apparently breathless with delight. Lewis proposed our comic hero's health, with three times three; and, during the clamour, his *disrobed Excellency* returned, and imperceptibly taking his seat, the scene concluded with all of us congratulating the delighted visitor on his having rendered the story thus effective; 'and to a person so particularly ignorant of our language,' added Liston.

"'Ay, Mr. Liston,' was the reply, 'and to a person so particularly *ugly*!'

"As a proof of the paramount power of actors in the art of hoaxing, allow me to add, that

this amiable old gentleman on general topics of conversation always displayed great good sense; certainly his extreme good nature, and willingness to oblige, might have aided the manoeuvres of his persevering assailants, but I doubt whether even the oldest and most experienced member of the cricket club could singly have stood against such a skilful combination of waggery."

TRUE REALISM!

THERE is an old theatre in Dublin—perhaps the oldest in the kingdom—which has lately been converted into a sort of factory. Up to a recent period it exhibited some tawdry but faded remains of the decorations of the last century. Its convenient proximity to the river Liffey suggested to its late manager a novel attraction, namely, the representation of the "Colleen Bawn," then in the height of its popularity, with "real water effects." The editor of this little collection happened to be present, and a more entertaining evening could not be conceived. Some one, whom we shall call Mr. J. W. Hartigan, was the hero of the night, which in some sense he deserved to be, as it was the depth of winter—frost and snow being abroad. He was vastly popular, and through the night received much personal encouragement in the way of familiar exhortations. It must be said he deserved his popularity by his untiring ex-

ertions in the way of dancing, flourishing sticks, love-making, &c., and in this way seemed to prepare himself for the great performance of the night.

The scene disclosed was the "Water Cave,"—one not made up with any such shifts as lengths of transparent blue gauze, but disposed on true principles of realism. From a high Box it could be seen that a deep tank or cistern had been let into the stage, but imperfectly concealed by a couple of canvas banks. The tank was certainly not more than six or seven feet long, and thus presented great difficulties in the way of manœuvring a boat. When the villainous Danny was preparing for his deed of blood, it was pleasant to see him appear in a vessel scarcely bigger than a washing-tub, but of greater depth, into which he succeeded in decoying the fair Eily, red cloak and all, whose trepidation at embarking seemed more than justifiable. For, to add to the insecurity of the navigation, the intended murderer was perfectly drunk, as was conspicuous to the audience, who, with loud voices, warned the maid not to trust herself to such a companion—an interference which he much resented. The result anticipated came about, and the next moment the boat turned over completely, giving Eily and her companion a complete ducking; but happily the river at this part was not more than four or five feet deep. They got to land with teeth chattering. But the absurdity was to come. For in

the full view of the audience they had been seen to scramble out of the tank; yet here was Myles coming to rescue her! It must be said that he redeemed the failure by a gallant and satisfactory plunge that sent the water splashing to the roof, and when actually submerged, performed feats of natation, rollings, &c., his skill being only bounded by the limited capacity of the tank. The dramatic proprieties of course required that he should *rescue* something, and the still-dripping Eily was drawn up from somewhere behind the tank. It was not surprising to learn later that this heroic performer was laid up, it was said, "with the rheumatics."

A HAUGHTY HOST.

AT some private theatricals given at Blenheim by the Duke of Marlborough, everything was arranged in the most sumptuous style. At the end of the second act, refreshments were served; but the Duke noticed with some annoyance that the third act had commenced before all the guests had been attended to. An obsequious relative of his noticed this distress, and, when Sir Harry Newburgh and Miss Rivers were in the midst of a most interesting love-passage, hastily rose, and, advancing to the stage, said authoritatively, "*Stop! some of the company want more tea;*" then turned to the company with "Ladies and gentlemen, you shall be attended to in a moment."

COOKE'S THREAT.

WHEN performing at a theatre in Ireland, Cooke had some quarrel with an actor of the company. Before going on as *Hamlet*, he was seen sharpening his sword in the green room, and was heard to say, "I and Mr. Laertes will settle our little dispute to-night." As he was known to be violent and unscrupulous, this news alarmed the intended victim, who, at the very commencement of the fencing-match, flung himself on *Hamlet*, and, seizing him by the collar, threw him down on his back, and kept him there until he had given a solemn but *sotto voce* assurance that he would do no mischief.

AMATEURS AT DRURY
LANE.

THE Delaval family—men about town, bitten with a craze for acting—had performed *Othello* at Lord Mexborough's, and were fired with a desire for a larger field of action. In those days even a small theatre would have been sufficient publicity, but to venture on the large expanse of the Drury Lane stage seemed almost too daring. Garrick, one of whose little weaknesses was an inclination to favour anything associated with persons of quality, interrupted his regular performances and allowed his theatre to be used for the night. Such interest and curiosity were

excited by this performance, that the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock to attend early. Never was there such magnificence. No expense was spared. The distinctions of pit and gallery were abolished, and all parts of the house shone indifferently with laces and jewels and costly dresses. Even in the footmen's gallery it was noticed that half-a-dozen stars were glittering; every part of the house overflowed with the best "quality" in London; the royal princes and some German ones—rarely absent from any Court show in England—were in the side boxes. All these glories were lit up by the soft effulgence of waxlights. On the stage there were fresh scenes and new and gorgeous dresses. The music was excellent. The scene outside the playhouse is described to have been almost ludicrous from the confusion and block of chairs and coaches, which impeded each other from getting near the door; and the mob were delighted at seeing the fine ladies and gentlemen picking their steps through the mud and filth. Even at the mean public-houses close by, lords, in stars and garters and silk stockings, were seen waiting until the street should clear a little. It was a perfect success, and threw the critics into obsequious raptures.

Garrick himself was often invited to take part in private performances; but there was only one house which he seems to have thus favoured—that of Sir Watkyn Wynne. The

theatricals at Wynnestay were a regular series, and held for many years. There was a great festival, and the Welsh inns for thirty miles around were filled to overflowing. They lasted for six weeks; and the house was filled with the best English company, with sometimes thirty people staying there. It was a place that Garrick always turned to with affection. Just before his death he seems to have meditated a visit, and there is preserved among his papers a draft of a prologue which he meant to have himself spoken. The theatre was always fitted up in the kitchen, which was a spacious hall; and it had this excellent feature, which might well be considered in modern theatres—that there were no “floats,” as they used to be called, or footlights, as they are now known to us, but the scenery and performers were lit up by a row of lights behind an arch, which ran across the stage high over their heads. The rehearsals were conducted on diligent principles of sound hard work, the morning being devoted to good practice and drilling, while the performers had the advantage of the assistance of the two Colmans, father and son—the elder being stage manager. The servants of the house were pressed into the service, to fill parts like the ones they played in real life. The butler was a little awkward, and could not be got to present a sword with freedom or naturally—a more difficult thing, perhaps, than might be supposed.

It was said that Colman lost patience, and when the man asked “how he was to do it,” answered, “*Why, just as you gave a gravy spoon to Sir Wutkyn at dinner yesterday; I noticed you!*”

AUTHORS ON THEIR PROPERTY.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, the spirited and successful manager of the Gaiety Theatre, has lately been exerting himself to obtain some change in the laws by which novelists may obtain protection from predatory dramatists. He invited the opinions of some leading writers, from which the following is a selection:—

GEORGE ELIOT. — “I thoroughly concur in the opinion that the Law of Copyright in relation to the dramatisation of novels ought to be changed, and I shall willingly give my adhesion to any energetic effort towards attaining that end.”

WILKIE COLLINS. — “My ‘Poor Miss Finch’ has been dramatised (without asking my permission) by some obscure idiot in the country. I have been asked to dramatise it, and I have refused, because my experience tells me that the book is eminently *unfit* for stage purposes. What I refuse to do with my own work, another man (unknown in literature) is perfectly free to do against my will, and (if he can get his rubbish played) to the prejudice of my novel and my reputation.”

TOM TAYLOR. — "I quite agree with you that prior dramatisation by an author ought to secure his property in a story from infringement by another dramatist without his permission."

SHIRLEY BROOKS. — "That dramatisation question on which you write is one that ought to be taken up by all of us."

M. E. BRADDON. — "I have written twenty-four novels; many of these have been dramatised, and a few of the dramatic versions still hold the stage. I have never received the smallest pecuniary advantage from any of these adaptations, nor does the law of copyright in any way assist me to protect what appears to be a valuable portion of my copyright, namely, the exclusive right to dramatise my own creation."

WATTS PHILLIPS. — "'Amos Clark' was founded on a novel of mine. A thief the other day informed me he had as much right to give *his* version of *my* story as I had, *by the law*. Nearly every one of my stories has been dramatised, captured, and conveyed to the Cave of Adullam and elsewhere. Not a farthing given to me; only, when I took up some of my situations (situations created by me), and worked them into a piece, I was told, 'They have been done before.'"

WESTLAND MARSTON, LL.D. — "I am warm in the conviction that where a writer creates a property for himself in one branch of fiction, he should

not lose it, because some one else may be inclined to present its substance with a mere modification of form."

W. S. GILBERT. — "'The Wicked World,' 'Creatures of Impulse,' 'On Guard,' 'Randall's Thumb,' are all dramatic versions of stories I have published."

PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society. — "You will benefit all authors if you can bring about a change in the Copyright Law as regards novels, tales, and dramas."

AN ingenious calculator in the *Era* has tried to estimate Mr. Sothorn's profits on the basis of certain calculations, and with the following rather startling result:—

"It would be interesting to know how much the single creation of *Dundreary* has produced to its talented delineator. It was not at all supposed to be the gold mine it has turned out, and will yet prove, supposing Mr. Sothorn preserves all his energy and health. It is known that Mr. Sothorn played this character for 1,100 nights in America, between 1856 and 1863, and for these nights we may put the profits at 55,000/. From his arrival in this country in 1863, it had an uninterrupted run of 496 nights, the profits of which could not be less than 40,000/. This is the longest run upon record, and it can hardly be said to have been the least profitable. From 1864 to his

departure last year for America, it is stated that he played *Dundreary* not less than 700 times, which would make another 56,000*l.* During the same period he has appeared at least 700 times in his other characters, *David Garrick*, &c., and putting these upon a lower scale of profit than *Dundreary*, we have, say, another 42,000*l.* of earnings, the summary of which is as follows:—

American representations of <i>Dundreary</i>	£55,000
English representations...	96,000
<i>Dundreary</i>	£151,000
Other characters in England	42,000
	<hr/> £193,000

Thus, during the sixteen years, down to the time of his leaving England, Mr. Sothorn has averaged an income of 12,000*l.* a year. This, of course takes no account of outgoings.

“Mr. Sothorn is now on a tour in the United States, and has been since the early part of last year. As he plays every evening without intermission, his profits, down to the time of his leaving for Melbourne, cannot amount to much less than 20,000*l.* As his stay in Melbourne is fixed for two months, and as he will derive nearly as much gold from the diggers of Australia as from the Yankees, his profits may be set down at 5,000*l.* He is then to stay another thirteen

months in the United States, for which say 32,000*l.* The addition of these figures show, therefore (approximately), that, from the time Mr. Sothorn's talents developed themselves in *Dundreary* in 1856 until he sets foot again in England, he will have earned in receipts from his talents a sum not far short of 250,000*l.*

STAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

CERTAINLY there are incidents connected with the stage which prove that, instead of being a purely artistic matter, it has become a mere affair of shopkeeping. Imagine the Royal Academy struggling with a number of rival exhibitions, and our morning papers choked with advertisements like these: “Splendid picture by Millais, crowds turned away from before it. One of the greatest triumphs ever produced on canvas.”—*Telegraph*. “Splendid colouring.”—*Daily News*. “No one should be an hour without seeing it.”—*Times*. And that then it was added in the programmes: “The rich gilt frame by Messrs. Fogotti, of Oxford-street; the reclining chairs by Messrs. Farmer, of Pall-mall; and the new and brilliant reflecting burners by Messrs. Rufus.” Finally, let us imagine that a curtain was hung in front of Mr. Millais' work, covered over with invitations to “Try Kitto's Starch,” or to “Use the Grass-hopper Sewing-machine.” I say, in this state of things a foreigner

might reasonably assume the pictorial art to be in a state of decay. . And why? Because, in its flourishing condition, the painter's performance ought to be sufficiently powerful to attract of itself; and such offensive additions ought to repel—and would repel—all persons of true taste and judgment. I protest anything more offensive than the fashion in which theatres are worked, the low shopman-like principle on which the helpless crowd that comes for amusement is manipulated, cannot be conceived. To find a drop-scene let down slowly, as it was one Christmas, all over lines of staring advertisements, the more audacious in gigantic characters, all to be studied and read between the acts, seemed to me an affront of the grossest and most discreditable kind. I felt the colour rising to my cheeks as I thought how our unwilling eyes and enforced attention were, in truth, the treasury out of which the cool manager was paid by his tradesman. So with the sewing-machines dragged on by the clowns, and the crackers and bonbons exhibited to advertise perfumers. To think that we should pay our money at the doors to be told of tradesmen who, should we be weak enough to go and purchase on the next day, will actually put on the article the vails they have paid to the manager for the privilege! At one house that I could name, a few baskets of artificial flowers were hung about—poor dusty imitations—and the name of the tradesman

who made them was thrust in our faces.

AN AUTHOR'S REPLY.

MR. BYRON'S name is associated with a witty story. When one of his plays was brought out at Liverpool, an awful "wait" occurred after the second act. The orchestra played, and played again. Presently a harsh grating sound was heard behind—something like sawing. Some one asked the author what it meant. "I can't say," he answered sadly. "I suppose they are cutting out *the third act*."

DISCOURAGING.

MACKLIN'S rude humour at rehearsals has been already alluded to. When his "True-Born Irishman" was being rehearsed, he was dissatisfied with the style of a particular actor, and stepping up to him asked in an angry tone, "What trade are you, sir?" The other answered, "I am a gentleman, sir!" "Then," said the other, "Stick to that, sir, *for you will never be an actor!*"

AN ASIDE.

MUNDEN'S avarice was notorious. On his last appearance, as he was bowing his farewell and retreating backwards up the stage, he said in a whisper to those at the wings, "Am I near; am I near?" "Very," said Liston, who was close by; "no one more so!"

A DILEMMA.

COOKE, describing his failings, said, "On Monday I was drunk and appeared; but they didn't like that, and hissed me. On Wednesday I was drunk, so I didn't appear; and they didn't like that. What the devil would they have?"

A LIST OF PROPERTIES.

WHEN Barry disposed of his theatre in Dublin, the inventory of the properties excited much amusement. Their condition was thus candidly described:—"Chambers, with holes in them;" "house, very bad;" "one stile, broken;" "*battlements, torn*;" "waterfall in the Dargle, very bad;" "woods, greatly damaged;" "clouds, little worth;" "mill, torn;" and "elephant, *very bad*." The only good article appeared to be "eighty-three thunderbolts."

QUIN AND WARBURTON.

BISHOP WARBURTON and Quin were debating the execution of Charles I. "By what laws did those regicides justify it?" said the bishop. "By all the laws he left them," was the reply. Quin's humour was of a very high order. He, and Foote, and Macklin amply sustain the credit of their profession in this department.

APPROPRIATE FOOD.

MOSSOP was said to have always ordered his dinner to suit the character he was about to play. For Zanga in the "Revenge," sausages; for Barbarossa, veal cutlets; for Richard, pork.

A NEW PLAY.

THE following appears in the theatrical newspapers:—

FOR SALE.—TO MANAGERS AND OTHERS.

'THE KING'S BANNER,' an Original Romantic Serio-

Historical Drama, in Four Acts and several Tableaux, by Mrs. ——. Period, the Civil War (from 1648) and the escape of Charles the First from Carisbrooke Castle (to 1660), ending with the Restoration. Finished complete, July 1869; Copyright secured, March 1870. It contains a Hop-garden Ballet, the Authoress's Sole Invention and Property; also many New Sensational Effects, especially a Will-o'-the-Wisp Scene, ending in a Bog Adventure during the search for Fugitive Cavaliers through the Forest. An Admirable Ghost Scene in an Abbey Ruin, with an Original Ghost Medley by the Authoress, also two other Songs, composed expressly for it by G. M. Sutherland, Esq. One of these, 'The Glorious Cause' (a loyal Cavalier drinking song, occurring in last tableau of First Act), was recently sung with great success at a Charity Concert in —, second time. Part of the Play performed by Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann last 5th December, at the Theatre Royal.—It has been read and highly recommended by many leaders in the profession.

Part of the MSS of this great Drama having been lost in London since November 1871, consisting of five full Illustrations, two Songs, full Scenario, Pattern of Ballet, and several Letters, to avoid any mistakes on the part of the public; it is the Authoress's intention to print and publish her work with as little delay as possible, and a duplicate set of Illustrations to those which have disappeared (in defence of her entire originality).

Further particulars will be duly announced.
For terms apply to the Author; or her Solicitor.

AN ACTOR AT THE GRAVE.

MACKLIN, grown old and tottering, attended Barry's funeral in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. As he was looking into the grave and murmuring "Poof Spranger!" some one attempted to lead him away, when he said, "Sir, I am at my rehearsal; do not disturb me!"

STAGE DRESS.

HENDERSON was so indifferent as to stage costume that he boasted of having played ten distinct characters during one season in the same dress. "The beautiful Mrs. Crouch," says Dr. Doran, "acted one of the witches in 'Macbeth' in a killing hat, her hair superbly powdered, rouge laid on with delicate effect, and her whole exquisite person enveloped in a cloud of point lace and fine linen." Lewis acted a Pagan hero in knee-breeches and a silk jacket!

ALAS POOR PORICK!

THE wild George Frederick Cooke was not allowed to rest in his American grave. "A theatrical benefit," says Dr. Francis, "had been announced at the Park Theatre, and 'Hamlet' the play. A subordinate of the theatre at a late hour hurried to my office for a skull. *I was compelled to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke.* It was returned in the morning; but on the ensuing

evening, at the meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members, and a general desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and many others who enriched the meeting of that night applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them." It would be interesting to enumerate the numbers of celebrated persons whose remains have been subjected to this sort of desecration. Sterne's body was carried off by resurrection-men, and sent to Oxford for dissection, where one of his friends happened to come in, and was so shocked at the recognition that he fainted away. Swift's skull was dug up a few years ago at St. Patrick's, and handed round, like Cooke's, at a party of scientific gentlemen. It was said that at the close of the proceedings the larynx was missing.

AN UNREHEARSED PROLOGUE.

JACK PALMER on one occasion delivered a prologue without having learned a line of it. The feat was contrived thus:—The prompter was placed underneath a table covered with a cloth, and repeated every line, which Palmer, with many ingenious smiles and gestures, to

cover the intervals of waiting,
repeated after him.

On the death of Mossop, a powerful but turgid actor whom Churchill satirised, a copy of Wolsey's well-known speech was found among his papers, with elocutionary directions written over each line.

ELABORATE EMPHASIS.

NO revelation of the prose of stage life equals the following.

Eyes upwards. Surprise and peevish.
"What should this mean? What sudden anger's this?"

Sudden turn of voice—quick.
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Smart Wild.

Leap'd from his eye.
Voice quick and loud.

I must read this paper;

Transition. Much breath. Opens paper very hastily.

I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so—

Strikes it quickly. Vast throbs of feeling.

This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I've DRAWN together

Cunning and head nod. Dislike, teeth quite close. Lips partly pressed,

To gain the Popedom. O negligence!

Quick and high. Wild, sudden, spitefully and peevishly.
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil

Hurried spirit, and all in a breath.

Made me put this MAIN SECRET in the packet

Pause.

I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?

Face furl to audience,

Side look. Cunning, fretful and musing—welling inward.

No new device to beat THIS from his brains?

Force. Loud. Pause. Then sudden turn.

I know 'twill stir him strongly.

Opens letter.

What's this?—To the Pope.

Still look to the letter. Rest. Breathe out, slow step, and head declined.

The letter, as I live, with all the business

Quite calm and resigned.

I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then, farewell!

G tone, with feeling, but low.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

No jerk.

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

Finger G tone.

Under feeling. pointed down. Sudden pause.

I haste now to my setting; I shall fall

Solemn. Mournful.

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

Weak manner. Feeling restrained. Wildness of old man.

And no man see me more."

A FAIR RETORT.

WHEN Foote was beaten in a lawsuit about a theatre, a Scotch lawyer called on him to receive the amount of his bill of costs. The actor while paying him indulged in a sneer at Scotch economy, saying that the agent, like all his countrymen, would travel back in the cheapest manner possible. "Ay, ay," said the agent drily, and tapping his pocket, "I shall travel—on Foot."

AN ODD BENEFIT.

ACTORS have often advertised their benefits for odd purposes. But few announcements have been more singular than that of Lillo, whose bill was headed, "For the benefit of *my poor relations*."

A SITUATION.

• ONE night in the year 1784, Miss Farren and a leading actor were taken ill, and it was announced that their parts (in "Love in a Village") would be read. The following absurd scene took place:—The manuscript copy had to be used, as the piece was not published; so Mr. Palmer and Miss Collett, each with a candle in hand, read alternately, passing the piece from one to the other, as their turn came. At last Palmer came to a passage so blotched and interlined that he could not make it out. The audience hissed, when he came forward and offered to show the passage to any gentleman in

the pit who would say if he were to blame. The book was examined and the passage, amid loud applause, declared to be unreadable. The play then proceeded, permission being given to pass over *the illegible passages*.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.

IN 1805, when a piece called "The Village," was uproariously damned, Elliston came forward and rebuked the audience, adding in his own unique style, "It is *my* opinion that the piece has great merit." When he took the Surrey Theatre he produced "*Macbeth altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Lawler!*" in which one of the passages ran:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?
My brains are scattered in a whirlwind stormy."

INTERPOLATED MUSIC.

At a performance of "The Rivals," in 1825, at Hastings, a Mr. White, who had a good voice, played the part of the lover Falkland, and introduced *The Bay of Biscay*, "by particular desire!" Something of the same kind of inappropriate introduction is recorded of Miss Poole in "The Iron Chest," who, when playing Barbara, wished to introduce a popular Swiss air. At a pathetic situation she proceeded thus:—"Poor Wilford has been dragged to prison: but still never, never can forget the old strain, '*Merrily oh*.'"

(Cue for the orchestra.)

'Merrily every bosom boundeth;
Merrily oh! merrily oh!'"

A SUITABLE ANSWER.

AN amateur wrote to Harry Johnson, desiring an engagement, expatiating on his own suitable gifts and qualifications, and received the following reply :—
 "I agree to engage you at once, provided you are only *half* as good as you describe yourself."

APPEAL BY PLACARD.

AN absurd scene took place during the stormy Booth riots in 1817. The actor, who had offended the audience, would not be allowed a hearing, when a gentleman came forward on the stage bearing a pole and placard, on which was inscribed the words,

"GRANT SILENCE TO EXPLAIN."

This was greeted with "a whirlwind of orange peel," and the actor again presented himself, but would not be listened to. The placard-bearer now appeared with another device—

"MR. BOOTH IS WILLING TO APOLOGISE."

But this produced no change. The actor appeared again, and was again hooted back. The indefatigable placard-bearer braved the storm once more, and hid his head behind a board bearing this appeal :—

"CAN ENGLISHMEN CONDEMN UNHEARD?"

This, of course, produced cheers in compliment to the audience, but did not advance the actor's cause.

COOKE AT LIMERICK.

THE following adventure is related of George Frederick Cooke, when fulfilling an engagement. It exactly fits with the known recklessness of his character.

"He had been performing at the old theatre, Limerick. The last night of his appearance he acted *Petruchio*, and, before the fall of the curtain, had paid such constant attention to a little keg of whisky, that the fumes overpowered his faculties, and in bestowing the whip upon the unfortunate *Grumio*, he belaboured him so severely, that the miserable actor roared in downright earnest, every now and then threatening Cooke with a retaliation. But the latter, doubly inspired on the occasion, both by the beverage he had drunk and the protection of the audience, persevered till he had made a clear stage for himself. The actor who had been thus treated vowed vengeance on Cooke, which he was determined to inflict the moment he had undressed himself. Somewhat sobered by these threats, *Petruchio* bethought himself of the advice of Hudibras—

'He who fights, and runs away,
 May live to fight another day.'

"Heedless of the strangeness of his dress, he instantly slipped down the back stairs, and sought refuge in one of the obscure alleys behind the theatre. It was then just twelve o'clock, and as he had rambled out of the High Street, he did not even

encounter a watchman asleep on his post. The sounds of woe, issuing with strange solemnity from an humble hut, presently attracted his attention; they proceeded from an assemblage of persons, who (according to a custom still continued in the southern parts of Ireland, on the death of a relation, or even acquaintance) were assembled round a dead body, chanting a dismal song, or howl, in full chorus. The reader must bear in mind the broad-brimmed hat and whimsical dress of *Petrichio*, and that, most likely, not one individual assembled in that place had ever seen a play; he may imagine, then, if possible, the wonder and horror of the simple souls when George Frederick applied his shoulder to the slender wicket of the cabin, plunged into the midst of the group, sword in hand, oversetting those he first encountered, and advancing up to the foot of the bed, on which the body of an old woman was placed, exclaiming, in his own rough way, with his eyes distended to the utmost extent by intoxication—

'How now, ye secret black and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?'

"Thunderstruck by the figure of the apparition, and the tones which proceeded from it, some of the mourners sought shelter under the bed, others crept half way up the chimney, while the remainder sallied out into the lane, praying most fervently to be released from the visitation of the devil, for a human being

none could suppose George, who, left alone with the shrivelled remains of the old peasant, taking her parchment-coloured hand, pathetically exclaimed—

'O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of
thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy
beauty.
Thou art not conquered—beauty's en-
n yet
Is crimson on thy lips.'—

'Beauty!—no, hang me, if it is though;
Avaunt, thou horrid spectre!'

"But stop," said George, for his eye at that instant rested on a jug of whisky punch, smoking in the chimney corner;—he eagerly grasped the handle and cried,

'Here's to my love.

"The affrighted company taking by degrees a little courage, ventured, one by one, to peep through the key-hole, and then observing George had thrown away his sword, returned into the apartment, when he, in order to encourage them, exclaimed—"Don't fear me; 'tis only George Frederick Cooke; come, sit down, I'll smoke with you, and drink with you, aye, and pray with you, my jolly lads and lasses." Thus reassured, George became gradually a great favourite with them, and revelled in the delights of tobacco and whisky, 'until his eyelids could no longer wag.' He was then placed quietly on a bed until next morning."

BADDELEY'S WILL.

BADDELEY, an indifferent performer during the days of Gar-

rick, has acquired a certain reputation, though not from his histrionic powers. He was the husband of the notorious and beautiful Mrs. Baddeley, whose frailties were the talk of the town; and he was the author of an eccentric will, the actual language of which is worth reproducing here.

It bears date April 23, 1793, and proves his benevolent attention to the infirmities and distresses of his brother performers:—

"To his faithful friend and companion, Mrs. Catherine Strickland, generally called and known by the name of Mrs. Baddeley, he bequeaths his life's interest in his house in New Store-street; and in his freehold messuages, garden, &c. After her decease, the above estates, with certain monies to arise from the insurance of an annuity, to go to the society established for the relief of indigent persons belonging to Drury-lane Theatre. The house and premises at Moulsey to be used as an asylum for decayed actors and actresses; and when the net produce of the property amounts to 360*l.* per annum, pensions are to be allowed. Especial care to be taken to have the words, 'Baddeley's Asylum,' in the front of the house. His Executors to publish, every year, his letter, as it appeared in *The General Advertiser*, April 20, 1790, respecting the disagreement with his unhappy wife, to prevent the world looking upon his memory in the villainous point of view, as set

forth in certain books, pamphlets, &c. One hundred pounds, three per cent. consolidated bank annuities, which produce three pounds per annum, is left to purchase a twelfth-cake, with wine and punch; which the ladies and gentlemen of Drury-lane Theatre are requested to partake of, every Twelfth Night, in the great Green-Room."

ACTORS' EPITAPHS.

THE simple epitaph on Burbage is well known—

"EXIT BURBAGE!"

and this idea of adapting professional allusions to "Lapidary inscriptions" has been rather a favourite one with players. Thus, the merits of Jackson, a favourite provincial actor, are thus recorded in a Norfolk churchyard:—

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, comedian, who was engaged December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the Tragedy of 'Death,' on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal; when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock-debt for the love, he bore to performers in general."

GREEN-ROOM JOKES.

THERE are many collections of good stories connected with actors and the stage, and it is amazing of what "poor stuff" such miscellanies are composed. The following is a common type of the Green-room jests, and it is surprising how such should have been thought worthy of preservation:—

"When Lee Lewis was out shooting, the proprietor attacked him violently. 'I allow no one to shoot here but myself. I'll shoot you if you come here again.' 'What!' said Lewis, 'I suppose you mean to make game of me.'"

"Munden, when confined to his bed by illness, was much rallied by his friends, it being supposed that he was shamming. He was told that they were all laughing at him. 'I assured them,' he answered, 'I had much rather they had made me a standing joke.'"

It is incredible what a number of Green-room jokes are based on some such indifferent quips. This little weakness is admirably touched in "Nicholas Nickleby"—

"Except when Old Bricks and Mortar takes it into his head to do it himself, you should add, Tommy," remarked Mr. Lenville; "You know who Old Bricks and Mortar is, I suppose, sir?" "I do not, indeed," said Nicholas. "We call Crummies that, because his style of acting is rather in the heavy

and ponderous way," said Mr. Lenville. *I mustn't be cracking jokes, though*, for I've got a part of twelve lengths here," &c.

Indeed the whole of this portion of the story relating to the country theatre is unrivalled for its humour and vivacity, and is evidently drawn from the life.

AN UNLUCKY COMPANY.

IN the year 1733, a company of indifferent players was formed to go abroad and act, which found its way even to the island of Jamaica. They made a good deal of money, and on the first night of the "Beggar's Opera" "took" 370 pistoles. But the *corps* was not exempt from the disagreeable casualties of the place, and within two months they had buried their *Polly*, Mrs. Slammakin, Filch, and two more members of the "gang." In this state of things some gentlemen of the island, of a histrionic turn, took parts, and contrived to keep the enterprise alive for a time; but this did not last long, for in a short time some other members dropped off, and there was only an old man, a boy, and a woman of the original *corps* left surviving. They had all died of the Jamaica fever, or of the more fatal rum-punch, the national beverage. The shattered remnant embarked with upwards of two thousand pistoles, the earnings of the *troupe*, to join another company that was playing at Charleston, but they also perished, being cast away on the voyage.

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